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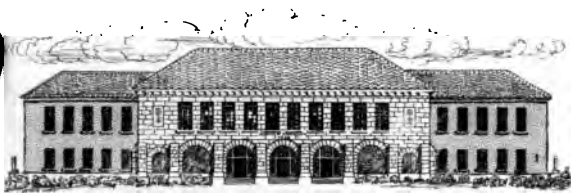
STEPPING STONES TO LITERATURE

A Reader for Higher Grades



BY
SARAH LOUISE ARNOLD
AND
CHARLES B. GILBERT,

SILVER, BURDETT & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS



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WILLIAM PETERS.
QUEEN KATHERINE CONFRONTING CARDINALS WOLSEY AND CAMPEIUS. (Page 281.)

*"Ye tell me what ye wish for both,—my ruin!
Is this your Christian counsel? Out upon ye!"*

STEPPING STONES^{TO} LITERATURE

BY

SARAH LOUISE ARNOLD,
SUPERVISOR OF SCHOOLS, BOSTON, MASS.;

AND

CHARLES B. GILBERT,
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS, NEWARK, N.J.

A Reader for Higher Grades.



DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY

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THIS series of books is designed to meet in particular two educational needs: *first*, reading books containing better literature than the average Reader contains; *second*, books adapted to the modern graded school. The ordinary series of Readers consists of five or six books,—the first three being composed of made matter, put together upon the theory that children can read only selections containing certain words. The remaining two or three books are composed partly of original matter and partly of short, disconnected selections from standard authors,—many of these selections not being suited to children of any age, and none of them being graded with reference to adaptation of language or thought.

In the present series, its authors have aimed to include nothing but good literature, the greater part being selected from standard writers; and in so far as possible the selections are given entire as they came from the writers' hands. In each book, beginning with the Fourth, are to be found some selections of considerable length, both in prose and poetry, complete as they were first published.

In those instances in which it has been found necessary to abbreviate articles, the authors have attempted to give complete chapters or such other selections as constitute in themselves literary wholes, and also to induce the pupils to read the entire books from which the selections are taken. This suggestion is deemed very important. The tendency of the day is to scrappy reading. It is fostered by newspapers, periodicals, and compendia of literature; and it is hoped that these Readers will help to combat this unfortunate tendency, and lead to the reading of good books.

The second special feature of STEPPING STONES TO LITERATURE is their perfect adaptation to graded schools. The usual division of the higher Readers of a series into Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth, is founded upon no principle thus far discovered. This series consists of eight books, one for each grade of the ordinary graded school system. It is believed that this feature will be of great value. It simplifies the work of the teacher, and makes it possible to correlate the reading with the other subjects in the school curriculum.

In the Fourth Book the child is given his first distinct introduction to mythology. In the earlier books, fables and fairy stories have been used, and there has been a little suggestion of mythology; but in the Fourth, myth and wonder—those subjects which appeal to the child's imagination and carry him out of his limited environment into a larger world—are emphasized. We believe that this is in accord with whatever truth exists in the culture epoch theory of education.

It also makes a suitable and natural introduction to the historical matter, of which a greater proportion appears in the higher books. The connection between this matter and that in the lower books is furnished by two fables, "The Fox and the Cat" and "The Fox and the Horse," and by such humorous poems as "That Calf" and "The Cow and the Ass." These lead, on the one side, to the Nature readings both in verse and prose; on the other side, they lead directly to the myth, and the myth introduces the child easily and naturally to history,—the Hiawatha myth, for example, making an excellent introduction to American history, and the Greek myth, to ancient history. The selection from "Aladdin" belongs to that class of purely imaginative literature which all children read and enjoy.

In the Fifth Book the use of the myth which is found in the Fourth is continued, but the myths here used are mainly historical, leading directly to the study of history. Here is given an acquaintance with the mythology of our Norse forefathers, and also with the semi-mythological literature of western Europe. This is followed by some selections of a more definitely historical character than any given in the Fourth. The purely imaginative literature—as, for example, "The King of the Golden River"—is of an order better adapted to the advancing age of the child, and has a more distinctly æsthetic and ethical purpose. Nature readings are continued, and several selections of a patriotic character are given as an introduction to the considerable amount of reading of this class found in the Sixth and Seventh books.

In the Sixth Book the pure myth does not appear, but in its place is much of history, especially of the legendary lore which appeals to the developing imagination of the child,—such as the tales of ancient Rome and Scott's poems.

There is a large increase of matter which tends to stimulate patriotism, including particularly national songs. Here appear several selections from that sort of literature which requires thought and develops taste, such as "The Voyage to Lilliput." Here also are found some appeals to the child's natural love of adventure and sports. The ethical motive is plainly evident throughout this book.

The Seventh Book is made entirely of selections from American authors. It is intended for the grade in which most stress is usually laid upon the study of the history of the United States, and can very appropriately be used in connection with this study. The literature of a country cannot be separated from its history, and the natural connection between these two should be emphasized in all study of either. This book is especially rich in matter intimately connected with history, and tending to stimulate patriotism.

Here, more than in some of the other books, selections have been made from longer works, and it is hoped that the teachers will urge the children to read the works entire.

The Eighth Book is made wholly from the writings of English authors. In many schools the study of English history is introduced in this grade. In such schools the selections here given will be found appropriate. Even in those schools in which the history of England is not specifically studied, it is of necessity studied incidentally in connection with the history of our own country, and a familiarity with the writings of the best English authors is essential to a comprehension of the writings of our own. The selections here given, while especially appropriate for use in connection with the study of history, are made from standard authors, such as every intelligent boy and girl should read for their own value.

The authors believe that if these Readers are used wisely, according to the plan suggested, they will not only help to make better readers of the children of the schools, but will also aid in a wise correlation of studies, will cultivate taste, stimulate a love of good literature, and, through literature, bring within reach of the children the choicest treasures of the world.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

THE purpose of this series of books is indicated by its name, **STEPPING STONES TO LITERATURE**. The aim of the authors was to make the formalities of reading subordinate to its real end, which is the acquisition of thought from the printed page. It is urged, therefore, that you aim not first to teach children how to read, and then incidentally to give them some acquaintance with good literature; but that you seek primarily and chiefly to acquaint your pupils with literature as such, and secondarily to teach them the technique of reading. You will find, if you follow this plan, that not only will the first object be gained, but that the children will learn the art of reading much better than when the chief emphasis is placed upon this art.

In a book composed of good literature, words should be studied only as they occur in the text, and as their study is necessary to an understanding of the text. Such study is doubtless important, but great care should be taken to prevent its interference with the real object of reading, which is acquaintance with literature.

The study of literature should not be confused with the study of the biographies of authors. Acquaintance with the lives and personal traits of authors is often interesting, and frequently throws light upon their writings, yet its value is but secondary at best; children, especially, should give their chief attention to the writings themselves. Let them read freely and abundantly, until they become absorbed in their reading. Do not interrupt them too frequently with criticisms. In no case spoil a reading lesson by introducing the study of technique for its own sake. Remember always that the ends to be secured are a love for good literature and the storing of the mind with noble ideals.

While the selections in this series of Readers are, in so far as possible, literary wholes, in many cases it has been necessary to abbreviate. Sometimes chapters have been taken out of books, the chapters in themselves constituting complete productions. In all cases of abbreviation, it is urged that the attention of the children be called to the books from which the selections are made, and that they be advised to read them entire. Lead the children to the use of the public library through their reading lessons.

The ends above set forth, included in the term "the mastery of books," are of course the real objects of all reading. They are secured by what is known as silent reading, whereas the school reading lesson consists in reading aloud. The object of the latter is twofold: *first*, the making plain to the teacher that children are capable of mastering books; *second*, instruction in the art of oral reading. While this art is not, as it is often treated, of primary importance, but wholly secondary, it is yet important, and should receive careful attention.

Good oral reading includes both intellectual and physical elements. The first implies clear and sympathetic comprehension of the subject matter, so that the reader is able to impart it to others as if it were original with himself. The second involves a mastery of the various physical organs used in reading. The common advice, "Read as if you were talking," is correct if the pupil talks correctly, — that is, it covers the first point, "sympathetic knowledge of the subject matter;" but in this country, where the voices and modes of speech are proverbially bad, it does not cover the second.

First, then, be sure that the children understand what they are reading. Try to secure their interest in it, and then expect them to read it to you as if they were imparting fresh and valuable information. This requires a thorough knowledge of the text and context, and the free use of the dictionary and other reference books. The children should read their school reading lessons as they would read any book on any occasion, because they are interested in what the book contains.

Second, see to it that the children become masters of those portions of the body which are used in reading, so that when they comprehend what they are reading, they can impart it to others in a natural, pleasing, and lucid manner. Practically, the entire body is used in good reading. Specifically, the points to be carefully observed are *carriage or position of the various parts of the body, proper breathing, clear enunciation, correct pronunciation, and quality of voice.*

1. **Carriage.** The body should be erect, so that a vertical line passes through the ears, the shoulders, the hips, and the heels. This position should not be stiff, but all the muscles should be free, so that the various members can move gracefully and readily as may be required. To secure this freedom, calisthenic exercises are useful.

2. **Breathing.** The breathing should be deep rather than superficial. It is often well, before a reading lesson, to have the class stand in correct position and draw in through their nostrils — not through their mouths — as deep and as full breaths as they are capable of taking. This exercise repeated several times will tend to produce good breathing during the reading lesson. Children should be taught to breathe through the nostrils, and to use the diaphragm and the muscles of the

abdomen in breathing even more than those of the chest. They should be taught to take in new breaths before the supply of air is exhausted to such a degree as to affect the voice.

3. **Enunciation.** Few children enunciate all sounds distinctly. If you watch children carefully, you will find that some have difficulty with vowels, others with consonants. Special drill exercises should be given to classes to cover general deficiencies, and to individuals to meet particular needs.

4. **Correct Pronunciation.** This is determined by the usage of good authors. To avoid errors it is necessary to consult frequently some standard dictionary, with which every class room should be supplied.

5. **The Quality of the Voice.** Another consideration to which it is necessary to give careful attention is the quality of the voice. It is said that very few Americans have agreeable voices. This is a serious national defect. No one who has felt the charm of a rich, full, gentle voice needs to be told the importance of training the voices of children.

Special attention should be given to timbre, pitch, and inflection. Strive to cultivate in your children full, rich voices. In reading, give careful heed to appropriateness of vocalization,—that is, see that the children use the proper quality of tone and the right inflections to express the feeling of what they are reading. Good reading is a beautiful art, and cannot be secured by obedience to technical laws merely. It can only be secured by constant watchfulness and care on the part of both pupil and teacher.

THE READING LESSON AND ITS USES.

READING is the key of a school curriculum. It opens to the pupil not only the treasures of literature, but also all that portion of his education which he obtains through the use of books. Hence, the importance of teaching it well, and from the right point of view, which is that of its content.

Reading as an art gets its value not from itself, but from the use to which it is put.

Through the reading lesson, the teacher has a wider opportunity for influencing the child's life than through any other study.

First. She can make it a means for the better comprehension of the other subjects of his curriculum. This is a simple, but practical and important, use.

Many a failure in geography, history, and arithmetic is due to the inability of the children to read understandingly the text-books upon those subjects.

The teaching of reading should by no means be confined to the use of School Readers. Every lesson employing a book should be a reading lesson. The teacher should see to it that the pupils are able to read the books they are required to use. They should often be asked to read aloud in class from various text-books.

Not only so, but they should be led to trace out and see the relations of the subject in hand to the other subjects of their school course, to literature, and to life. Excursions should be made continually into related fields of fact and idea, to be found in the Readers and in other available literature.

It is not the purpose of the authors that one of these higher Readers be read through consecutively. The selection to be read on any particular day should be chosen to meet some immediate need of the pupils, as determined by the geography, history, language, or nature lesson, or by its appropriateness to the mental or moral condition of the children.

The reading lesson should often constitute a part of the lesson upon some other subject. While the pupils are interested in some subject belonging to a particular branch of study, at once, as a part of the exercise in that study, the class should read appropriate selections from *STEPPING STONES TO LITERATURE* or from other books bearing directly upon the subject.

It is important that children acquire early the habit of looking upon reading and all other arts as means to ends, and not as ends.

Second. The reading lesson enables the teacher to introduce the child to the true study of literature. All literature, whether found in these Readers or elsewhere, should be treated with the respect worthy of its dignity, and not as mere material for a reading exercise.

Every literary production used for a reading lesson should be approached by the teacher and the class as a treasure-house of fact, idea, or beauty. Its excellencies, whether of matter or style, should be made apparent by discovery on the part of the children, if possible.

The reading lesson should be primarily a literature lesson. The children should regard it as a search after hidden treasures, and through it they should learn how to approach books, and what to look for in reading. They should be taught to distinguish superiority of style, to see the beauty and aptness of figures of speech, to discover the fine shades of thought and feeling which the author has brought out by his choice of words. They should be led to consider literature not only intrinsically, but extrinsically as well. They should find out the relations of the literary production to the author's own life, to contemporaneous events, to history, to other facts and ideas within the child's range of vision, to other literature, and to life. Especially should they be directed to other reading similar in style, thought, or subject.

Third. Through the reading lesson the teacher can to a large degree direct the general reading of her class, not only in school but at home. This is one of its most valuable functions. Children read poor or vicious books because they do not know others, or do not know how much more interesting the better books are.

The reading lesson should lead to literary voyages of discovery to the public library and other sources of supply. Through it, children should become accustomed to the use of books, and be led to love them.

Care should be taken that the books suggested be within the range of the children's comprehension and interest. It is well for the teacher occasionally to take the class to the library and show them how to find what they need, and then to send them often for books for their individual use and that of the class.

By these and other means, the reading lesson may be used to clarify and amplify the treatment of all the subjects of the curriculum, to teach the child discrimination in regard to literature, to cultivate his taste for the truly excellent, and to introduce him wisely, pleasantly, and permanently to the world of books, and through books to a richer life.



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A READER FOR HIGHER GRADES.



ABBOTSFORD, THE HOME OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.



A READER FOR HIGHER GRADES

I. TALES OF A GRANDFATHER.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.



SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832) was one of the greatest and most beloved of the poets of Scotland. He was also the author of many novels. Scott wrote his poems first, and they were very much admired. While he was enjoying his fame, a great misfortune befell him. The publishing house with which he was connected failed, leaving immense debts. While Scott was in no sense at fault, yet he was so honorable that he gave everything he had to pay the firm's obligations, and went to work again writing novels. Although he was

in ill health and growing old, he kept at his writing until he had paid

all the debts. Scott was a man whom everybody loved. He had many beautiful dogs that he often mentioned in his writings. One of these, called Maidie, is perhaps the most famous dog in history.

The following selection is taken from Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather," a series of sketches of the lives and heroic exploits of many of the early Scottish chiefs. The entire book should be read.

I. HOW SCOTLAND AND ENGLAND CAME TO BE SEPARATE KINGDOMS.

ENGLAND is the southern and Scotland is the northern part of the celebrated island called Great Britain. England is greatly larger than Scotland, and the land is much richer, and produces better crops. There are also a great many more men in England, and both the gentlemen and the country people are more wealthy and have better food and clothing there than in Scotland. The towns, also, are much more numerous, and more populous.

Scotland, on the contrary, is full of hills and huge moors and wilderness, which bear no corn, and afford but little food for flocks of sheep or herds of cattle. But the level ground that lies along the great rivers is more fertile, and produces good crops. The natives of Scotland are accustomed to live more hardily in general than those of England. The cities and towns are fewer, smaller, and less full of inhabitants than in England. But as Scotland possesses great quarries of stone, the houses are commonly built of that material, which is more lasting, and has a grander effect to the eye than the bricks used in England.

Now, as these two nations live in the different ends of the same island, and are separated by large and stormy seas from all other parts of the world, it seems natural that they should have been friendly to each other, and that they should have lived as one people, under the same govern-

ment. Accordingly, about two hundred years ago, the King of Scotland became King of England, and the two nations have ever since then been joined in one great kingdom, which is called Great Britain.

But, before this happy union of England and Scotland, there were many long, cruel, and bloody wars between the two nations; and far from helping or assisting each other, as became good neighbors and friends, they did each other all the harm and injury that they possibly could, by invading each other's territories, killing their subjects, burning their towns, and taking their wives and children prisoners. This lasted for many, many hundred years; and I am about to tell you the reason why the land was so divided.

A long time since, eighteen hundred years ago and more, there was a brave and warlike people, called the Romans, who undertook to conquer the whole world, and subdue all countries, so as to make their own city of Rome the head of all the nations upon the face of the earth. And, after conquering far and near, at last they came to Britain, and made a great war upon the inhabitants, called British, or Britons, whom they found living there. The Romans, who were a very brave people and well armed, beat the British and took possession of almost all the flat part of the island, which is now called England, and also of a part of the south of Scotland. But they could not make their way into the high northern mountains of Scotland, where they could hardly get anything to feed their soldiers, and where they met with much opposition from the inhabitants. The Romans, therefore, gave up all attempts to subdue this impenetrable country, and resolved to remain satisfied with that level ground of which they had already possessed themselves.

Then the wild people of Scotland, whom the Romans had not been able to subdue, began to come down from their mountains, and make inroads upon that part of the

country which had been conquered by the Romans. These people of the northern parts of Scotland were not one nation, but divided in two, called the Scots and the Picts. They often fought against each other, but they always joined together against the Romans, and against the Britons who had been subdued by them.

At length, the Romans thought they would prevent these Picts and Scots from coming into the southern part of Britain and laying it waste. For this purpose, they built a very long wall between the one side of the island and the other, so that none of the Scots or Picts should come into the country on the south side of the wall; and they made towers on the wall, and camps, with soldiers, from place to place, so that, at the least alarm, the soldiers might hasten to defend any part of the wall which was attacked. This first Roman wall was built between the two great friths of the Clyde and the Forth, just where the island of Britain is at the narrowest, and some parts of it are to be seen at this day.

This wall defended the Britons for a time, and the Scots and Picts were shut out from the fine rich land, and inclosed within their own mountains. But they were very much displeased with this, and assembled themselves in great numbers, and climbed over the wall in spite of all that the Romans could do to oppose them. A man named Grahame is said to have been the first soldier who got over; and the common people still call the remains of the wall Grahame's Dike.

Now the Romans, finding that this first wall could not keep out the barbarians (for so they termed the Picts and the Scots), thought they would give up a large portion of the country to them, and perhaps it might make them quiet. So they built a new wall, and a much stronger one than the first, sixty miles farther back from that of the Picts

and Scots. Yet the barbarians made as many furious attacks to get over this second wall as ever they had done to break through the former. But the Scots and Picts could not break through it, though they often came round the end of the wall by sea, in boats made of ox hides stretched upon hoops, landed on the other side, and did very much mischief. In the mean time the poor Britons led a very unhappy life; for the Romans, when they subdued their country, having taken away all their arms, they lost the habit of using them or of defending themselves, and trusted entirely to the protection of their conquerors.

But at this time great quarrels and confusion and civil wars took place at Rome. So the Roman Emperor sent to the soldiers whom he had maintained in Britain, and ordered that they should immediately return to their own country, and leave the Britons to defend their wall as well as they could against their unruly and warlike neighbors, the Picts and Scots. The Roman soldiers were very sorry for the poor Britons, but they could do no more to help them than by repairing the wall of defense. They therefore built it all up, and made it as strong as if it were quite new. And then they took to their ships, and left the island.

After the departure of the Romans, the Britons were quite unable to protect the wall against the barbarians; for, since their conquest by the Romans, they had become a weak and cowardly people. So the Picts and the Scots broke through the wall at several points, wasted and destroyed the country, and took away the boys and girls to be slaves, seized upon the sheep and upon the cattle, and burnt the houses, and did the inhabitants every sort of mischief. Thus at last the Britons, finding themselves no longer able to resist these barbarous people, invited into Britain to their assistance a number of men from the north

of Germany, who were called Anglo-Saxons. Now, these were a very brave and warlike people, and they came in their ships from Germany, and landed in the south part of Britain, and helped the Britons to fight with the Scots and Picts [A.D. 449], and drove these nations again into the hills and fastnesses of their own country, to the north of the wall which the Romans built, and they were never afterwards so troublesome to their neighbors.

But the Britons were not much the better for the defeat of their northern enemies; for the Saxons, when they had come into Britain, and saw what a beautiful, rich country it was, and that the people were not able to defend it, resolved to take the land to themselves, and to make the Britons their slaves and servants. The Britons were very unwilling to have their country taken from them by the people they had called in to help them, and so strove to oppose them; but the Saxons were stronger and more warlike than they, and defeated them so often, that they at last got possession of all the level and flat land in the south part of Britain. However, the bravest part of the Britons fled into a very hilly part of the country, which is called Wales, and there they defended themselves against the Saxons for a great many years; and their descendants still speak the ancient British language, called Welsh. In the meantime the Anglo-Saxons spread themselves throughout all the south part of Britain, and the name of the country was changed, and it was no longer called Britain, but England, which means the land of the Anglo-Saxons, who had conquered it.

While the Saxons and Britons were thus fighting together, the Scots and Picts, after they had been driven back behind the Roman wall, also quarreled and fought between themselves; and at last, after a great many battles, the Scots got completely the better of the Picts. The common

people say that the Scots destroyed them entirely, but I think it is not likely that they could kill such great numbers of people. Yet it is certain they must have slain many, and driven others out of the country, and made the rest their servants and slaves; at least the Picts were never heard of in history after these great defeats, and the Scots gave their own name to the north part of Britain, as the Angles or Anglo-Saxons did to the south part; and so came the name of Scotland, the land of the Scots, and England, the land of the English. The two kingdoms were divided from each other; on the east by the River Tweed, then, as you proceed westward, by a great range of hills and wildernesses, and at length by a branch of the sea called the Frith of Solway. The division is not very far from the old Roman wall. The wall itself has been long suffered to go to ruins, but, as I have already said, there are some parts of it still standing, and it is curious to see how it runs as straight as an arrow over high hills and through great bogs and morasses.

You see, therefore, that Britain was divided between three different nations, who were enemies to each other. There was England, which was the richest and best part of the island, and which was inhabited by the English. Then there was Scotland, full of hills and great lakes, and difficult and dangerous precipices, wild heaths, and great morasses. This country was inhabited by the Scots, or Scottish men. And there was Wales, also a very wild and mountainous country, whither the remains of the ancient Britons had fled to obtain safety from the Saxons.

The Welsh defended their country for a long time, and lived under their own government and laws, yet the English got possession of it at last. But they were not able to become masters of Scotland, though they tried it frequently. The two countries were under different kings, who fought

together very often and very desperately; and thus you see the reason why England and Scotland, though making parts of the same island, were for a long time great enemies to each other.

The English are very fond of their fine country; they call it "Old England," and "Merry England," and think it the finest land that the sun shines upon. And the Scots are very proud of their own country, with its great lakes and mountains, and, in the old language of the country, they call it "The land of the lakes and mountains, and of the brave men," and often, also, "The land of cakes," because the people live a good deal upon cakes made of oatmeal, instead of wheaten bread. But both England and Scotland are now parts of the same kingdom, and there is no use in asking which is the best country, or has the bravest men.

II. THE RISE OF ROBERT THE BRUCE.

I hope that you have not forgotten that all the cruel wars in Scotland arose out of the debate between the great lords who claimed the throne after King Alexander the Third's death, which induced the Scottish nobility rashly to submit the decision of that matter to King Edward of England, and thus opened the way to his endeavoring to seize the kingdom of Scotland to himself. You recollect, also, that Edward had dethroned John Baliol, on account of his attempting to restore the independence of Scotland, and that Baliol had resigned the crown of Scotland into the hands of Edward as Lord Paramount. This John Baliol, therefore, was very little respected in Scotland; he had renounced the kingdom, and had been absent from it for fifteen years, during the greater part of which time he remained a prisoner in the hands of the King of England.

It was therefore natural that such of the people of Scotland as were still determined to fight for the deliverance of their country from the English yoke should look around for some other king, under whom they might unite themselves, to combat the power of England. The feeling was universal in Scotland that they would no longer endure the English government; and therefore such great Scottish nobles as believed they had right to the crown began to think of standing forward to claim it.

Amongst these, the principal candidates (supposing John Baliol, by his renunciation and captivity, to have lost all right to the kingdom) were two powerful noblemen. The first was Robert Bruce,¹ Earl of Carrick, the grandson of that elder Robert Bruce, who, as you have heard, disputed the throne with John Baliol. The other was John Comyn, or Cuming, of Badenoch, usually called the Red Comyn to distinguish him from his kinsman, the Black Comyn, so named from his swarthy complexion. These two great and powerful barons had taken part with Sir William Wallace² in the wars against England; but, after the defeat of Falkirk, being fearful of losing their great estates, and considering the freedom of Scotland as beyond the possibility of being recovered, both Bruce and Comyn had not only submitted themselves to Edward, and acknowledged his title as King of Scotland, but even borne arms, along with the English, against such of their countrymen as still continued to resist the usurper. But the feelings of Bruce concerning the baseness of this conduct are said, by the old traditions of Scotland, to have been awakened by the following incident.

In one of the numerous battles, or skirmishes, which took place at the time between the English and their adherents

¹ ROBERT BRUCE was born July 11, 1274, and died June 7, 1329.

² WILLIAM WALLACE was born about 1274, and was executed at London, August 23, 1305.

on the one side, and the insurgent or patriotic Scots upon the other, Robert the Bruce was present, and assisted the English to gain the victory. After the battle was over, he sat down to dinner among his southern friends and allies without washing his hands, on which there still remained spots of the blood which he had shed during the action. The English lords, observing this, whispered to each other in mockery, "Look at that Scotsman, who is eating his own blood!" Bruce heard what they said, and began to reflect, that the blood upon his hands might be indeed called his own, since it was that of his brave countrymen, who were fighting for the independence of Scotland, whilst he was assisting its oppressors, who only laughed at and mocked him for his unnatural conduct. He was so much shocked and disgusted that he arose from table, and, going into a neighboring chapel, shed many tears, and, asking pardon of God for the great crime he had been guilty of, made a solemn vow that he would atone for it by doing all in his power to deliver Scotland from the foreign yoke. Accordingly he left, it is said, the English army, and never joined it again, but remained watching an opportunity for restoring the freedom of his country.

Now this Robert the Bruce was a remarkably brave and strong man; there was no man in Scotland that was thought a match for him except Sir William Wallace; and now that Wallace was dead, Bruce was held the best warrior in Scotland. He was very wise and prudent, and an excellent general; that is, he knew how to conduct an army, and place them in order for battle, as well as or better than any great man of his time. He was generous, too, and courteous by nature; but he had some faults which, perhaps, belonged as much to the fierce period in which he lived as to his own character. He was rash and passionate, and in his passion he was sometimes relentless and cruel.

Robert the Bruce had fixed his purpose, as I told you, to attempt once again to drive the English out of Scotland, and he desired to prevail upon Sir John, the Red Comyn, who was his rival in his pretensions to the throne, to join with him in expelling the foreign enemy by their common efforts. With this purpose, Bruce posted down from London to Dumfries, on the borders of Scotland, and requested an interview with John Comyn. They met in the church of the Minorites in that town, before the high altar. What passed betwixt them is not known with certainty; but they quarreled, either concerning their mutual pretensions to the crown or because Comyn refused to join Bruce in the proposed insurrection against the English; or, as many writers say, because Bruce charged Comyn with having betrayed to the English his purpose of rising up against King Edward. It is, however, certain that these two haughty barons came to high and abusive words, until at length Bruce, who I told you was extremely passionate, forgot the sacred character of the place in which they stood, and struck Comyn a blow with his dagger. Having done this rash deed, he instantly ran out of the church and called for his horse. Two gentlemen of the country, Lindesay and Kirkpatrick, friends of Bruce, were then in attendance on him. Seeing him pale, bloody, and in much agitation, they eagerly inquired what was the matter.

"I doubt," said Bruce, "that I have slain the Red Comyn."

"Do you leave such a matter in doubt?" said Kirkpatrick; "I will make sicker!" — that is, I will make certain.

Accordingly he and his companion, Lindesay, rushed into the church, and made the matter certain with a vengeance, by despatching the wounded Comyn with their daggers. His uncle, Sir Robert Comyn, was slain at the same time.

This slaughter of Comyn was a rash and cruel action;

and the historian of Bruce observes that it was followed by the displeasure of Heaven; for no man ever went through more misfortunes than Robert Bruce, although he at length rose to great honor.

After the deed was done, Bruce might be called desperate. He had committed an action which was sure to bring down upon him the vengeance of all Comyn's relations, the resentment of the King of England, and the displeasure of the Church, on account of having slain his enemy within consecrated ground. He determined, therefore, to bid them all defiance at once, and to assert his pretensions to the throne of Scotland. He drew his own followers together, summoned to meet him such barons as still entertained hopes of the freedom of the country, and was crowned king at the Abbey of Scone, the usual place where the kings of Scotland assumed their authority.

Everything relating to the ceremony was hastily performed. A small circlet of gold was hurriedly made, to represent the ancient crown of Scotland, which Edward had carried off to England. The Earl of Fife, descendant of the brave Macduff, whose duty it was to have placed the crown on the king's head, would not give his attendance. But the ceremonial was performed by his sister, Isabella, Countess of Buchan, though without the consent either of her brother or husband. A few barons, whose names ought to be dear to their country, joined Bruce in his attempt to vindicate the independence of Scotland.

Edward was dreadfully incensed when he heard that, after all the pains which he had taken, and all the blood which had been spilled, the Scots were making this new attempt to shake off his authority. Though now old, feeble, and sickly, he made a solemn vow, at a great festival, in presence of all his court, that he would take the most ample vengeance upon Robert the Bruce and his adher-

ents; after which he would never again draw his sword upon a Christian, but would only fight against the unbelieving Saracens for the recovery of the Holy Land. He marched against Bruce, accordingly, at the head of a powerful army.

The commencement of Bruce's undertaking was most disastrous. He was crowned on 29th March, 1306. On the 18th May, he was excommunicated by the Pope on account of the murder of Comyn within consecrated ground, a sentence which excluded him from all the benefits of religion, and authorized any one to kill him. Finally, on the 19th June, the new king was completely defeated near Methven, by the English Earl of Pembroke. Robert's horse was killed under him in the action, and he was for a moment a prisoner. But he had fallen into the power of a Scottish knight, who, though he served in the English army, did not choose to be the instrument of putting Bruce into their hands, and allowed him to escape. The conquerors executed their prisoners with their usual cruelty. Among these were some gallant young men of the first Scottish families,—Hay, ancestor of the Earls of Errol, Somerville, Fraser, and others, who were mercilessly put to death.

III. ADVENTURES OF KING ROBERT.

Bruce, with a few brave adherents, among whom was the young Lord of Douglas, who was afterwards called the Good Lord James, retired into the Highland mountains, where they were chased from one place of refuge to another, often in great danger, and suffering many hardships. The Bruce's wife, now Queen of Scotland, with several other ladies, accompanied her husband and his few followers during their wanderings. There was no other way

of providing for them save by hunting and fishing. It was remarked that Douglas was the most active and successful in procuring for the unfortunate ladies such supplies as his dexterity in fishing or in killing deer could furnish to them.

Driven from one place in the Highlands to another, starved out of some districts, and forced from others by the opposition of the inhabitants, Bruce attempted to force his way into Lorn; but he found enemies everywhere. The M'Dougals, a powerful family, then called Lords of Lorn, were friendly to the English, and, putting their men in arms, attacked Bruce and his wandering companions as soon as they attempted to enter their territory. The chief of these M'Dougals, called John of Lorn, hated Bruce on account of his having slain the Red Comyn, to whom this M'Dougal was nearly related, in the church at Dumfries. Bruce was again defeated by this chief through force of numbers, at a place called Dalry; but he showed amidst his misfortunes the greatness of his strength and courage. He directed his men to retreat through a narrow pass, and placing himself last of the party, he fought with and slew such of the enemy as attempted to press hard on them.

Three followers of M'Dougal, a father and two sons, called M'Androsser, all very strong men, when they saw Bruce thus protecting the retreat of his followers, made a vow that they would either kill this redoubted champion or make him prisoner. The whole three rushed at the king at once. Bruce was on horseback, in the strait pass we have described, betwixt a precipitous rock and a deep lake. He struck the first man who came up (and seized his horse's rein) such a blow with his sword as cut off his hand and freed the bridle. The man bled to death. The other brother had grasped Bruce in the mean time by the leg, and was attempting to throw him from horseback.

The king, setting spurs to his horse, made the animal suddenly spring forward so that the Highlander fell under the horse's feet; and, as he was endeavoring to rise again, Bruce cleft his head in two with his sword. The father, seeing his two sons thus slain, flew desperately at the king, and grasped him by the mantle so close to his body that he could not have room to wield his long sword. But with the heavy pommel of that weapon, or, as others say, with an iron hammer which hung at his saddlebow, the king struck this third assailant so dreadful a blow that he dashed out his brains. Still, however, the Highlander kept his dying grasp on the king's mantle; so that, to be free of the dead body, Bruce was obliged to undo the brooch, or clasp, by which it was fastened, and leave that and the mantle itself behind him. The brooch, which fell thus into the possession of M'Dougal of Lorn, is still preserved in that ancient family as a memorial that the celebrated Robert Bruce once narrowly escaped falling into the hands of their ancestor. Robert greatly resented this attack upon him, and when he was in happier circumstances did not fail to take his revenge on M'Dougal, or, as he is usually called, John of Lorn.

The king met with many such encounters amidst his dangerous and dismal wanderings; yet, though almost always defeated by the superior numbers of the English, and of such Scots as sided with them, he still kept up his own spirits and those of his followers. He was a better scholar than was usual in those days, when, except clergymen, few people learned to read and write. But King Robert could do both very well; and we are told that he sometimes read aloud to his companions, to amuse them when they were crossing the great Highland lakes in such wretched leaky boats as they could find for that purpose. Loch Lomond, in particular, is said to have been the scene of such a lecture. You may

see by this how useful it is to possess knowledge and accomplishments. If Bruce could not have read to his associates, and diverted their thoughts from their dangers and sufferings, he might not perhaps have been able to keep up their spirits, or secure their continued attachment.

At last dangers increased so much around the brave King Robert, that he was obliged to separate himself from his queen and her ladies ; for the winter was coming on, and it would be impossible for the women to endure this wandering sort of life when the frost and snow should set in. So Bruce left his queen, with the Countess of Buchan and others, in the only castle which remained to him, which was called Kildrummie, and is situated near the head of the river Don, in Aberdeenshire. The king also left his youngest brother, Nigel Bruce, to defend the castle against the English ; and he himself went over to an island called Rachrin, on the coast of Ireland, where Bruce and the few men that followed his fortunes passed the winter of 1306. In the mean time ill luck seemed to pursue all his friends in Scotland. The castle of Kildrummie was taken by the English, and Nigel Bruce, a beautiful and brave youth, was cruelly put to death by the victors. The ladies who had attended on Robert's queen, as well as the queen herself, and the Countess of Buchan, were thrown into strict confinement, and treated with the utmost severity.

The Countess of Buchan, as I before told you, had given Edward great offense by being the person who placed the crown on the head of Robert Bruce. She was imprisoned within the castle of Berwick, in a cage made on purpose. Some Scottish authors have pretended that this cage was hung over the walls with the poor countess, like a parrot's cage out at a window. But this is their own ignorant idea. The cage of the Lady Buchan was a strong wooden and iron piece of framework, placed within an apartment, and resem-

bling one of those places in which wild beasts are confined. There were such cages in most old prisons to which captives were consigned, who, either for mutiny, or any other reason, were to be confined with peculiar rigor.

The news of the taking of Kildrummie, the captivity of his wife, and the execution of his brother, reached Bruce while he was residing in a miserable dwelling at Rachrin, and reduced him to the point of despair.

It was about this time that an incident took place which, although it rests only on tradition in families of the name of Bruce, is rendered probable by the manners of the time. After receiving the last unpleasing intelligence from Scotland, Bruce was lying one morning on his wretched bed, and deliberating with himself whether he had better resign all thoughts of again attempting to make good his right to the Scottish crown, and, dismissing his followers, transport himself and his brothers to the Holy Land, and spend the rest of his life in fighting against the Saracens; by which he thought perhaps he might deserve the forgiveness of Heaven for the great sin of stabbing Comyn in the church at Dumfries. But then, on the other hand, he thought it would be both criminal and cowardly to give up his attempts to restore freedom to Scotland, while there yet remained the least chance of his being successful in an undertaking, which, rightly considered, was much more his duty than to drive the infidels out of Palestine, though the superstition of his age might think otherwise.

While he was divided betwixt these reflections, and doubtful of what he should do, Bruce was looking upward to the roof of the cabin in which he lay; and his eye was attracted by a spider, which, hanging at the end of a long thread of its own spinning, was endeavoring, as is the fashion of that creature, to swing itself from one beam in the roof to another, for the purpose of fixing the line on which

it meant to stretch its web. The insect made the attempt again and again without success; and at length Bruce counted that it had tried to carry its point six times, and been as often unable to do so. It came into his head that he had himself fought just six battles against the English and their allies, and that the poor, persevering spider was exactly in the same situation with himself, having made as many trials, and been as often disappointed in what it aimed at. "Now," thought Bruce, "as I had no means of knowing what is best to be done, I will be guided by the luck which shall attend this spider. If the insect shall make another effort to fix its thread, and shall be successful, I will venture a seventh time to try my fortune in Scotland; but if the spider shall fail, I will go to the wars in Palestine, and never return to my native country more."


When Bruce was forming this resolution, the spider made another exertion with all the force it could muster, and fairly succeeded in fastening its thread to the beam which it had so often in vain attempted to reach. Bruce, seeing the success of the spider, resolved to try his own fortune; and as he had never before gained a victory, so he never afterwards sustained any considerable or decisive check or defeat. I have often met with people of the name of Bruce, so completely persuaded of the truth of this story, that they would not on any account kill a spider; because it was that insect which had shown the example of perseverance, and given a signal of good luck, to their great namesake.

Having determined to renew his efforts to obtain possession of Scotland, notwithstanding the smallness of the means which he had for accomplishing so great a purpose, the Bruce removed himself and his followers from Rachrin to the island of Arran, which lies in the mouth of the Clyde. The king landed, and inquired of the first woman he met, what armed men were in the island. She returned, for answer,

that there had arrived there very lately a body of armed strangers, who had defeated an English officer, the governor of the castle of Brathwick, had killed him and most of his men, and were now amusing themselves with hunting about the island. The king, having caused himself to be guided to the woods which these strangers most frequented, there blew his horn repeatedly. Now, the chief of the strangers who had taken the castle was James Douglas, whom we have already mentioned as one of the best of Bruce's friends, and he was accompanied by some of the bravest of that patriotic band. When he heard Robert Bruce's horn, he knew the sound well, and cried out that yonder was the king, he knew by his manner of blowing. So he and his companions hastened to meet King Robert, and there was great joy on both sides; whilst at the same time they could not help weeping when they considered their own forlorn condition, and the great loss that had taken place among their friends since they had last parted. But they were stout-hearted men, and looked forward to freeing their country, in spite of all that had yet happened.

The Bruce was now in sight of Scotland, and not distant from his own family possessions, where the people were most likely to be attached to him. He began immediately to form plans with Douglas how they might best renew their enterprise against the English. The Douglas resolved to go disguised to his own country, and raise his followers, in order to begin their enterprise by taking revenge on an English nobleman called Lord Clifford, upon whom Edward had conferred his estates, and who had taken up his residence in the castle of Douglas.

Bruce, on his part, opened a communication with the opposite coast of Carrick, by means of one of his followers called Cuthbert. This person had directions that, if he should find the countrymen in Carrick disposed to take up



arms against the English, he was to make a fire on a headland, or lofty cape, called Turnberry, on the coast of Ayrshire, opposite to the island of Arran. The appearance of a fire on this place was to be a signal for Bruce to put to sea with such men as he had, who were not more than three hundred in number, for the purpose of landing in Carrick and joining the insurgents.

Bruce and his men watched eagerly for the signal, but for some time in vain. At length a fire on Turnberry head became visible, and the king and his followers merrily betook themselves to their ships and galleys, concluding their Carrick friends were all in arms, and ready to join with them. They landed on the beach at midnight, where they found their spy Cuthbert alone in waiting for them, with very bad news. Lord Percy, he said, was in the country, with two or three hundred Englishmen, and had terrified the people so much, both by threats and actions, that none of them dared to think of rebelling against King Edward.

"Traitor!" said Bruce, "why then did you make the signal?"

"Alas," replied Cuthbert, "the fire was not made by me, but by some other person, for what purpose I know not; but as soon as I saw it burning, I knew that you would come over, thinking it my signal, and therefore I came down to wait for you on the beach, to tell you how the matter stood."

King Robert's first idea was to return to Arran after this disappointment; but his brother Edward refused to go back. He was, as I have told you, a man daring even to rashness. "I will not leave my native land," he said, "now that I am so unexpectedly restored to it. I will give freedom to Scotland, or leave my carcass on the surface of the land which gave me birth."

Bruce, also, after some hesitation, determined that since

he had been thus brought to the mainland of Scotland, he would remain there, and take such adventure and fortune as heaven should send him.

Accordingly, he began to skirmish with the English so successfully, as obliged the Lord Percy to quit Carrick. Bruce then dispersed his men upon various adventures against the enemy, in which they were generally successful. But then, on the other hand, the king being left with small attendance, or sometimes almost alone, ran great risk of losing his life by treachery, or by open violence. Several of these incidents are very interesting. I will tell you some of them.

IV. ANECDOTES CONCERNING ROBERT BRUCE.

At one time a near relation of Bruce's, in whom he entirely confided, was induced by the bribes of the English to attempt to put him to death. This villain, with his two sons, watched the king one morning, till he saw him separated from all his men, excepting a little boy who waited on him as a page. The father had a sword in his hand, one of the sons had a sword and a spear, the other had a sword and a battle-ax. Now, when the king saw them so well armed, when there were no enemies near, he began to call to mind some hints which had been given to him, that these men intended to murder him. He had no weapons excepting his sword; but his page had a bow and arrow. He took them both from the little boy, and bade him stand at a distance; "for," said the king, "if I overcome these traitors, thou shalt have enough of weapons; but if I am slain by them, you may make your escape, and tell Douglas and my brother to revenge my death." The boy was very sorry, for he loved his master; but he was obliged to do as he was bidden.

In the mean time the traitors came forward upon Bruce, that they might assault him at once. The king called out to them, and commanded them to come no nearer upon peril of their lives; but the father answered with flattering words, pretending great kindness, and still continuing to approach his person. Then the king again called to them to stand. "Traitors," said he, "ye have sold my life for English gold, but you shall die if you come one foot nearer to me." With that he bent the page's bow, and as the old conspirator continued to advance, he let the arrow fly at him. Bruce was an excellent archer; he aimed his arrow so well that it hit the father in the eye, and penetrated from that into his brain, so that he fell down dead. Then the two sons rushed on the king. One of them fetched a blow at him with an ax, but missed his stroke and stumbled, so that the king with his great sword cut him down before he could recover his feet. The remaining traitor ran on Bruce with his spear, but the king, with a sweep of his sword, cut the steel head off the villain's weapon, and then killed him before he had time to draw his sword. Then the little page came running, very joyful of his master's victory; and the king wiped his bloody sword, and, looking upon the dead bodies, said, "These might have been reputed three gallant men if they could have resisted the temptation of covetousness."

In the present day it is not necessary that generals, or great officers, should fight with their own hand, because it is only their duty to direct the movements and exertions of their followers. The artillery and the soldiers shoot at the enemy, and men seldom mingle together, and fight hand to hand. But in ancient times kings and great lords were obliged to put themselves into the very front of the battle, and fight like ordinary men, with the lance and other weapons. It was, therefore, of great consequence that they

should be strong men, and dexterous in the use of their arms. Robert Bruce was so remarkably active and powerful that he came through a great many personal dangers, in which he must otherwise have been slain. I will tell you another of his adventures, which I think will amuse you.

After the death of these three traitors, Robert the Bruce continued to keep himself concealed in his own earldom of Carrick, and in the neighboring country of Galloway, until he should have matters ready for a general attack upon the English. He was obliged, in the mean time, to keep very few men with him, both for the sake of secrecy and from the difficulty of finding provisions. Now, many of the people of Galloway were unfriendly to Bruce. They lived under the government of one M'Dougal, related to the Lord of Lorn, who, as I before told you, had defeated Bruce at Dalry, and very nearly killed or made him prisoner. These Galloway men had heard that Bruce was in their country, having no more than sixty men with him, so they resolved to attack him by surprise, and for this purpose they got two hundred men together, and brought with them two or three bloodhounds. These animals were trained to chase a man by the scent of his footsteps, as foxhounds chase a fox, or as beagles and harriers chase a hare. Although the dog does not see the person whose trace he is put upon, he follows him over every step he has taken. At that time these bloodhounds, or sleuth hounds (so called from *slot*, or *sleut*, a word which signifies the scent left by an animal of chase), were used for the purpose of pursuing great criminals. The men of Galloway thought themselves secure, that, if they missed taking Bruce, or killing him at the first onset, and if he should escape into the woods, they would find him out by means of these bloodhounds.

The good King Robert Bruce, who was always watchful

and vigilant, had received some information of the intention of this party to come upon him suddenly and by night. Accordingly he quartered his little troop of sixty men on the side of a deep and swift-running river that had very steep and rocky banks. There was but one ford by which this river could be crossed in that neighborhood, and that ford was deep and narrow, so that two men could scarcely get through abreast; the ground on which they were to land, on the side where the king was, was steep, and the path which led upwards from the water's edge to the top of the bank extremely narrow and difficult.

Bruce caused his men to lie down to take some sleep, at a place about half a mile distant from the river, while he himself, with two attendants, went down to watch the ford through which the enemy must needs pass before they could come to the place where King Robert's men were lying. He stood for some time looking at the ford, and thinking how easily the enemy might be kept from passing there providing it was bravely defended, when he heard at a distance the baying of a hound, which was always coming nearer and nearer. This was the bloodhound which was tracing the king's steps to the ford where he had crossed, and the two hundred Galloway men were along with the animal, and guided by it. Bruce at first thought of going back to awaken his men; but then he reflected that it might be only some shepherd's dog.

"My men," said he, "are sorely tired; I will not disturb their sleep for the yelping of a cur till I know something of the matter." So he stood and listened; and by and by, as the cry of the hound came nearer, he began to hear a trampling of horses, and the voices of men, and the ringing and clattering of armor, and then he was sure the enemy were coming to the river-side. Then the king thought, "If I go back to give my men the alarm, these

Galloway man will get through the ford without opposition; and that would be a pity, since it is a place so advantageous to make defense against them." So he looked again at the steep path and the deep river, and he thought that they gave him so much advantage that he himself could defend the passage with his own hand, until his men came to assist him. His armor was so good and strong that he had no fear of arrows, and, therefore, the combat was not so very unequal as it must have otherwise been. He therefore sent his followers to waken his men, and remained alone by the bank of the river.

In the mean while the noise and trampling of the horses increased; and the moon being bright, Bruce beheld the glancing arms of about two hundred men, who came down to the opposite bank of the river. The men of Galloway, on their part, saw but one solitary figure, guarding the ford, and the foremost of them plunged into the river without minding him. But, as they could only pass the ford one by one, the Bruce, who stood high above them on the bank where they were to land, killed the foremost man with a thrust of his long spear, and with a second thrust stabbed the horse, which fell down, kicking and plunging in its agonies, on the narrow path, and so prevented the others who were following, from getting out of the river. Bruce had thus an opportunity of dealing his blows at pleasure among them, while they could not strike at him again. In the confusion, five or six of the enemy were slain, or, having been borne down the current, were drowned in the river. The rest were terrified, and drew back. But when the Galloway men looked again, and saw they were opposed by only one man, they themselves being so many, they cried out that their honor would be lost forever if they did not force their way; and encouraged each other, with loud cries, to plunge through and assault him.

But by this time the king's soldiers came up to his assistance, and the Galloway men retreated, and gave up their enterprise.

I will tell you another story of this brave Robert Bruce during his wanderings. His adventures are as curious and entertaining as those which men invent for story-books, with this advantage, that they are all true.

About the time when the Bruce was yet at the head of but few men, Sir Aymer de Valence, who was Earl of Pembroke, together with John of Lorn, came into Galloway, each of them being at the head of a large body of men. John of Lorn had a bloodhound with him, which, it was said, had formerly belonged to Robert Bruce himself; and having been fed by the king with his own hands, it became attached to him, and would follow his footsteps anywhere, as dogs are well known to trace their master's steps, whether they be bloodhounds or not. By means of this hound John of Lorn thought he should certainly find out Bruce, and take revenge on him for the death of his relation Comyn.

When these two armies advanced upon King Robert, he at first thought of fighting with the English earl; but becoming aware that John of Lorn was moving round with another large body to attack him in the rear, he resolved to avoid fighting at that time, lest he should be oppressed by numbers. For this purpose, the king divided the men he had with him into three bodies, and commanded them to retreat by three different ways, thinking the enemy would not know which party to pursue. He also appointed a place at which they were to assemble again. But when John of Lorn came to the place where the army of Bruce had been thus divided, the bloodhound took his course after one of these divisions, neglecting the other two, and then John of Lorn knew that the king must be in that party, so he also made no pursuit after the two other divisions of the Scots,

but followed that which the dog pointed out, with all his men.

The king again saw that he was followed by a large body, and being determined to escape from them, if possible, he made all the people who were with him disperse themselves different ways, thinking that thus the enemy must needs lose trace of him. He kept only one man along with him, and that was his own foster brother, or the son of his nurse. When John of Lorn came to the place where Bruce's companions had dispersed themselves, the bloodhound, after it had snuffed up and down for a little, quitted the footsteps of all the other fugitives, and ran barking upon the track of two men out of the whole number. Then John of Lorn knew that one of these two must needs be King Robert. Accordingly he commanded five of his men that were speedy of foot to chase after him, and either make him prisoner, or slay him. The Highlanders started off accordingly, and ran so fast that they gained sight of Robert and his foster brother. The king asked his companion what help he could give him, and his foster brother answered that he was ready to do his best. So these two turned on the five men of John of Lorn, and killed them all. It is to be supposed they were better armed than the others were, as well as stronger and more desperate.

But by this time Bruce was very much fatigued, and yet they dared not sit down to take any rest; for whenever they stopped for an instant, they heard the cry of the bloodhound behind them, and knew by that that their enemies were coming up fast after them. At length they came to a wood, through which ran a small river. Then Bruce said to his foster brother, "Let us wade down this stream for a great way, instead of going straight across, and so this unhappy hound will lose the scent; for if we were once clear of him, I should not be afraid of getting away from

the pursuers." Accordingly the king and his attendant walked a great way down the stream, taking care to keep their feet in the water, which could not retain any scent where they had stepped. Then they came ashore on the further side from the enemy, and went deep into the wood before they stopped to rest themselves. In the meanwhile, the hound led John of Lorn straight to the place where the king went into the water, but there the dog began to be puzzled, not knowing where to go next; for you are well aware that the running water could not retain the scent of a man's foot, like that which remains on turf. So John of Lorn, seeing the dog was at fault, as it is called, that is, had lost the track of that which he pursued, gave up the chase, and returned to join with Aymer de Valence.

V. FURTHER ADVENTURES OF ROBERT BRUCE.

But King Robert's adventures were not yet ended. His foster brother and he had rested themselves in the wood, but they had got no food, and were become extremely hungry. They walked on, however, in hopes of coming to some habitation. At length, in the midst of the forest, they met with three men who looked like thieves or ruffians. They were well armed, and one of them bore a sheep on his back, which it seemed as if they had just stolen. They saluted the king civilly; and he, replying to their salutation, asked them where they were going. The men answered, they were seeking for Robert Bruce, for that they intended to join with him. The king answered, that if they would go with him, he would conduct them where they would find the Scottish king. Then the man who had spoken changed countenance, and Bruce, who looked sharply at him, began to suspect that the ruffian guessed who he was, and that he and his companions

had some design against his person, in order to gain the reward which had been offered for his life.

So he said to them, "My good friends, as we are not well acquainted with each other, you must go before us, and we will follow near to you."

"You have no occasion to suspect any harm from us," answered the man.

"Neither do I suspect any," said Bruce; "but this is the way in which I choose to travel."

The men did as he commanded, and thus they traveled till they came together to a waste and ruinous cottage, where the men proposed to dress some part of the sheep which their companion was carrying. The king was glad to hear of food; but he insisted that there should be two fires kindled, one for himself and his foster brother at one end of the house, the other at the other end for their three companions. The men did as he desired. They broiled a quarter of mutton for themselves, and gave another to the king and his attendant. They were obliged to eat it without bread or salt; but as they were very hungry, they were glad to get food in any shape, and partook of it very heartily.

Then so heavy a drowsiness fell on King Robert, that, for all the danger he was in, he could not resist an inclination to sleep. But first he desired his foster brother to watch while he slept, for he had great suspicion of their new acquaintances. His foster brother promised to keep awake, and did his best to keep his word. But the king had not been long asleep ere his foster brother fell into a deep slumber also, for he had undergone as much fatigue as the king. When the three villains saw the king and his attendant asleep, they made signs to each other, and rising up at once, drew their swords with the purpose to kill them both. But the king slept but lightly, and for

as little noise as the traitors made in rising, he was awakened by it, and starting up, drew his sword, and went to meet them. At the same moment he pushed his foster brother with his foot, to awaken him, and he got on his feet; but ere he got his eyes cleared to see what was about to happen, one of the ruffians that were advancing to slay



BRUCE AND THE LOYAL SCOTCH DAME.

the king killed him with a stroke of his sword. The king was now alone, one man against three, and in the greatest danger of his life; but his amazing strength, and the good armor which he wore, freed him once more from his great peril, and he killed the three men, one after another. He then left the cottage, very sorrowful for the death of his faithful foster brother, and took his direction towards the

place where he had appointed his men to assemble after their dispersion. It was now near night, and the place of meeting being a farmhouse, he went boldly into it, where he found the mistress, an old true-hearted Scotswoman, sitting alone. Upon seeing a stranger enter, she asked him who and what he was? The king answered that he was a traveler, who was journeying through the country.

"All travelers," answered the good woman, "are welcome here, for the sake of one."

"And who is that one," said the king, "for whose sake you make all travelers welcome?"

"It is our rightful king, Robert the Bruce," answered the mistress, "who is the lawful lord of this country; and, although he is now pursued and hunted after with hounds and horns, I hope to live to see him king over all Scotland."

"Since you love him so well, dame," said the king, "know that you see him before you. I am Robert the Bruce."

"You!" said the good woman, in great surprise; "and wherefore are you thus alone? — where are all your men?"

"I have none with me at this moment," answered Bruce, "and therefore I must travel alone."

"But that shall not be," said the brave old dame; "for I have two stout sons, gallant and trusty men, who shall be your servants for life and death."

So she brought her two sons, and, though well knowing the dangers to which she exposed them, she made them swear fidelity to the king; and they afterwards became high officers in his service.

Now, the loyal old woman was getting everything ready for the king's supper, when suddenly there was a great trampling of horses heard round the house. They thought it must be some of the English, or John of Lorn's men, and the good wife called upon her sons to fight to the last

for King Robert. But shortly after they heard the voices of the good Lord James of Douglas and of Edward Bruce, the king's brother, who had come with a hundred and fifty horsemen to this farmhouse, according to the instructions that the king had left with them at parting.

Robert the Bruce was right joyful to meet his brother, and his faithful friend Lord James; and had no sooner found himself once more at the head of such a considerable body of followers than, forgetting hunger and weariness, he began to inquire where the enemy who had pursued them so long had taken up their abode for the night; "for," said he, "as they must suppose us totally scattered and fled, it is likely they will think themselves quite secure, and disperse themselves into distant quarters, and keep careless watch."

"That is very true," answered James of Douglas, "for I passed a village where there were two hundred of them quartered, who had placed no sentinels; and if you have a mind to make haste, we may surprise them this very night, and do them more mischief than they have been able to do us during all this day's chase."

Then there was nothing but mount and ride; and as the Scots came by surprise on the body of English whom Douglas had mentioned, and rushed suddenly into the village where they were quartered, they easily dispersed and cut them to pieces; thus, as Douglas had said, doing their pursuers more injury than they themselves had received during the long and severe pursuit of the preceding day.

The consequence of these successes of King Robert was, that soldiers came to join him on all sides, and that he obtained several victories both over Sir Aymer de Valence, Lord Clifford, and other English commanders; until at length the English were afraid to venture into the open country as formerly, unless when they could assemble them-

selves in considerable bodies. They thought it safer to lie still in the towns and castles which they had garrisoned, and wait till the King of England should once more come to their assistance with a powerful army.

II. ALICE BRAND.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

I.

MERRY it is in the good greenwood,
When the mavis and merle are singing,
When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds are in cry,
And the hunter's horn is ringing.

“O Alice Brand! my native land
Is lost for love of you;
And we must hold by wood and wold,
As outlaws wont to do.
O Alice! 't was all for thy locks so bright,
And 't was all for thine eyes so blue,
That on the night of our luckless flight,
Thy brother bold I slew.
Now must I teach to hew the beech
The hand that held the glaive,
For leaves to spread our lowly bed,
And stakes to fence our cave.
And for vest of pall, thy fingers small,
That wont on harp to stray,
A cloak must shear from the slaughtered deer,
To keep the cold away.”

"O Richard! if my brother died,
'T was but a fatal chance;
For darkling was the battle tried,
And fortune sped the lance.
If pall and vair no more I wear,
Nor thou the crimson sheen,
As warm, we'll say, is the russet gray,
As gay the forest green.
And, Richard, if our lot be hard,
And lost thy native land,
Still Alice has her own Richard,
And he his Alice Brand."

II.

'T is merry, 't is merry, in good greenwood, —
So blithe Lady Alice is singing;
On the beech's pride, and oak's brown side,
Lord Richard's ax is ringing.
Up spoke the moody Elfin King,
Who woned within the hill, —
Like wind in the porch of a ruined church,
His voice was ghostly shrill.

"Why sounds yon stroke on beech and oak
Our moonlit circle's screen?
Or who comes here to chase the deer,
Beloved of our Elfin Queen?
Or who may dare on wold to wear
The fairies' fatal green?
Up, Urgan, up! to yon mortal hie,
For thou wert christened man;
For cross or sign thou wilt not fly,
For muttered word or ban.

Lay on him the curse of the withered heart,
The curse of the sleepless eye;
Till he wish and pray that his life would part,
Nor yet find leave to die."

III.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood,
Though the birds have stilled their singing;
The evening blaze doth Alice raise,
And Richard his fagots bringing.
Up Urgan starts, that hideous dwarf,
Before Lord Richard stands,
And, as he crossed and blessed himself,
"I fear not sign," quoth the grisly elf,
"That is made with bloody hands."

But out then spoke she, Alice Brand,
That woman void of fear, —
"And if there's blood upon his hand,
'T is but the blood of deer."

"Now loud thou liest, thou bold of mood!
It cleaves unto his hand,
The stain of thine own kindly blood,
The blood of Ethert Brand."

Then forward stepped she, Alice Brand,
And made the holy sign, —
"And if there's blood on Richard's hand,
A spotless hand is mine.
And I conjure thee, Demon elf,
By Him whom Demons fear,
To show us whence thou art thyself,
And what thine errand here?"

IV.

"'T is merry, 't is merry in Fairyland,
When fairy birds are singing,
When the court doth ride by their monarch's side,
With bit and bridle ringing :
And gaily shines the Fairyland —
But all is glistening show,
Like the idle gleam that December's beam
Can dart on ice and snow.

"And fading, like that varied gleam,
Is our inconstant shape,
Who now like knight and lady seem,
And now like dwarf and ape.
It was between the night and day,
When the Fairy king has power,
That I sunk down in a sinful fray,
And, 'twixt life and death, was snatched away
To the joyless Elfin bower.
But, wist I of a woman bold
Who thrice my brow durst sign,
I might regain my mortal mold,
As fair a form as thine."

She crossed him once — she crossed him twice —
That lady was so brave ;
The fouler grew his goblin hue,
The darker grew the cave.
She crossed him thrice, that lady bold ;
He rose beneath her hand
The fairest knight on Scottish mold,
Her brother, Ethert Brand !

Merry it is in good greenwood,
When the mavis and merle are singing,
But merrier were they in Dunfermline gray,
When all the bells were ringing.

From The Lady of the Lake.

III. THE CHARGE AT WATERLOO.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

ON came the whirlwind — like the last
But fiercest sweep of tempest blast;
On came the whirlwind — steel-gleams broke
Like lightning through the rolling smoke;
The war was waked anew.
Three hundred cannon mouths roared loud,
And from their throats, with flash and cloud,
Their showers of iron threw.
Beneath their fire, in full career,
Rushed on the ponderous cuirassier,
The lancer crouched his ruthless spear,
And, hurrying as to havoc near,
The cohorts' eagles flew.
In one dark torrent, broad and strong,
The advancing onset rolled along,
Forth harbinger'd by fierce acclaim,
That from the shroud of smoke and flame,
Pealed wildly the imperial name.
But on the British heart were lost
The terrors of the charging host;
For not an eye the storm that viewed
Changed its proud glance of fortitude,
Nor was one forward footstep stayed,
As dropped the dying and the dead.

Fast as their ranks the thunders tear,
Fast they renewed each serried square,
And on the wounded and the slain
Closed their diminished files again;
Till from their lines scarce spears' lengths, three,
Emerging from the smoke they see
Helmet and plume, and panoply —

Then waked their fire at once!
Each musketeer's revolving knell
As fast, as regularly fell,
As when they practice to display
Their discipline on festal day.

Then down went helm and lance,
Down were the eagle-banners sent,
Down reeling steeds and riders went,
Corselets were pierced and pennons rent;

And, to augment the fray,
Wheeled full against their staggering flanks,
The English horsemen's foaming ranks
Forced their resistless way.

Then to the musket knell succeeds
The clash of swords, the neigh of steeds;
As plies the smith his clanging trade,
Against the cuirass rang the blade;
And while amid their close array
The well-served cannon rent their way,
And while amid their scattered band
Raged the fierce rider's bloody brand,
Recoiled in common rout and fear
Lancer and guard and cuirassier,
Horsemen and foot, — a mingled host, —
Their leaders fallen, their standards lost.

From The Field of Waterloo.

IV. ENDEAVORS OF MANKIND TO GET RID OF THEIR BURTHENS — A DREAM.

By JOSEPH ADDISON.

Should Jove descend
And grant to every man his rash demand,
And, with these separate demands, dismiss
Each suppliant to enjoy the promised bliss:
Don't you believe they'd run? Not one will move,
Tho' proffered to be happy from above.

HORACE.



JOSEPH ADDISON.

JOSEPH ADDISON (1672–1719) was an English essayist and poet. His poetry, however, is not much read now, but his essays and sketches will be read wherever the English language is spoken. Most of them appeared in pamphlets or magazines, of which the most famous was the "Spectator," which was published by Addison and his friend Richard Steele. It is from the "Spectator" that the following sketches are taken. These little periodicals, together with some others printed about the same time, were almost the first of their kind, and to them we can

trace our own periodical literature, both newspaper and magazine. Although they were very small and insignificant compared with the great magazines of to-day, yet none of these have any finer contributions than are to be found in those first little pamphlets.

IT is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into one public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy would prefer the share they are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them by such a division. Horace has carried this thought a great deal further in the motto of my paper, which implies that the hardships or misfortunes we lie under are more easy to us than those of any other person would be in case we could change conditions with him.

As I was ruminating on these two remarks, and seated in my elbow chair, I insensibly fell asleep; when, on a sudden, methought there was a proclamation made by Jupiter, that every mortal should bring in his griefs and calamities and throw them together in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for this purpose. I took my stand in the center of it, and saw with a great deal of pleasure the whole human species marching one after another, and throwing down their several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain, that seemed to rise above the clouds.

There was a certain lady, of a thin, airy shape, who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying glass in one of her hands, and was clothed in a loose flowing robe, embroidered with several figures of fiends and specters, that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical shapes, as her garment hovered in the wind. There was something wild and distracted in her looks. Her name was Fancy. She led up every mortal to the appointed place after having officiously assisted him in making up his pack and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me to see my fellow creatures groaning under their respective burthens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

There were, however, several persons who gave me great

diversion upon this occasion. I observed one bringing in a fardel, very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be Poverty. Another after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage; which, upon examining, I found to be his wife.

There were multitudes of lovers saddled with very whimsical burthens composed of darts and flames; but, what was very odd, though they sighed as if their hearts would break under these bundles of calamities, they could not persuade themselves to cast them into the heap when they came up to it; but, after a few faint efforts, shook their heads and marched away as heavy laden as they came. I saw multitudes of old women lay down their wrinkles; and several young ones who stripped themselves of a tawny skin. There were very great heaps of red noses, large lips, and rusty teeth. The truth of it is, I was surprised to see the greatest part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities. Observing one advancing towards the heap with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found upon his near approach, that it was only a natural hump that he disposed of, with great joy of heart, among this collection of human miseries. There were, likewise, distempers of all sorts, though I could not but observe that there were many more imaginary than real. One little packet I could not but take notice of, which was a complication of all the diseases incident to human nature, and was in the hand of a great many fine people, this was called the spleen. But what most of all surprised me, was a remark I made that there was not a single vice or folly thrown into the heap; at which I was very much astonished, having concluded within myself that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices, and frailties.

When the whole race of mankind had thus cast their burthens, the phantom which had been so busy on this occasion, seeing me an idle spectator of what passed, approached towards me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when of a sudden she held her magnifying glass full before my eyes. I no sooner saw my face in it, but I was startled by the shortness of it, which now appeared to me in its utmost aggravation. The immoderate breadth of my features made me very much out of humor with my own countenance, upon which I threw it from me like a mask. It happened very luckily, that one who stood by me, had just before thrown down his own visage, which, it seems, was too long for him. It was, indeed, extended to a most shameful length; I believe the very chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole face. We had both of us an opportunity of mending ourselves, and, all the contributions being now brought in, every man was at liberty to exchange his misfortunes for those of another person.

V. ENDEAVORS OF MANKIND TO GET RID OF THEIR MISERIES. — A DREAM.

BY JOSEPH ADDISON.

IN my last paper, I gave my reader a sight of that mountain of miseries, which was made up of those several calamities that afflict the minds of men. I saw, with unspeakable pleasure, the whole species thus delivered from its sorrows; though, at the same time, as we stood round the heap, and surveyed the several materials of which it was composed, there was scarce a mortal, in this vast multitude, who did not discover what he thought pleasures and blessings of life; and wondered how the owners of them ever came to look upon them as burthens and grievances.

As we were regarding very attentively this confusion of miseries, this chaos of calamity, Jupiter issued out a second proclamation, that every one was now at liberty to exchange his affliction, and to return to his habitation, with any such other bundle as should be delivered to him.

Upon this, Fancy began to bestir herself, and parceling out the whole heap with incredible activity, recommended to every one his particular packet. The hurry and confusion at this time was not to be expressed. Some observations, which I made upon the occasion, I shall communicate to the public. A venerable, gray-headed man, who had laid down the colic, and who, I found, wanted an heir to his estate, snatched up an undutiful son that had been thrown into the heap by his angry father. The graceless youth, in less than a quarter of an hour, pulled the old gentleman by the beard, and had liked to have knocked his brains out; so that, meeting the true father, who came towards him, in a fit of the gripes, he begged him to take his son again, and give him back his colic; but they were incapable, either of them, to recede from the choice they had made. A poor galley slave, who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout in their stead, but made such wry faces, that one might easily perceive that he was no great gainer by the bargain. It was pleasant enough to see the several changes that were made, for sickness against poverty, hunger against want of appetite, and care against pain.

The female world were very busy among themselves in bartering for features; one was trucking a lock of gray hair for a carbuncle, another was making over a short waist for a pair of round shoulders, and a third cheapening a bad face for a lost reputation: but on all these occasions, there was not one of them who did not think the new blemish, as soon as she had got it into her possession, much more disagreeable than the old one. I made the same observa-

tion on every other misfortune or calamity, which every one in the assembly brought upon himself, in lieu of what he had parted with; whether it be, that all the evils which befall us, are in some measure suited and proportioned to our strength, or that every evil becomes more supportable by our becoming more accustomed to it, I shall not determine.


I could not, for my heart, forbear pitying the poor hump-backed gentleman mentioned in the former paper, who went off a very well-shaped person, though with a painful ailment; nor the fine gentleman who had struck up this bargain with him, that limped through a whole assembly of ladies who used to admire him, with a pair of shoulders peeping over his head.

I must not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with the long visage had no sooner taken upon him my short face, but he made such a grotesque figure in it that, as I looked upon him, I could not forbear laughing at myself, insomuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was so sensible of the ridicule that I found he was ashamed of what he had done: on the other side, I found that I myself had no great reason to triumph, for, as I went to touch my forehead, I missed the place, and clapped my finger on my upper lip. Besides, as my nose was exceeding prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks as I was playing my hand about my face, and aiming at some other part of it. I saw two other gentlemen by me, who were in the same ridiculous circumstances. These had made a foolish swap between a couple of thick bandy legs, and two long trapsticks that had no calves to them. One of these looked like a man walking upon stilts, and was so lifted up in the air above his ordinary height, that his head turned round with it, while the other made such awkward circles as he attempted to walk that he scarce knew how to move forward on his new sup-

porters : observing him to be a pleasant kind of fellow, I stuck my cane in the ground, and told him I would lay him a bottle of wine that he did not march up to it on a line, that I drew for him, in a quarter of an hour.

The heap was at last distributed among the two sexes, who made a piteous sight, as they wandered up and down, under the pleasure of their several burdens. The whole plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans and lamentations. Jupiter at length taking compassion on the poor mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their loads, with a design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of pleasure, after which, the phantom who had led them into such gross delusions was commanded to disappear. There was sent, in her stead, a goddess of a quite different figure : her motions were steady and composed and her aspect serious but cheerful. She every now and then cast her eyes toward heaven, and fixed them upon Jupiter : her name was Patience. She had no sooner placed herself by the mount of sorrows, but, what I thought very remarkable, the whole heap sunk to such a degree that it did not appear a third part as big as before. She then returned every man his own proper calamity, and teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own choice, as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

Besides the several pieces of morality to be drawn out of this vision, I learnt from it, never to repine at my own misfortunes, or to envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbor's sufferings ; for which reason, also, I have determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sorrows of my fellow creatures with sentiments of humanity and compassion.



VI. THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

By OLIVER GOLDSMITH.



OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH (1728–1774) was an Irishman, who early in life went to London and made a very poor living at writing poems and prose. But though he made a poor living, he did not write poor books. He knew how to write better than he knew how to save. He was a very plain, unattractive man, dull in conversation, but wonderfully gifted as an author. One of his friends wrote of him, as a joke, a mock epitaph:—

“Here lies Nolly Goldsmith,
For shortness called Noll,
Who wrote like an angel,
But talked like poor Poll.”

His most famous works are a novel called “The Vicar of Wakefield,” and the following poem.

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain!
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
Where smiling Spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting Summer's lingering blooms delayed;
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,

How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene !
How often have I paused on every charm —
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made !
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree ;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed ;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round !

And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired.
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out, to tire each other down ;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place ;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove :
These were thy charms, sweet village ! sports like these,
With sweet succession taught e'en toil to please ;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed, —
These were thy charms, but all these charms are fled.

Sweet, smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn ;
Amid thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green :

One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain ;
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way ;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest ;
Amid thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the moldering wall,
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade ;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made :
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man ;
For him light labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more ;
His best companions, innocence and health ;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.
But times are altered : trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain ;
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldly wealth and cumbrous pomp repose,
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,

Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green ;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn ! parent of the blissful hour !
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.
In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs — and God has given my share —
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amid these humble bowers to lay me down ;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting, by repose ;
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amid the swains to show my book-learned skill ;
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt and all I saw :
And, as an hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from which at first he flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return — and die at home at last.

O blest retirement ! friend to life's decline !
Retreats from care that never must be mine !
How happy he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labor with an age of ease !
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly !

For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine or tempt the dangerous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watchdog's bark that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind —
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.

But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled.
All but yon widowed, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron — forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn —

She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain !

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place;
Unpracticed he to fawn or seek for power
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train —
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won,
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus, to relieve the wretched was his pride;
And even his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt, for all :

And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt his new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile ;
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed ;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
And all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view ;
I knew him well, and every truant knew :

Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face ;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
Full well the busy whisper circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault ;
The village all declared how much he knew —
'Twas certain he could write and cipher too ;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge ;
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For even though vanquished, he could argue still ;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around,
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumphed is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the signpost caught the passing eye,
Low lies the house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlor splendors of that festive place ;
The whitewashed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnished clock that ticked behind the door ;
The chest contrived a double debt to pay —
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day ;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,

The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose ;
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
With aspen boughs and flowers and fennel gay ;
While broken teacups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Vain transitory splendor ! Could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall !
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart ;
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care ;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail ;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear ;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round ;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes ! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train ;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm than all the gloss of art ;
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway ;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed,
In these, ere trifles half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain ;
And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore ;
Hoards even beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around ;
Yet count your gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products yet the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied —
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage and hounds ;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robbed the neighboring hills of half their growth ;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green ;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies.
While thus the land adorned for pleasure, all
In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorned and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrowed charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes ;
But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress :
Thus fares the land by luxury betrayed,
In nature's simplest charms at first arrayed ;
But, verging to decline, its splendors rise,

Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise ;
While, scourged by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band ;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms — a garden and a grave !

Where, then, ah, where shall Poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits strayed,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And e'en the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped, what waits him there ?
To see profusion that he must not share ;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind ;
To see those joys the sons of pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade ;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way ;
The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly decked, admits the gorgeous train ;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure, scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy !
Sure, these denote one universal joy !
Are these thy serious thoughts ? Ah, turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distress ;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn ;

Now pinched with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread .

Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charmed before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore ;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day ;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling ;
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crowned,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around ;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake ;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murderous still than they ;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene —
The cooling brook, the grassy vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only sheltered thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloomed that parting day,
That called them from their native walks away,

When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked their last,
And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main,
And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Returned and wept, and still returned to weep !
The good old sire the first prepared to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe ;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wished for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms.
With louder complaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blest the cot where every pleasure rose ;
And kissed her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly dear ;
While her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O luxury ! thou curst by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee !
How do thy potions, with insidious joy
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy !
Kingdoms, by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigor not their own :
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank, unwieldy woe ;
Till, sapped their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

E'en now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done ;
E'en now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,

I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness are there ;
And piety with wishes placed above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.

And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade !
Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame.
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride ;
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so ;
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well !
Farewell ! and O, where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigors of th' inclement clime ;
Aid slighted Truth, with thy persuasive strain,
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain ;
Teach him, that states of native strength possessed
Though very poor, may still be very blest ;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labored mole away ;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

VII. THE SAGACITY OF THE SPIDER.

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.



ANIMALS in general are sagacious in proportion as they cultivate society. Elephants and beavers show the greatest signs of this sagacity when they are together in large numbers; but when man intrudes himself into their communities, they lose all their spirit of industry, and indicate but a very small share of that trait for which, when in a social state, they are so remarkable.

Among insects, the labors of the bee and the ant have employed the attention and admiration of the naturalists; but all their sagacity seems to be lost upon separation, and a single bee or ant seems destitute of every degree of industry, is the most stupid insect imaginable, languishes for a time in solitude, and soon dies.

Of all the solitary insects I have ever noticed, the spider is the most sagacious, and its actions to me, who have attentively considered them, seem almost to exceed belief. This insect is formed by nature for war, not only upon other insects, but also on its own species. Nature seems to have formed it for this condition of life.

Its head and breast are covered with a strong natural coat of mail, which is impenetrable to the attacks of every other insect, and its body is enveloped in a soft, pliable skin, which eludes the sting even of a wasp. Its legs are terminated by strong claws, not unlike those of a lobster; and their vast length, like spears, serves to keep every assailant at a distance.

Not worse furnished for observation than for attack or defense, it has several eyes, large, transparent, and covered with a thorny substance, which, however, does not impede its vision; besides this, it is furnished with a forceps above the mouth, which serves to kill or secure the prey already caught in its claws or its net.

Such are the implements of war with which the body is immediately furnished; but its net to entangle the enemy seems to be what it chiefly trusts to, and what it takes most pains to render as complete as possible. Nature has furnished the body of this little creature with a glutinous liquid which it spins into a thread, coarse or fine as it chooses.

In order to fix its thread when it begins to weave, it emits a small drop of its liquid against the wall, which, hardening by degrees, serves to hold the thread very firmly. Then, as it recedes from the first point, the thread lengthens; and when the spider has come to the place where the other end of the thread should be fixed, gathering up with its claws the thread, which would otherwise be too slack, it is stretched tight and fixed to the wall in the same manner as before.

In this way it spins and fixes several threads parallel to one another, which, so to speak, serve as the warp to the intended web. To form the woof, it spins in the same manner its thread, transversely fixing one end to the first thread that was spun, and which is always the strongest of the whole web, and the other to the wall. All these threads, being newly spun, are glutinous, and therefore stick to one another whenever they happen to touch; and in those parts of the web most likely to be torn, our natural artist strengthens them by doubling the thread sometimes sixfold.

I perceived, about four years ago, a large spider, in one corner of my room, making its web; and, though the ser-

vant leveled her fatal broom against the labors of the little animal, I had the good fortune then to prevent its destruction.

In three days, the web was completed; nor could I avoid thinking that the insect seemed to exult in living in its new abode. It repeatedly traversed it round, and examined the strength of every part of it, retired into its hole, and came out very frequently. The first enemy, however, it had to encounter, was another and a much larger spider, which, having no web of its own, and having probably exhausted all of its stock in former labors of this kind, came to invade the property of its neighbor.

Soon, then, a terrible encounter followed, in which the invader seemed to have the victory, and the laborious spider was obliged to take refuge in its hole. Upon this I perceived the victor using every art to draw the enemy from its stronghold. He seemed to go off, but quickly returned, and when he found all his arts vain he began to destroy the new web without mercy. This brought on another battle, and, contrary to my expectations, the laborious spider became conqueror, and fairly killed its antagonist.

Now, then, in peaceful possession of what was its own, it waited three days with the utmost patience, repairing the breaks of its web, and taking no food that I could perceive. At last, however, a large blue fly fell into the snare, and struggled hard to get loose. The spider gave it leave to entangle itself as much as possible, but it seemed to be too strong for the cobweb.

I once put a wasp into the nest, but when the spider came out to seize it as usual, upon perceiving what kind of an enemy it had to deal with, it instantly broke all the bands that held it fast, and contributed all that lay in its power to disengage so powerful an antagonist. When the wasp was at liberty, I expected that the spider would have

set about repairing the breaks in the net ; but this, it seems, could not be accomplished, therefore the cobweb was now entirely forsaken, and a new one begun.

I had now a mind to try how many cobwebs a single spider could furnish ; therefore I destroyed this, and the insect set about another. When I destroyed the other also, its whole stock seemed entirely exhausted, and it could spin no more. The arts it made use of to support itself, now deprived of its great means of subsistence, were indeed surprising. I have seen it roll up its legs like a ball, and lie motionless for hours together, but cautiously watching all the time ; when a fly happened to approach sufficiently near, it would dart out all at once, and often seize its prey.

Of this life, however, it soon began to grow weary, and resolved to invade the possession of some other spider, since it could not make a web of its own. It made an attack upon a neighboring web with great vigor, and at first was as vigorously repulsed. Not daunted, however, with one defeat, in this manner it continued to lay siege to another's web for three days, and at length having killed the defendant, actually took possession.

When smaller flies happen to fall into the snare, the spider does not sally out at once, but very patiently waits till it is sure of them ; for should it immediately approach, the terror of its appearance might give the captive strength sufficient to get loose ; its habit then is to wait patiently, till, by useless struggles, the captive has wasted all its strength, and then it becomes a certain and easy conquest.

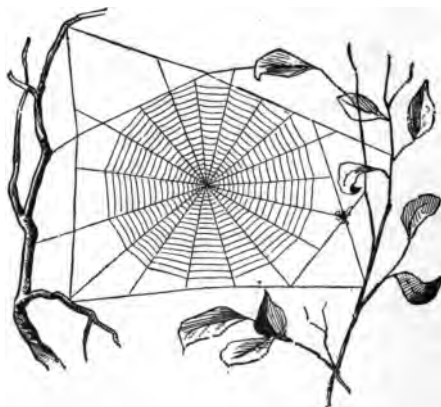
The insect I am now describing lived three years ; every year it changed its skin and got a new set of legs. I have sometimes plucked off a leg, which grew again in two or three days. At first it dreaded my approach to its web, but at last it became so familiar as to take a fly out of my hand, and upon my touching any part of the web, would

immediately leave its hole, prepared either for defense or an attack.

To complete this description it may be observed that the male spiders are much smaller than the female. When the latter come to lay, they spread a part of their web under the eggs, and then roll them up carefully, as we roll up things in a cloth, and thus hatch them in their hole. If disturbed, they never attempt to escape without carrying their young brood in their forceps away with them, and thus frequently are sacrificed to their parental affection.

As soon as ever the young ones leave their artificial covering they begin to spin, and almost sensibly seem to grow bigger. If they have the good fortune, when but a day old, to catch a fly, they begin to eat with good appetites; but they live sometimes three or four days without any sustenance, and continue to grow larger very rapidly.

As they grow old, however, they do not continue to increase in size. Their legs, only, grow longer. And when a spider becomes entirely stiff with age, and unable to seize its prey, it dies at length of hunger.



VIII THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.¹BY CHARLES WOLFE.²

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.

¹ SIR JOHN MOORE (1761-1809) was a British general who was killed in the Peninsula wars of Napoleon, and was buried at night in the citadel at Corunna, where he had died. Hence the poem. A monument was erected to his memory in St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

² CHARLES WOLFE (1761-1823) was an Irish clergyman, who is best known by his poem "The Burial of Sir John Moore."

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

IX. OUR SOCIETY.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH C. S. GASKELL.¹

IN the first place, Cranford is in possession of the Amazons; all the holders of houses, above a certain rent, are women. If a married couple come to settle in the town, somehow the gentleman disappears; he is either fairly frightened to death by being the only man in the Cranford evening parties, or he is accounted for by being with his regiment, his ship, or closely engaged in business all the week in the great neighboring commercial town of Drumble, distant only twenty miles on the railroad. In short, whatever does become of the gentlemen, they are not at Cranford.

¹ MRS. ELIZABETH CLEGHORN STEVENSON GASKELL (1810-1865) was a noted English novelist. Some of her stories contain vivid pictures of the life and experiences of the manufacturing classes. The two extracts here given are from "Cranford," which is regarded as her best novel.

What could they do if they were there? The surgeon has his round of thirty miles, and sleeps at Cranford; but every man cannot be a surgeon. For keeping the trim gardens full of choice flowers, without a weed to speck them; for frightening away little boys who look wistfully at the said flowers through the railings; for rushing out at the geese that occasionally venture into the gardens if the gates are left open; for deciding all questions of literature and politics without troubling themselves with unnecessary reasons or arguments; for obtaining clear and correct knowledge of everybody's affairs in the parish; for keeping their neat maidservants in admirable order; for kindness (somewhat dictatorial) to the poor, and real tender good offices to each other whenever they are in distress,—the ladies of Cranford are quite sufficient.

“A man,” as one of them observed to me once, “is so in the way in the house!” Although the ladies of Cranford know all each other's proceedings, they are exceedingly indifferent to each other's opinions. Indeed, as each has her own individuality, not to say eccentricity, pretty strongly developed, nothing is so easy as verbal retaliation; but somehow good will reigns among them to a considerable degree.

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I imagine that a few of the gentle folks of Cranford were poor, and had some difficulty in making both ends meet; but they were like the Spartans, and concealed their smart under a smiling face. We none of us spoke of money, because that savored of commerce and trade, and, though some might be poor, we were all aristocratic.

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I never shall forget the dismay felt when a certain Captain Brown came to live at Cranford, and openly spoke

about his being poor — not in whispers to an intimate friend, the doors and windows being previously closed; but in the public streets! in a loud military voice! alleging his poverty as his reason for not taking a particular house.

The ladies of Cranford were already moaning over the invasion of their territory by a man and a gentleman. He was a half-pay captain, and had obtained some situation on a neighboring railroad, which had been vehemently petitioned against by the little town; and if, in addition to his masculine gender and his connection with the obnoxious railroad, he was so brazen as to talk of being poor — why! then, indeed, he must be sent to Coventry. Death was as true and as common as poverty, yet people never spoke about that, loud out in the streets. It was a word not to be mentioned to ears polite.

We had tacitly agreed to ignore that any with whom we associated on terms of visiting equality could ever be prevented by poverty from doing anything that they wished. If we walked to or from a party it was because the night was so fine, or the air so refreshing, not because sedan-chairs were expensive. If we wore prints instead of summer silks, it was because we preferred a washing material; and so on, till we blinded ourselves to the vulgar fact that we were, all of us, people of very moderate means. Of course, then, we did not know what to make of a man who could speak of poverty as if it was not a disgrace. Yet somehow Captain Brown made himself respected in Cranford, and was called upon in spite of all resolutions to the contrary. I was surprised to hear his opinions quoted as authority, at a visit which I had paid to Cranford, about a year after he had settled in the town.

My own friends had been among the bitterest opponents of any proposal to visit the captain and his daughters only twelve months before; and now he was even admitted in

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the tabooed hours before twelve. True, it was to discover the cause of a smoking chimney before the fire was lighted; but still, Captain Brown walked upstairs, nothing daunted, spoke in a voice too large for the room, and joked quite in the way of a tame man, about the house.

He had been blind to all the small slights and omissions of trivial ceremonies with which he had been received. He had been friendly, though the Cranford ladies had been cool; he had answered small, sarcastic compliments in good faith; and with his manly frankness had overpowered all the shrinking that met him as a man who was not ashamed to be poor.

And, at last, his excellent masculine common sense, and his facility in devising expedients to overcome domestic dilemmas, had gained him an extraordinary place as authority among the Cranford ladies. He, himself, went on in his course, as unaware of his popularity as he had been of the reverse; and I am sure he was startled one day when he found his advice so highly esteemed as to make some counsel, which he had given in jest, be taken in sober, serious earnest.

It was on this subject: an old lady had an Alderney cow, which she looked upon as a daughter. You could not pay the short quarter-of-an-hour call without being told of the wonderful milk or wonderful intelligence of this animal. The whole town knew and kindly regarded Miss Betsy Barker's Alderney; therefore, great was the sympathy and regret when, in an unguarded moment, the poor cow tumbled into a lime pit. She moaned so loudly that she was soon heard, and rescued; but meanwhile the poor beast had lost most of her hair, and came out looking naked, cold, and miserable, in a bare skin. Everybody pitied the animal, though a few could not restrain their smiles at her droll appearance.

Miss Betsy Barker absolutely cried with sorrow and dismay; and it was said she thought of trying a bath of oil. This remedy, perhaps, was recommended by some one of the number whose advice she asked; but the proposal, if ever it was made, was knocked on the head by Captain Brown's decided "Get her a flannel waistcoat and flannel drawers, ma'am, if you wish to keep her alive. But my advice is, kill the poor creature at once."

Miss Betsy Barker dried her eyes, and thanked the captain heartily; she set to work, and by and by all the town turned out to see the Alderney meekly going to her pasture, clad in dark gray flannel. I have watched her myself many a time. Do you ever see cows dressed in gray flannel in London?

X. THE PANIC.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH C. S. GASKELL.

ALL at once, all sorts of uncomfortable rumors got afloat in the town. There were one or two robberies — real *bona fide* robberies; men had up before the magistrates and committed for trial; and that seemed to make us all afraid of being robbed; and for a long time, at Miss Matty's, I know, we used to make a regular tour all round the kitchens and cellars every night, Miss Matty leading the way, armed with poker, I following with the hearth brush, and Martha carrying the shovel and fire irons, with which to sound the alarm; and by the accidental hitting together of them she often frightened us so much that we bolted ourselves up, all three together, in the back kitchen, or storeroom, or wherever we happened to be, till, when our affright was over, we recollected ourselves, and set out afresh with double valiance.

By day we heard strange stories from the shopkeepers

and cottagers, of carts that went about in the dead of the night, drawn by horses shod with felt, and guarded by men in dark clothes, going round the town, no doubt, in search of some unwatched house or some unfastened door.

Miss Pole, who affected great bravery herself, was the principal person to collect and arrange these reports so as to make them assume their most fearful aspect. But we discovered that she had begged one of Mr. Hoggins's worn-out hats to hang up in her lobby; and we (at least I) had my doubt as to whether she really would enjoy the little adventure of having her house broken into, as she protested she should. Miss Matty made no secret of being an arrant coward, but she went regularly through her housekeeper's duties of inspection; only the hour for this became earlier and earlier, until at last we went the rounds at half-past six, and Miss Matty adjourned to bed soon after seven, "in order to get the night over sooner." One afternoon about five o'clock we were startled by a hasty knock at the door.

Miss Matty bade me run and tell Martha on no account to open the door until she (Miss Matty) had reconnoitered through the window; and she armed herself with a footstool to drop down on the head of the visitor, in case he should show a face covered with black crape as he looked up in answer to her inquiry of who was there. But it was nobody but Miss Pole and Betty. The former came upstairs, carrying a little hand basket, and she was evidently in a state of great agitation.

"Take care of that!" she said to me, as I offered to relieve her of her basket. "It's my plate. I am sure there is a plan to rob my house to-night. I am come to throw myself on your hospitality, Miss Matty. Betty is going to sleep with her cousin at the 'George.' I can sit up here all night, if you will allow me to; but my house is so far from

any neighbors, and I do n't believe we could be heard if we screamed ever so hard ! ”

“ But,” said Miss Matty, “ what has alarmed you so much ? Have you seen any men lurking about the house ? ”

“ Oh, yes ! ” answered Miss Pole. “ Two very bad-looking men have gone three times past the house, very slowly ; and an Irish beggar-woman came not half an hour ago, and all but forced herself in past Betty, saying her children were starving and she must speak to the mistress. You see, she said ‘ mistress,’ though there was a hat hanging up in the hall, and it would have been more natural to have said master. But Betty shut the door in her face and came up to me, and we got the spoons together, and sat in the parlor window watching till we saw Thomas Jones going from his work, when we called to him and asked him to take care of us into the town.”

We might have triumphed over Miss Pole, who had professed such bravery, but we were glad to perceive that she shared in the weaknesses of humanity ; and I gave up my room to her very willingly, and shared Miss Matty’s bed for the night. But, before retiring, the two ladies rummaged up, out of the recesses of their memory, such horrid stories of robbery and murder that I quite quaked in my shoes.

Miss Pole was evidently anxious to prove that such terrible events had occurred within her experience, that she was justified in her sudden panic ; and Miss Matty did not like to be outdone, and capped every stone with one yet more horrible, till it reminded me oddly enough, of an old story I had read somewhere, of a nightingale and a musician, who strove one against the other which could produce the most admirable music, till poor Philomel dropped down dead.

One of the stories that haunted me for a long time afterwards was of a girl, who was left in charge of a great house

in Cumberland on some particular fair-day when the other servants all went off to the gayeties. The family were away in London, and a peddler came by, and asked to leave his large and heavy pack in the kitchen, saying he would call for it again at night; and the girl (a gamekeeper's daughter), roaming about in search of amusement, chanced to hit upon a gun hanging up in the hall, and took it down to look at the chasing; and it went off through the open kitchen door, hit the pack, and a slow dark thread of blood came oozing out. (How Miss Pole enjoyed this part of the story, dwelling on each word as if she loved it!) She rather hurried over the further account of the girl's bravery, and I have but a confused idea that, somehow, she baffled the robbers with Italian irons heated red hot, and then restored to blackness by being dipped in grease.

We parted for the night with an awe-struck wonder as to what we should hear of in the morning — and on my part, with a vehement desire for the night to be over and gone; and I was so afraid lest the robbers should have seen, from some dark lurking-place, that Miss Pole had carried off her plate, and thus have a double motive for attacking our house.

But, until Lady Glenmire came to call next day, we heard of nothing unusual. The kitchen fire irons were in exactly the same position against the back door as when Martha and I had skillfully piled them up like spilikins, ready to fall with an awful clatter if only a cat had touched the outside panels. I had wondered what we should all do if thus awakened and alarmed, and had proposed to Miss Matty that we should cover up our faces under the bedclothes, so that there should be no danger of the robbers thinking we could identify them; but Miss Matty, who was trembling very much, scouted this idea, and said we owed it to society to apprehend them, and that she should certainly do her

best to lay hold of them, and lock them up in the garret until morning.

When Lady Glenmire came, we almost felt jealous of her. Mrs. Jamieson's house had really been attacked; at least there were men's footsteps to be seen on the flower borders underneath the kitchen windows, "where nae men should be;" and Carlo had barked all through the night as if strangers were abroad.

Mrs. Jamieson had been awakened by Lady Glenmire, and they had rung the bell which communicated with Mr. Mulliner's room in the third story, and when his nightcapped head had appeared over the banisters in answer to the summons, they had told him of their alarm, and the reasons for it; whereupon he retreated into his bedroom, and locked the door (for fear of draughts, as he informed them in the morning), and opened the window, and called out valiantly to say if the supposed robbers would come to him, he would fight them; but, as Lady Glenmire observed, that was but poor comfort, since they would have to pass by Mrs. Jamieson's room and her own before they could reach him, and must be of a very pugnacious disposition indeed if they neglected the opportunity of robbery presented by the unguarded lower stories, to go up to the garret, and there force a door in order to get at the champion of the house.

Lady Glenmire, after waiting and listening for some time in the drawing-room, had proposed to Mrs. Jamieson that they should go to bed; but that lady said she should not feel comfortable unless she sat up and watched; and, accordingly, she packed herself up warmly on the sofa, where she was found by the housemaid, when she came into the room at six o'clock, fast asleep; but Lady Glenmire went to bed and kept awake all night.

When Miss Pole heard of this she nodded her head in great satisfaction. She had been sure we should hear of

something happening in Cranford that night; and we had heard. It was clear enough that they had first proposed to attack her house; but when they saw that she and Betty were on their guard, and had carried off the plate, they had changed their tactics and had gone to Mrs. Jamieson's, and no one knew what might have happened if Carlo had not barked, like a good dog as he was!

XI. THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

BY FRANCIS SYLVESTER MAHONY.

(1804-1866.)

WITH deep affection and recollection,
I often think of those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would, in days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle their magic spells.
On this I ponder where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee, —
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine,
While at a glib rate brass tongues would vibrate;
But all their music spoke naught like thine.
For memory, dwelling on each proud swelling
Of thy belfry, knelling its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling old Adrian's mole in,
Their thunder rolling from the Vatican;
And cymbals glorious swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame;
But thy sounds were sweeter than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly.
Oh, the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee!

There's a bell in Moscow; while on tower and kiosk, O!
In St. Sophia the Turkman gets,
And loud in air calls men to prayer,
From the tapering summits of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom I freely grant them;
But there's an anthem more dear to me:
'Tis the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

XII. NEBUCHADNEZZAR.

BOOK OF DANIEL, CHAPTER III.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR the king made an image of gold, whose height was threescore cubits, and the breadth thereof six cubits: he set it up in the plain of Dura, in the province of Babylon.

Then Nebuchadnezzar the king sent to gather together the princes, the governors, and the captains, the judges, the treasurers, the counselors, the sheriffs, and all the rulers of the province, to come to the dedication of the image which Nebuchadnezzar the king had set up.

Then the princes, the governors, and the captains, the judges, the counselors, the sheriffs, and all the rulers of the provinces, were gathered together in the province unto the dedication of the image that Nebuchadnezzar the king had set up; and they stood before the image that Nebuchadnezzar had set up.

Then an herald cried aloud, "To you it is commanded, O people, nations, and languages!

"That at what time ye hear the sound of the cornet, the flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music, ye fall down and worship the golden image that Nebuchadnezzar the king hath set up:

"And whoso falleth not down and worshipeth shall the same hour be cast into the midst of a burning fiery furnace."

Therefore at that time, when all the people heard the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and all kinds of music, all the people, the nations, and the languages, fell down and worshiped the golden image that Nebuchadnezzar the king had set up.

Wherefore at that time certain Chaldeans came near, and accused the Jews.

They spake and said to the king Nebuchadnezzar, "O king, live forever.

"Thou, O king, hast made a decree, that every man that shall hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer, and all kinds of music, shall fall down and worship the golden image:

"And whoso falleth not down and worshipeth, that he should be cast into the midst of a burning fiery furnace.

"There are certain Jews whom thou hast set over the affairs of the province of Babylon, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego; these men, O king, have not regarded thee: they serve not thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."

Then Nebuchadnezzar in his rage and fury commanded to bring Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego. Then they brought these men before the king.

Nebuchadnezzar spake and said unto them, "Is it true, O Shadrach, and Meshach, and Abed-nego! do not ye serve my gods, nor worship the golden image which I have set up?

"Now if ye be ready, that at what time ye hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music, ye fall down and worship the image which I have made, well: but if ye worship not, ye shall be cast the same hour into the midst of a burning fiery furnace; and who is that God that shall deliver you out of my hands?"

Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, answered and said to the king, "O Nebuchadnezzar! we are not careful to answer you in this matter.

"If it be so, our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and he will deliver us out of thine hand, O king!

"But if not, be it known unto thee, O king! that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."

Then was Nebuchadnezzar full of fury, and the form of his visage was changed against Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego; therefore he spake, and commanded that they should heat the furnace one seven times more than it was wont to be heated.

And he commanded the most mighty men that were in his army to bind Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, and to cast them into the burning fiery furnace.

Then these men were bound in their coats, their hosen, and their hats, and their other garments, and were cast into the midst of the burning fiery furnace.

Therefore because the king's commandment was urgent, and the furnace exceeding hot, the flame of the fire slew those men that took up Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego.

And these three men, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, fell down bound into the midst of the burning fiery furnace.

Then Nebuchadnezzar the king was astonished, and rose up in haste, and spake, and said unto his counselors, "Did not we cast three men bound into the midst of the fire?" They answered and said unto the king, "True, O king!"

He answered, and said, "Lo, I see four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt; and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God."

Then Nebuchadnezzar came near to the mouth of the burning fiery furnace, and spake, and said, "Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, ye servants of the Most High God, come forth, and come hither." Then Shadrach, and Meshach, and Abed-nego came forth of the midst of the fire.

And the princes, governors, and captains, and the king's counselors, being gathered together, saw these men, upon whose bodies the fire had no power, nor was an hair of their head singed, neither were their coats changed, nor the smell of fire had passed on them.

Then Nebuchadnezzar spake, and said, "Blessed be the God of Shadrach, of Meshach, and of Abed-nego, who hath sent his angel, and hath delivered his servants that trusted in him, and have changed the king's word, and yielded their bodies, that they might not serve nor worship any god except their own God.

"Therefore I make a decree, That every people, nation, and language, which speak anything amiss against the God of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, shall be cut in pieces,

and their houses shall be made a dunghill: because there is no other God that can deliver after this sort."

Then the king promoted Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego in the province of Babylon.

From The Bible.

XIII. BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST

BOOK OF DANIEL, CHAPTER V.

BELSHAZZAR the king made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before the thousand.

Belshazzar, whiles he tasted the wine, commanded to bring the golden and silver vessels which his father Nebuchadnezzar had taken out of the temple which was in Jerusalem; that the king, and his princes, and his wives might drink therein.

Then they brought the golden vessels that were taken out of the temple of the house of God which was at Jerusalem; and the king, and his princes, and his wives drank in them.

They drank wine, and praised the gods of gold, and of silver, and of brass, of iron, of wood, and of stone.

In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlesticks upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace: and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote.

Then the king's countenance was changed, and his thoughts troubled him, so that the joints of his loins were loosed, and his knees smote one against another.

The king cried aloud to bring in the astrologers, the Chaldeans, and the soothsayers. And the king spake, and said to the wise men of Babylon, "Whosoever shall read this writing, and shew me the interpretation thereof, shall

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

J. MARTIN.



be clothed with scarlet, and shall have a chain of gold about his neck, and shall be the third ruler in the kingdom."

Then came in all the king's wise men: but they could not read the writing, nor make known to the king the interpretation thereof.

Then was king Belshazzar greatly troubled, and his countenance was changed in him, and his lords were astonished.

Now the queen, by reason of the words of the king and his lords, came into the banquet house: and the queen spake and said, "O king, live forever! let not thy thoughts trouble thee, nor let thy countenance be changed:

"There is a man in thy kingdom, in whom is the spirit of the holy gods; and in the days of thy father, light, and understanding, and wisdom, like the wisdom of the gods, was found in him; whom the king Nebuchadnezzar thy father, the king, I say, thy father, made master of the magicians, astrologers, Chaldeans, and soothsayers;

"Forasmuch as an excellent spirit, and knowledge, and understanding, interpreting of dreams, and shewing of hard sentences, and dissolving of doubts were found in the same Daniel, whom the king named Belteshazzar: now let Daniel be called, and he will shew the interpretation."

Then was Daniel brought in before the king. And the king spake and said unto Daniel, "Art thou that Daniel, which art of the children of the captivity of Judah, whom the king my father brought out of Jewry?

"I have even heard of thee, that the spirit of the gods is in thee, and that light, and understanding, and excellent wisdom is found in thee.

"And now the wise men, the astrologers, have been brought in before me, that they should read this writing, and make known unto me the interpretation thereof: but they could not shew the interpretation of the thing:

"And I have heard of thee, that thou canst make inter-

pretations and dissolve doubts : now if thou canst read the writing, and make known to me the interpretation thereof, thou shalt be clothed with scarlet, and have a chain of gold about thy neck, and shalt be the third ruler in the kingdom."

Then Daniel answered and said before the king, "Let thy gifts be to thyself, and give thy rewards to another; yet I will read the writing unto the king, and make known to him the interpretation.

"O thou king! the most high God gave Nebuchadnezzar thy father a kingdom, and majesty, and glory, and honor :

"And for the majesty that he gave him, all people, nations, and languages trembled and feared before him : whom he would he slew, whom he would he kept alive, and whom he would he set up, and whom he would he put down.

"But when his heart was lifted up, and his mind hardened in pride, he was deposed from his kingly throne, and they took his glory from him :

"And he was driven from the sons of men ; and his heart was made like the beasts, and his dwelling was with the wild asses : they fed him with grass like oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven ; till he knew that the most high God ruled in the kingdom of men, and that he appointeth over it whomsoever he will.

"And thou his son, O Belshazzar, hast not humbled thine heart, though thou knewest all this ;

"But hast lifted up thyself against the Lord of heaven ; and they have brought the vessels of his house before thee, and thou, and thy lords, and thy wives have drunk wine in them ; and thou hast praised the gods of silver, and gold, of brass, iron, wood, and stone, which see not, nor hear, nor know : and the God in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not glorified :

“Then was the part of the hand sent from him; and this writing was written.

“And this is the writing that was written, MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN.

“This is the interpretation of the thing: MENE; God hath numbered thy kingdom, and finished it.

“TEKEL; Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting.

“PERES; Thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and Persians.”

Then commanded Belshazzar, and they clothed Daniel with scarlet, and put a chain of gold about his neck, and made a proclamation concerning him, that he should be the third ruler in the kingdom.

In that night was Belshazzar the king of the Chaldeans slain.

And Darius the Median took the kingdom, being about threescore and two years old.

From The Bible.

XIV. OVERTHROW OF BELSHAZZAR.

BY BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.¹

BELSHAZZAR is king! Belshazzar is lord!
And a thousand dark nobles all bend at his board;
Fruits glisten, flowers blossom, meats steam, and a flood
Of the wine that man loveth runs redder than blood:
Wild dancers are there, and a riot of mirth,
And the beauty that maddens the passions of earth;

¹ BRYAN WALLER PROCTER (1787-1874) was an English poet who wrote under the name of Barry Cornwall.

And the crowds all shout,
Till the vast roofs ring,
“All praise to Belshazzar, Belshazzar the king!”

“Bring forth,” cries the monarch, “the vessels of gold,
Which my father tore down from the temples of old;
Bring forth, and we’ll drink, while the trumpets are blown,
To the gods of bright silver, of gold, and of stone:
Bring forth!” — and before him the vessels all shine,
And he bows unto Baal, and he drinks the dark wine;
 Whilst the trumpets bray,
 And the cymbals ring,
“Praise, praise to Belshazzar, Belshazzar the king!”

What cometh? — look, look! Without menace, or call?
Who writes, with the Lightning’s bright hand, on the wall
What pierceth the king, like the point of a dart?
What drives the bold blood from his cheek to his heart?
“Chaldeans! magicians! the letters expound!”
They are read, — and Belshazzar is dead on the ground!
 Hark! — the Persian is come,
 On a conqueror’s wing;
And a Mede’s on the throne of Belshazzar the king!

XV. BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

(1777–1844.)

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle blade;
And furious every charger neighed,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills, with thunder riven;
Then rushed the steed, to battle driven;
And, louder than the bolts of Heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow;
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners WAVE!
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulcher.

XVI WHAT'S HALLOWED GROUND?

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

WHAT'S hallowed ground? Has earth a clod
 Its Maker meant not should be trod
 By man, the image of his God,
 Erect and free,
 Unscourged by Superstition's rod
 To bow the knee?

That's hallowed ground where, mourned and missed,
 The lips repose our love has kissed; —
 But where's their memory's mansion? Is't
 Yon churchyard's bowers?
 No! in ourselves their souls exist,
 A part of ours.

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What hallows ground where heroes sleep?
 'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap! —
 In dews that heavens far distant weep
 Their turf may bloom,
 Or genii twine beneath the deep
 Their coral tomb.

But strew his ashes to the wind,
 Whose sword or voice has served mankind —
 And is he dead whose glorious mind
 Lifts thine on high?
 To live in hearts we leave behind
 Is not to die.

Is't death to fall for Freedom's right?
He's dead alone that lacks her light!
And Murder sullies, in Heaven's sight,
 The sword he draws: —
What can alone ennoble fight?
 A noble cause!

Give that, and welcome war to brace
Her drums, and rend Heaven's reeking space! —
The colors, planted face to face,
 The charging cheer,
Though death's pale horse lead on the chase,
 Shall still be dear.

And place our trophies where men kneel
To Heaven! — but Heaven rebukes my zeal!
The cause of truth and human weal,
 O God above!
Transfer it from the sword's appeal
 To Peace and Love.

Peace, Love! the cherubim, that join
Their spread wings o'er Devotion's shrine, —
Prayers sound in vain, and temples shine,
 Where they are not.
The heart alone can make divine
 Religion's spot.

What's hallowed ground? 'Tis what gives birth
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth! —
Peace! Independence! Truth! go forth
 Earth's compass round;
And your high-priesthood shall make earth
 All hallowed ground.

XVII KING ARTHUR.

BY THOMAS BULFINCH.

(1796-1867.)

KING ARTHUR is the most famous of the semi-mythical kings of Great Britain. About him and his Round Table, with its many gallant knights, more stories have been written than about any other king of chivalry, unless it be Charlemagne. He represents the chivalry of the North, as Charlemagne does that of the South. These stories were first collected by Sir Thomas Malory, who lived in the fifteenth century, under the title "*Morte d'Arthur*," and were printed by Caxton, the first English printer, in 1485. From Malory's collection later compilers have drawn their material.

The following selection is taken from a compilation by Thomas Bulfinch. Although Bulfinch was an American writer, the legends themselves and their sources are so entirely British that they do not seem out of place in this volume.

ARTHUR was a prince of the tribe of Britons called Silures, whose country was South Wales, — the son of Uther, named Pendragon, a title given to an elective sovereign, paramount over the many kings of Britain. He appears to have commenced his martial career about the year 500, and was raised to the pendragonship about ten years later. He is said to have gained twelve victories over the Saxons. The

KING ARTHUR.¹

¹ A heroic bronze statue by Gregory Löffler, on the tomb of Maximilian I, in the Hofkirche, Innsbruck, Austria.

most important of them was that of Badon, by some supposed to be Bath, by others, Berkshire. This was the last of his battles with the Saxons, and checked their progress so effectually that Arthur experienced no more annoyance from them, and reigned in peace until the revolt of his nephew Modred, twenty years later, which led to the fatal battle of Camlan, in Cornwall, in 542. Modred was slain, and Arthur, mortally wounded, was conveyed by sea to Glastonbury, where he died and was buried.

Tradition preserved the memory of the place of his interment within the abbey, as we are told by Giraldus Cambrensis, who was present when the grave was opened by command of Henry II. about 1150, and saw the bones and sword of the monarch, and a leaden cross let into his tombstone, with the inscription in rude Roman letters, "Here lies buried the famous King Arthur, in the island of Avalonia." This story has been elegantly versified by Warton. A popular traditional belief was long entertained among the Britons, that Arthur was not dead, but had been carried off to be healed of his wounds in Fairyland, and that he would reappear to avenge his countrymen, and reinstate them in the sovereignty of Britain. In "Warton's Ode," a bard relates to King Henry the traditional story of Arthur's death, and closes with these lines: —

"Yet in vain a paynim foe
Armed with fate the mighty blow;
For when he fell, the Elfin queen,
All in secret and unseen,
O'er the fainting hero threw
Her mantle of ambrosial blue,
And bade her spirits bear him far,
In Merlin's agate-axled car,
To her green isles enameled steep,
Far in the navel of the deep.

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There he reigns a mighty king,
Thence to Britain shall return,
If right prophetic rolls I learn,
Borne on victory's spreading plume,
His ancient scepter to resume,
His knightly table to restore,
And brave the tournaments of yore."

Arthur, though only fifteen years old at the time of his father's death, was elected king at a general meeting of the nobles. It was not done without opposition, for there were many ambitious competitors; but Bishop Brice, a person of great sanctity, on Christmas Eve addressed the assembly, and represented that it would well become them, at that solemn season, to put up their prayers for some token which should manifest the intentions of Providence respecting their future sovereign. This was done, and with such success, that the service was scarcely ended when a miraculous stone was discovered before the church door, and in the stone was firmly fixed a sword, with the following words engraven on its hilt:—

"I am hight Escalibore,¹
Unto a king fair tresore."

Bishop Brice, after exhorting the assembly to offer up their thanksgiving for this signal miracle, proposed a law, that whoever should be able to draw out the sword from the stone should be acknowledged king of the Britons; and his proposal was decreed by general acclamation. The tributary kings of Uther and the most famous knights successively put their strength to the proof, but the miraculous sword resisted all their efforts. It stood till Candlemas; it stood till Easter, and till Pentecost, when the best knights in the kingdom usually assembled for the annual tournament. Arthur, who was at that time serving in the capacity of squire to his

¹Also spelled *escalibar*, *excalibar*, *excalibor*, *excalibur*, and *caliburn*.

foster brother, Sir Kay, attended his master to the lists. Sir Kay fought with great valor and success, but had the misfortune to break his sword, and sent Arthur home to his mother for a new one. Arthur hastened home, but did not find the lady; but having observed near the church a sword sticking in a stone, he galloped to the place, drew out the sword with great ease, and delivered it to his master. Sir Kay would willingly have assumed to himself the distinction conferred by the possession of the sword; but when, to confirm the doubters, the sword was replaced in the stone, he was utterly unable to withdraw it, and it would yield a second time to no hand but Arthur's. Thus decisively pointed out by Heaven as their king, Arthur was by general consent proclaimed such, and an early day appointed for his solemn coronation.

Immediately after his election to the crown, Arthur found himself opposed by eleven kings and one duke, who with a vast army were actually encamped in the forest of Rockingham. By Merlin's advice Arthur sent an embassy to Brittany to solicit the aid of King Ban and King Bohort, two of the best knights of the world. They accepted the call, and with a powerful army crossed the sea, landing at Portsmouth, where they were received with great rejoicing. The rebel kings were still superior in numbers; but Merlin, by a powerful enchantment, caused all their tents to fall down at once, and in the confusion Arthur with his allies fell upon them and totally routed them.

After defeating the rebels, Arthur took the field against the Saxons. As they were too strong for him unaided, he sent an embassy to Armorica, beseeching the assistance of Hoel, who soon brought over an army to his aid. The two kings joined their forces and sought the enemy, whom they met, and both sides prepared for a decisive engagement.

"Arthur himself," as Geoffrey Monmouth relates, "dressed

in a breastplate worthy of so great a king, places on his head a golden helmet engraved with the semblance of a dragon. Over his shoulders he throws his shield called Priwin, on which a picture of the Holy Virgin constantly recalled her to his memory. Girt with Caliburn, a most excellent sword, and fabricated in the isle of Avalon, he graces his right hand with the lance named Ron. This was a long and broad spear, well contrived for slaughter."

After a severe conflict, Arthur, calling on the name of the Virgin, rushes into the midst of his enemies, and destroys multitudes of them with the formidable Caliburn, and puts the rest to flight. Hoel, being detained by sickness, took no part in this battle. This is called the victory of Mount Badon, and, however disguised by fable, it is regarded by historians as a real event.

The feats performed by Arthur at the battle of Badon Mount are thus celebrated in Drayton's verse: —

"They sung how he himself at Badon bore, that day,
When at the glorious goal his British scepter lay;
Two dais together how the battel stronglie stood;
Pendragon's worthie son, who waded there in blood,
Three hundred Saxons slew with his owne valiant hand."

Merlin had planned for Arthur's marriage with the daughter of King Laodogant of Carmalide. By his advice Arthur paid a visit to the court of that sovereign, attended only by Merlin and by thirty-nine knights whom the magician had selected for that service. On their arrival they found Laodogant and his peers sitting in council, endeavoring, but with small prospect of success, to devise means for resisting the impending attack of Ryence, King of Ireland, who, with fifteen tributary kings and an almost innumerable army, had nearly surrounded the city. Merlin, who acted as leader of the band of British knights, announced them

as strangers, who came to offer the king their services in his wars ; but under the express condition that they be at liberty to conceal their names and quality until they should think proper to divulge them. These terms were thought very strange, but were thankfully accepted, and the strangers, after taking the usual oath to the king, retired to the lodging which Merlin had prepared for them.

A few days after this, the enemy, regardless of a truce into which they had entered with King Laodogant, suddenly issued from their camp and made an attempt to surprise the city. Cleodalis, the king's general, assembled the royal forces with all possible dispatch. Arthur and his companions also flew to arms, and Merlin appeared at their head, bearing a standard on which was emblazoned a terrific dragon. Merlin advanced to the gate, and commanded the porter to open it, which the porter refused to do without the king's order. Merlin thereupon took up the gate, with all its appurtenances of locks, bars, and bolts, and directed his troop to pass through, after which he replaced it in perfect order. He then set spurs to his horse, and dashed, at the head of his little troop, into a body of two thousand Pagans. The disparity of numbers being so enormous, Merlin cast a spell upon the enemy, so as to prevent them from seeing the small number of their assailants ; notwithstanding which the British knights were hard pressed. But the people of the city, who saw from the walls this unequal contest, were ashamed of leaving the small body of strangers to their fate, so they opened the gate and sallied forth. The numbers were now more nearly equal, and Merlin revoked his spell, so that the two armies encountered on fair terms. Where Arthur, Ban, Bohort, and the rest fought, the king's army had the advantage ; but in another part of the field the king himself was surrounded and carried off by the enemy. This sad sight was seen by Guenever,

the fair daughter of the king, who stood on the city wall and looked at the battle. She was in dreadful distress, tore her hair, and swooned away.

But Merlin, aware of what passed in every part of the field, suddenly collected his knights, led them out to battle, intercepted the passage of the party who were carrying away the king, charged them with irresistible impetuosity, cut in pieces or dispersed the whole escort, and rescued the king. In the fight Arthur encountered Caulang, a giant fifteen feet high; and the fair Guenever, who already began to feel a strong interest in the handsome young stranger, trembled for the issue of the contest. But Arthur, dealing a dreadful blow on the shoulder of the monster, cut through his neck so that his head hung over on one side, and in this condition his horse carried him about the field, to the great horror and dismay of the Pagans. Guenever could not refrain from expressing aloud her wish that the gentle knight, who dealt with giants so dexterously, were destined to become her husband, and the wish was echoed by her attendants. The enemy soon turned their backs, and fled with precipitation, closely pursued by Laodogant and his allies.

After the battle Arthur was disarmed and conducted to the bath by the princess Guenever, while his friends were attended by other ladies of the court. After the bath the knights were conducted to a magnificent entertainment, at which they were diligently served by the same fair attendants. Laodogant, more and more anxious to know the name and quality of his generous deliverers, and occasionally forming a secret wish that the chief of his guests might be captivated by the charms of his daughter, appeared silent and pensive, and was scarcely roused from his reverie by the banters of his courtiers. Arthur, having had an opportunity of explaining to Guenever his great esteem for her

merit, was in the joy of his heart, and was still further delighted by hearing from Merlin the late exploits of Gawain at London, by means of which his immediate return to his dominions was rendered unnecessary, and he was left at liberty to protract his stay at the court of Laodogant.

Every day contributed to increase the admiration of the whole court for the gallant strangers, and the passion of Guenever for their chief; and when at last Merlin announced to the king that the object of the visit of the party was to procure a bride for their leader, Laodogant at once presented Guenever to Arthur, telling him that, whatever might be his rank, his merit was sufficient to entitle him to the possession of the heiress of Carmalide. Arthur accepted the lady with the utmost gratitude, and Merlin then proceeded to satisfy the king of the rank of his son-in-law; upon which Laodogant, with all his barons, hastened to do homage to their lawful sovereign, the successor of Uther Pendragon. The fair Guenever was then solemnly betrothed to Arthur, and a magnificent festival was proclaimed, which lasted seven days.

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After this King Arthur and his knights performed wonderful deeds of valor, jousting with many foes in defense of their religion or their ladyloves; going in search of the Holy Grail,¹ and winning measureless renown. Victory was not always with them, nor were the knights always virtuous, but on the whole it was a noble and successful band.

Finally, after many years of warfare and trouble as well as glory, when King Arthur was away at one time upon a warlike expedition, news came that caused him to hurry back with all his army to England.

¹ **The Holy Grail.** The cup or chalice used by Christ for wine at his Last Supper. The quest of the Holy Grail was to be undertaken only by a knight who was pure in heart and in act.



W. L. TAYLOR.

. . . . "I, Galahad, saw the Grail,
The Holy Grail, descend upon the shrine."

KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS.

XVIII THE DEATH OF ARTHUR.

BY THOMAS BULFINCH.

SIR MODRED was left ruler of all England, and he caused letters to be written, as if from beyond sea, that King Arthur was slain in battle. So he called a Parliament, and made himself be crowned king; and he took the queen, Guenever, and said plainly that he would wed her, but she escaped from him, and took refuge in the Tower of London. And Sir Modred went and laid siege about the Tower of London, and made great assaults thereat, but all might not avail him. Then came word to Sir Modred that King Arthur had raised the siege of Sir Launcelot, and was coming home. Then Sir Modred summoned all the barony of the land; and much people drew unto Sir Modred, and said they would abide with him for better and for worse; and he drew a great host to Dover, for there he heard say that King Arthur would arrive.

And as Sir Modred was at Dover with his host, came King Arthur, with a great number of ships and galleys, and there was Sir Modred waiting upon the landing. Then there was launching of great boats and small, full of noble men of arms, and there was much slaughter of gentle knights on both parts. But King Arthur was so courageous there might no manner of knights prevent him to land, and his knights fiercely followed him; and so they landed, and put Sir Modred aback so that he fled, and all his people. And when the battle was done, King Arthur commanded to bury his people that were dead. And then was noble Sir Gawain found, in a great boat, lying more than half dead. And King Arthur went to him, and made sorrow out of measure.

"Mine uncle," said Sir Gawain, "know thou well my death-day is come, and all is through mine own hastiness and willfulness; for I am smitten on the old wound which Sir Launcelot gave me, of the which I feel I must die. And had Sir Launcelot been with you as of old, this war had never begun, and of all this I am the cause." Then Sir Gawain prayed the king to send for Sir Launcelot, and to cherish him above all other knights. And so, at the hour of noon, Sir Gawain yielded up his spirit, and then the king bade inter him in a chapel within Dover Castle; and there all men may see the skull of him, and the same wound is seen that Sir Launcelot gave him in battle.

Then was it told the king that Sir Modred had pitched his camp upon Barrendown; and the king rode thither, and there was a great battle betwixt them, and King Arthur's party stood best, and Sir Modred and his party fled unto Canterbury.

And there was a day assigned betwixt King Arthur and Sir Modred that they should meet upon a down beside Salisbury, and not far from the seaside, to do battle yet again. And at night as the king slept, he dreamed a wonderful dream. It seemed him verily that there came Sir Gawain unto him, with a number of fair ladies with him. And when King Arthur saw him, he said, "Welcome, my sister's son; I weened thou hadst been dead; and now I see thee alive, great is my joy. But, O fair nephew! what be these ladies that hither be come with you?" — "Sir," said Sir Gawain, "all these be ladies for whom I have fought when I was a living man; and because I did battle for them in righteous quarrel, they have given me grace to bring me hither unto you, to warn you of your death if ye fight to-morrow with Sir Modred. Therefore take ye treaty, and proffer you largely for a month's delay; for within a month shall come Sir Launcelot and all his knights, and rescue you worshipfully, and slay Sir Modred and all that hold with him."

And then Sir Gawain and all the ladies vanished. And anon the king called to fetch his noble lords and wise bishops unto him. And when they were come, the king told them his vision and what Sir Gawain had told him. Then the king sent Sir Lucan the butler, and Sir Bedivere, with two bishops, and charged them in any wise to take a treaty for a month and a day with Sir Modred. So they departed, and came to Sir Modred; and so, at the last, Sir Modred was agreed to have Cornwall and Kent during Arthur's life, and all England after his death.

Then it was agreed that King Arthur and Sir Modred should meet betwixt their hosts, and each of them should bring fourteen persons, and then and there they should sign the treaty. And when King Arthur and his knights were prepared to go forth, he warned all his host, "If so be ye see any sword drawn, look ye come on fiercely and slay whomsoever withstandeth, for I in no wise trust that traitor, Sir Modred." In likewise Sir Modred warned his host. So they met, and were agreed and accorded thoroughly. And wine was brought, and they drank. Right then came an adder out of a little heath bush, and stung a knight on the foot. And when the knight felt him sting, he looked down and saw the adder, and then he drew his sword to slay the adder, and thought of no other harm. And when the hosts on both sides saw that sword drawn, they blew trumpets and horns, and shouted greatly. And King Arthur took his horse, and rode to his party, saying, "Alas, this unhappy day!" And Sir Modred did in likewise. And never was there a more doleful battle in Christian land. And ever King Arthur rode throughout the battle, and did full nobly, as a worthy knight should; and Sir Modred that day did his devoir, and put himself in great peril. And thus they fought all the long day, till the most of all the noble knights lay dead upon the ground. Then the king

looked about him, and saw of all his host were left alive but two knights, Sir Lucan the butler and Sir Bedivere his brother, and they were full sore wounded.

Then King Arthur saw where Sir Modred leaned upon his sword among a great heap of dead men. "Now give me my spear," said Arthur unto Sir Lucan, "for yonder I spy the traitor that hath wrought all this woe."

"Sir, let him be," said Sir Lucan; "for if ye pass this unhappy day, ye shall be right well revenged upon him. Remember what the spirit of Sir Gawain told you, and leave off now, for ye have won the field; and if ye leave off now, this evil day of destiny is passed."

"Betide me life, betide me death," said King Arthur, "he shall not now escape my hands." Then the king took his spear in both hands, and ran toward Sir Modred, crying, "Traitor, now is thy death day come." And there King Arthur smote Sir Modred under the shield, with a thrust of his spear through the body. And when Sir Modred felt that he had his death wound, with the might that he had he smote King Arthur, with his sword holden in both his hands, on the side of the head, that the sword pierced the helmet and the brainpan; and then Sir Modred fell stark dead upon the earth.

And the noble Arthur fell in a swoon to the earth. And Sir Lucan the butler and Sir Bedivere raised him up, and gently led him betwixt them both to a little chapel not far from the seaside. And when the king was there he thought him well eased. Then heard they people cry in the field. And Sir Lucan went to see what that cry betokened; and he saw by the moonlight that pillers and robbers were come to rob the dead. And he returned, and said to the king, "By my rede, it is best that we bring you to some town." — "I would it were so," said the king. And when the king tried to go, he fainted. Then Sir Lucan took up the king

on the one part, and Sir Bedivere on the other part; and in the lifting, Sir Lucan fell in a swoon to the earth, for he was grievously wounded. And then the noble knight's heart burst. And when the king awoke, he beheld Sir Lucan, how he lay foaming at the mouth and speechless.

"Alas!" said the king, "this is to me a full heavy sight, to see this noble duke so die for my sake; for he that would have helpen me had more need of help than I, and he would not complain, his heart was so set to help me." Then Sir Bedivere wept for his brother. "Leave this mourning and weeping," said the king, "for wit thou well, if I might live myself, the death of Sir Lucan would grieve me evermore; but my time bieth fast. Therefore," said Arthur unto Sir Bedivere, "take thou Excalibar, my good sword, and go with it to yonder water-side; and when thou comest there, I charge thee throw my sword into that water, and come again and tell me what thou there seest."

"My lord," said Sir Bedivere, "your commandment shall be done." So Sir Bedivere departed, and by the way he beheld that noble sword, that the pommel and the haft were all of precious stones; and then he said to himself, "If I throw this rich sword into the water, no good shall come thereof, but only harm and loss." And then Sir Bedivere hid Excalibar under a tree.

And so, as soon as he might, he came again unto the king. "What sawest thou there?" said the king. "Sir," he said, "I saw nothing."—"Alas! thou hast deceived me," said the king. "Go thou lightly again, and as thou love me spare not to throw it in." Then Sir Bedivere went again, and took the sword in his hand to throw it; but again it beseemed him but sin and shame to throw away that noble sword, and he hid it away again, and returned, and told the king he had done his commandment.

"What sawest thou there?" said the king. "Sir," he said, "I saw nothing but waters deep and waves wan."

"Ah, traitor untrue!" said the king, "now hast thou betrayed me twice. And yet thou art named a noble knight, and hast been lief and dear to me. But now go again, and do as I bid thee, for thy long tarrying putteth me in jeopardy of my life." Then Sir Bedivere went to the sword, and lightly took it up, and went to the water-side, and he bound the girdle about the hilt, and then he threw the sword as far into the water as he might. And there came an arm and a hand out of the water, and met it, and caught it, and shook it thrice and brandished it, and then vanished away the hand with the sword in the water.

Then Sir Bedivere came again to the king, and told him what he saw. "Help me hence," said the king, "for I fear I have tarried too long." Then Sir Bedivere took the king on his back, and so went with him to that water-side; and when they came there, even fast by the bank there rode a little barge with many fair ladies in it, and among them was a queen; and all had black hoods, and they wept and shrieked when they saw King Arthur.

"Now put me in the barge," said the king. And there received him three queens with great mourning, and in one of their laps King Arthur laid his head. And the queen said, "Ah, dear brother, why have you tarried so long? Alas! this wound on your head hath caught overmuch cold." And then they rowed from the land, and Sir Bedivere beheld them go from him. Then he cried, "Ah, my lord Arthur, will ye leave me here alone among mine enemies?" — "Comfort thyself," said the king, "for in me is no further help; for I will go to the Isle of Avalon, to heal me of my grievous wounds." And as soon as Sir Bedivere had lost sight of the barge, he wept and wailed; then he

took the forest, and went all that night, and in the morning he was ware of a chapel and a hermitage.

Then went Sir Bedivere thither; and when he came into the chapel, he saw where lay an hermit on the ground, near a tomb that was newly graven. "Sir," said Sir Bedivere, "what man is there buried that you pray so near unto?" — "Fair Son," said the hermit, "I know not verily. But this night there came a number of ladies, and brought hither one dead, and prayed me to bury him." — "Alas!" said Sir Bedivere, "that was my lord, King Arthur." Then Sir Bedivere swooned; and when he awoke, he prayed the hermit he might abide with him, to live with fasting and prayers. "Ye are welcome," said the hermit. So there bode Sir Bedivere with the hermit; and he put on poor clothes, and served the hermit full lowly in fasting and in prayers.

Thus of Arthur I find never more written in books that be authorized; not more of the very certainty of his death; but thus was he led away in a ship, wherein were three queens; the one was King Arthur's sister, Queen Morgane le Fay; the other was Viviane, the Lady of the Lake; and the third was the Queen of North Galis. And this tale Sir Bedivere, knight of the Table Round, made to be written.



XIX. THE PASSING OF ARTHUR.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

ALFRED TENNYSON (1809–1892) was one of England's greatest poets, perhaps the greatest of the nineteenth century. Writing poetry was his occupation and his delight from boyhood. He wrote on many subjects, but always in the same clear and beautiful style. Among his finest poems are the "Idylls of the King," which are about King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. The following poem tells of the death of this great king. The author first entitled it "Morte d'Arthur," and afterwards, "The Passing of Arthur." It is one of the most beautiful of all the accounts of this ancient story.



ALFRED TENNYSON.

SO all day long the noise of battle rolled
Among the mountains by the winter sea;
Until King Arthur's table, man by man,
Had fallen in Lyonesse about their Lord,
King Arthur: then, because his wound was deep,
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,

And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross
That stood on a dark strait of barren land.
On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :
“ The sequel of to-day unsolders all
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
They sleep — the men I loved. I think that we
Shall never more, at any future time,
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
Walking about the gardens and the halls
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
I perish by this people which I made, —
Tho’ Merlin sware that I should come again
To rule once more ; but let what will be, be.
I am so deeply smitten through the helm
That without help I cannot last till morn.
Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
Which was my pride ; for thou rememberest how
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword — and how I rowed across
And took it, and have worn it, like a king ;
And, wheresoever I am sung or told
In aftertime, this also shall be known :
But now delay not : take Excalibur,
And fling him far into the middle mere :
Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word.”

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere :
“ It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,

Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm.
A little thing may harm a wounded man ;
Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word."

So saying, from the ruined shrine he stept
And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,
Where lay the bones of ancient men,
Old knights, and over them the sea wind sang
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down
By zig-zag paths, and juts of pointed rocks,
Came on the shining levels of the lake.
There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt :
For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work
Of subtlest jewelry. He gazed so long
That both his eyes were dazzled, as he stood
This way and that dividing the swift mind,
In act to throw : but at the last it seemed
Better to leave Excalibur concealed
There in the many-knotted water flags
That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.
So strode he back slow to the wounded King.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :
"Hast thou performed my mission which I gave?
What is it thou hast seen ? or what hast heard ?"
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :
"I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
And the wild water lapping on the crag."
To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale :
"Thou hast betrayed thy nature and thy name,

Not rendering true answer, as beseemed
Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight :
For surer sign had followed, either hand,
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.
This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again
As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing
I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me word."

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,
Counting the dewy pebbles, fixed in thought;
But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
How curiously and strangely chased, he smote
His palms together, and he cried aloud, —
"And if indeed I cast the brand away,
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
Should thus be lost forever from the earth,
Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.
What good should follow this, if this were done?
What harm, undone? deep harm to disobey,
Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.
Were it well to obey, then, if a king demand
An act unprofitable against himself?
The King is sick, and knows not what he does.
What record, or what relic of my lord
Should be to after-time, but empty breath
And rumors of a doubt? but were this kept,
Stored in some treasure house of mighty kings,
Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
Saying, 'King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,
Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.
Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps
Upon the hidden bases of the hills.'

So might some old man speak in the after-time
To all the people, winning reverence.
But now much honor and much fame were lost."
So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,
And hid Excalibur the second time,
And so strode back slow to the wounded king.

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily :
"What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :
"I heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds."
To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath :
"Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!
Authority forgets a dying king,
Laid widowed of the power in his eyes
That bowed the will. I see thee what thou art,
For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
In whom should meet the offices of all,
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt,
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence;
But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands."

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush beds, and clutched the sword,
And strongly wheeled and threw it. The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendor of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirled in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,

Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
By night, with noises of the northern sea.
So flashed and fell the brand Excalibur:
But ere he dipped the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandished him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
And lightly went the other to the King.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath:
"Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
Speak out: what is it thou hast heard or seen?"


And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
"Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
Not tho' I live three lives of mortal man,
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him:
But when I looked again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
That caught him by the hilt, and brandished him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere."

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard:
"My end draws nigh; 't is time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
And bear me to the margin; yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere

Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,
And would have spoken, but he found not words;
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And, rising, bore him thro' the place of tombs.
But, as he walked, King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sighed the king,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear "Quick, quick!
I fear it is too late, and I shall die."
But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walked,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before. His own thought drove him like a goad.
Dry clashed his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clanged round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crags that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels —
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them: and, descending, they were ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms,
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream, — by these
Three Queens with crowns of gold, — and from them rose
A cry that shivered to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come since the making of the world.



Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me in the barge ;"
And to the barge they came. There those three Queens
Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.
But she that rose the tallest of them all,
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shattered casque, and chafed his hands,
And called him by his name, complaining loud,
And dropping bitter tears against his brow
Striped with dark blood : for all his face was white
And colorless, and like the withered moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east ;
And all his greaves and cuisses dashed with drops
Of onset ; and the light and lustrous curls —
That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the dais-throne — were parched with dust ;
Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
Mixed with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.
So like a shattered column lay the King ;
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere :
"Ah ! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go ?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes ?
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light hath led
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole ROUND TABLE is dissolved
Which was an image of the mighty world ;
And I, the last, go forth companionless,



THE PASSING OF KING ARTHUR.

ALFRED KAPPA.

And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge :
" The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfills himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself : what comfort is in me ?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within himself make pure ! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend ?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seest — if indeed I go —
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
To the island-valley of Avilion ;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly ; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows, crowned with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan,
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood

With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull
Looked one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

XX THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
And sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring in the valiant and the free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land;
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

From *In Memoriam*.

XXI. MRS. CAUDLE'S UMBRELLA LECTURE.


BY DOUGLAS WILLIAM JERROLD.

DOUGLAS JERROLD (1803-1857) belonged to that large class of literary men who have been developed since Addison wrote his *Spectator*, — men who were known as magazine writers, and who wrote short stories, essays, and sketches, which were published in the weekly or monthly periodicals, and then were mostly forgotten.

Douglas Jerrold was one of the brighter writers of his class, and many of the things that he wrote are still read with interest and pleasure. "The Caudle Lectures," of which one is given here, are perhaps the best known of all the writings of Jerrold.

BAH! That's the third umbrella gone since Christmas. What were you to do? Why, let him go home in the rain, to be sure. I'm very certain there was nothing about him that could spoil. Take cold? Indeed! He does n't look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides, he'd better have taken cold than taken our umbrella. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, DO YOU HEAR THE RAIN? And, as I'm alive, if it is n't Saint Swithin's Day!

Do you hear it against the windows? Nonsense, you don't impose on me. You can't be asleep with such a shower as that! Do you hear it, I say? Oh, you do hear it! Well, that's a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks; and no stirring out of the house all the time. Pooh! don't think me a fool, Mr. Caudle. Don't insult me. He return the umbrella! Anybody would think you were born yesterday. As if anybody ever did return an umbrella!



There, do you hear it? Worse and worse! Cats and dogs, and for six weeks, — always six weeks, — and no umbrella!

I should like to know how the children are to go to school to-morrow. They sha'n't go through such weather; I'm determined. No! they shall stay at home and never learn anything — the blessed creatures! — sooner than go and get wet. And when they grow up, I wonder whom they'll have to thank for knowing nothing — who, indeed, but their father? People who can't feel for their own children ought never to be fathers.

But I know why you lent the umbrella. Oh yes! I know very well. I was going out to tea at dear mother's to-morrow, — you knew that, — and you did it on purpose. Don't tell me; you hate to have me go there, and take every mean advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it, Mr. Caudle. No, sir; if it comes down in bucketsful, I'll go all the more.

No! and I won't have a cab! Where do you think the money's to come from? You've got nice high notions at that club of yours. A cab, indeed! Cost me sixteen-pence at least — sixteen-pence? — two-and-eight-pence, for there's back again! Cabs, indeed! I should like to know who is to pay for them? I can't pay for them; and I'm sure you can't if you go on as you do; throwing away your property and begging your children, buying umbrellas.

Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, DO YOU HEAR IT? But I don't care — I'll go to mother's to-morrow, I will; and what's more, I'll walk every step of the way; and you know that will give me my death. Don't call me a foolish woman; it's you that's the foolish man. You know I can't wear clogs; and with no umbrella, the wet's sure to give me a cold — it always does. But what do you care for that? Nothing at all. I may be laid up for what you care, as I dare say I shall — and a pretty doctor's bill

there'll be. I hope there will! It will teach you to lend your umbrella again. I should n't wonder if I caught my death; and that's what you lent your umbrella for. Of course!

Nice clothes I shall get, too, tramping through weather like this. My gown and bonnet will be spoiled quite. Need n't I wear them, then? Indeed, Mr. Caudle, I shall wear them. No, sir; I'm not going out a dowdy to please you or anybody else. Gracious knows, it is n't often I step over the threshold; indeed, I might as well be a slave at once — better, I should say. But, when I go out, Mr. Caudle, I choose to go as a lady.

Oh! that rain, if it is n't enough to break in the windows! Ugh! I look forward with dread for to-morrow. How I'm to go to mother's I'm sure I can't tell. But, if I die, I'll go. No, sir; I won't borrow an umbrella.

No; and you sha'n't buy one. Mr. Caudle, if you bring home another umbrella, I'll throw it into the street. Ha! it was only last week I had a new nozzle put to that umbrella. I'm sure if I'd known as much as I do now it might have gone without one for all of me. Paying for new nozzles for other people to laugh at you!

Oh, it's all very well for you, you can go to sleep! You've no thought of your poor, patient wife, and your own dear children. You think of nothing but lending umbrellas. Men, indeed! — call themselves lords of creation! — pretty lords, when they can't even take care of an umbrella!

I know that walk to-morrow will be the death of me. But that's what you want; then you may go to your club, and do as you like — and then how my poor children will be used! But then, sir, then you'll be happy. Oh, don't tell me! I know you will. Else you never would have lent that umbrella.

You have to go on Thursday about that summons ; and of course you can't go. No, indeed, you don't go without the umbrella. You may lose the debt for what I care — it won't be so much as spoiling your clothes — better lose it ; people deserve to lose debts who lend umbrellas.

And I should like to know how I'm to go to mother's without the umbrella? Oh, don't tell me that I said I would n't go — that's nothing to do with it ; nothing at all. She'll think I'm neglecting her, and the little money we're to have we sha'n't have at all, because we've no umbrella.

The children, too, dear things, they'll be sopping wet ; for they sha'n't stay at home ; they sha'n't lose their learning ; it's all their father will leave them, I'm sure. But they shall go to school. Don't tell me I said they should n't ; you are so aggravating, Caudle, you'd spoil the temper of an angel ; they shall go to school ; mark that ! And if they get their deaths of cold, it's not my fault. I did n't lend the umbrella. Caudle, are you asleep? (A loud snore is heard.) Oh, what a brute a man is ! Oh, dear, dear, d-e-a-r !

XXII. A LOST CHORD.

BY ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

(1825-1864.)

SEATED one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I know not what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then ;

But I struck one chord of music
Like the sound of a great "Amen!"

It flooded the crimson twilight
Like the close of an angel's psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence
As if it were loath to cease.

I have sought — but I seek it vainly—
That one lost chord divine,
That came from the soul of the organ
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's dark angel
Will speak in that chord again;
It may be that only in heaven
I shall hear that grand "Amen!"

XXIII. THE POEMS OF HOMER.

AMONG nearly all ancient peoples were found professional singers called minstrels or bards, who went from camp to camp and from castle to castle, and sang or recited, for the pleasure of the soldiers in camp, or of guests at feasts in the castles, long tales of love or war or heroic adventure.



*"Of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne."* (Page 142.)

A READING FROM HOMER.

These songs or tales were the earliest poetry of many nations. Occasionally a bard would arise greater than the others, whose poems became more generally known, and who was eagerly welcomed wherever he chanced to go.

Among the early bards of Greece was one whose tales were especially popular. He was called Homer; and among other themes he sang of the Trojan War, which the armies of Greece waged against the ancient city of Troy. The object of the war was the recovery of Helen, the wife of King Menelaos, who had been carried away by Paris, a son of Priam, King of Troy.

After Homer's death, these poems were gathered and preserved. They were put together, in the connected form in which we have them, by scholars of Alexandria, in Egypt.

There are two great poems attributed to Homer, — "The Iliad," so called from Ilium, one of the names of Troy, which tells of the Trojan War proper; and "The Odyssey," which tells of the wanderings of Odysseus, or Ulysses, one of the Greek generals, on his return from Troy to his home in Greece.

Of Homer himself little is known. Seven cities of Greece contended for the honor of having been his birthplace. But he was probably born at or near Smyrna, about 1000 B.C., and during his life was known merely as a successful bard. He is said to have been blind in his old age, and to have wandered about in this sad condition reciting his wonderful poems. These poems have always been regarded as among the very greatest ever produced by the human mind.

Many translations have been made, both in prose and verse, by eminent scholars. George Chapman (1557-1634) was the earliest English translator of the Homeric poems.

The following selection is taken from "The Iliad," and tells of a contest, the Grecian and Trojan armies being drawn up in battle array under the walls of Troy.


XXIV. THE BATTLE OF MENELAOS AND PARIS.**PART I.****A TRANSLATION FROM HOMER.**

It would be well if all who read this selection could read the entire poem in the original Greek; but as many cannot study Greek, there are numerous excellent translations in which appear both the story and the spirit of the poem. The one from which this is taken is by Lang, Leaf, and Myers, three English scholars of note. Among the best known metrical translations are Pope's and Bryant's.

NOW when they were arrayed, each company with their captains, the Trojans marched with clamor and with shouting like unto birds, even as when there goeth up before heaven a clamor of cranes which flee from the coming of winter and sudden rain, and fly with clamor towards the streams of ocean, bearing slaughter and fate to the pygmy men, and in early morn, offer cruel battle. But on the other side marched the Achaians in silence, breathing courage, eager at heart to give succor, man to man.

Even as when the south wind sheddeth mist over the crests of a mountain, mist unwelcome to the shepherd, but to the robber better than night, and a man can see no further than he casteth a stone; even so thick arose the gathering dust clouds at their tread as they went; and with all speed they advanced across the plain.

So when they were now come nigh in onset on each other, godlike Alexandros played champion to the Trojans, wearing upon his shoulders panther skin and curved bow and sword; and he brandished two bronze-headed spears, and challenged all the chieftains of the Argives to fight him, man to man, in deadly combat. But when Menelaos, dear to



Ares, marked him coming in the forefront of the multitude with long strides, then even as a lion is glad when he lighteth upon a great carcass, a horned stag, or a wild goat that he hath found, being an hungered; and so he devoureth it amain, even though the fleet hounds and lusty youths set upon him; even thus was Menelaos glad when his eyes beheld godlike Alexandros; for he thought to take vengeance upon the sinner. So straightway he leapt in his armor from his chariot to the ground.

But when godlike Alexandros marked him appear amid the champions, his heart was smitten, and he shrank back into the host of his comrades, avoiding death. And even as a man that hath seen a serpent in a mountain glade starteth backward, and trembling seizeth his feet beneath him, and he retreateth back again, and paleness hath hold of his cheeks, even so did godlike Alexandros, for fear of Atreus's son, shrink back into the throng of lordly Trojans. But Hector beheld, and upbraided him with scornful words: "Ill Paris, most fair in semblance, thou deceiver woman-mad, would thou hadst been unborn and died unwed. Yea, that were my desire, and it were better than thus to be our shame and looked at askance of all men. I ween that the flowing-haired Achaians laugh, deeming that a prince is our champion only because a goodly favor is his; but in his heart is there no strength nor any courage. Thou art indeed such an one that in thy seafaring ships thou didst sail over the deep with the company of thy trusty comrades, and in converse with strangers didst bring back a fair woman from a far country, one that was by marriage daughter to warriors that bear the spear, that she might be a sore mischief to thy father and city and all the realm, but to our foes a rejoicing, and to thyself a hanging of the head. And canst thou not indeed abide Menelaos, dear to Ares? Thou mightest see what sort of warrior is he whose lovely wife

thou hast. Thy lyre will not avail thee, nor the gifts of Aphrodite, those thy locks and fair favor, when thou grovest in the dust. But the Trojans are very cowards: else ere this hadst thou donned a robe of stone for all the ill thou hast wrought."

And godlike Alexandros made answer to him again: "Hector, since in measure thou chidest me and not beyond measure — thy heart is ever keen, even as an ax that pierceth a beam at the hand of a man that shapeth a ship's timber with skill, and thereby is the man's blow strengthened; even such is thy heart undaunted in thy breast. Cast not in my teeth the lovely gifts of golden Aphrodite; not to be flung aside are the Gods' glorious gifts that of their own good will they give; for by his desire can no man win them. But now if thou wilt have me do battle and fight, make the other Trojans sit down and all the Achaians, and set ye me in the midst, and Menelaos, dear to Ares, to fight for Helen and all her wealth. And whichsoever shall vanquish and gain the upper hand, let him take all the wealth aright, and the woman, and bear them home. And let the rest pledge friendship and sure oaths; so may ye dwell in deep-soiled Troy, and let them depart to Argos, pasture-land of horses, and Achaia, home of fair women."

So spake he, and Hector rejoiced greatly to hear his saying, and went into the midst and restrained the battalions of the Trojans, with his spear grasped by the middle; and they all sate them down. But the flowing-haired Achaians kept shooting at him, aiming with arrows and casting stones. But Agamemnon, king of men, cried aloud: "Refrain, ye Argives; shoot not, ye sons of the Achaians; for Hector of the glancing helm hath set himself to say somewhat."

So spake he, and they refrained from battle and made silence speedily. And Hector spake between the two hosts. "Hear of me, Trojans and well-greaved Achaians, the say-

Ares, marked him coming in the forefront of the multitude with long strides, then even as a lion is glad when he lighteth upon a great carcass, a horned stag, or a wild goat that he hath found, being an hungered; and so he devoureth it amain, even though the fleet hounds and lusty youths set upon him; even thus was Menelaos glad when his eyes beheld godlike Alexandros; for he thought to take vengeance upon the sinner. So straightway he leapt in his armor from his chariot to the ground.

But when godlike Alexandros marked him appear amid the champions, his heart was smitten, and he shrank back into the host of his comrades, avoiding death. And even as a man that hath seen a serpent in a mountain glade starteth backward, and trembling seizeth his feet beneath him, and he retreateth back again, and paleness hath hold of his cheeks, even so did godlike Alexandros, for fear of Atreus's son, shrink back into the throng of lordly Trojans. But Hector beheld, and upbraided him with scornful words: "Ill Paris, most fair in semblance, thou deceiver woman-mad, would thou hadst been unborn and died unwed. Yea, that were my desire, and it were better than thus to be our shame and looked at askance of all men. I ween that the flowing-haired Achaians laugh, deeming that a prince is our champion only because a goodly favor is his; but in his heart is there no strength nor any courage. Thou art indeed such an one that in thy seafaring ships thou didst sail over the deep with the company of thy trusty comrades, and in converse with strangers didst bring back a fair woman from a far country, one that was by marriage daughter to warriors that bear the spear, that she might be a sore mischief to thy father and city and all the realm, but to our foes a rejoicing, and to thyself a hanging of the head. And canst thou not indeed abide Menelaos, dear to Ares? Thou mightest see what sort of warrior is he whose lovely wife

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So spake he, and they refrained from battle and made silence speedily. And Hector spake between the two hosts. "Hear of me, Trojans and well-greaved Achaians, the say-

greaved Achaians should for such a woman long time suffer hardships; marvelously like is she to the immortal goddesses to look upon. Yet even so, though she be so goodly, let her go upon their ships and not stay to vex us and our children after us."

So said they, and Priam lifted up his voice and called to Helen: "Come hither, dear child, and sit before me, that thou mayest see thy former husband and thy kinsfolk and thy friends. I hold thee not to blame; nay, I hold the gods to blame who brought on me the dolorous war of the Achaians — so mayest thou now tell me who is this huge hero, this Achaian warrior so goodly and great. Of a truth there are others even taller by a head; yet did mine eyes never behold a man so beautiful nor so royal; for he is like unto one that is a king."

And Helen, fair among women, spake and answered him: "Reverend art thou to me and dread, dear father of my lord; would that sore death had been my pleasure when I followed thy son hither, and left my home and my kinsfolk and my daughter in her girlhood and the lovely company of mine age-fellows. But that was not so, wherefore I pine with weeping. Now will I tell thee whereof thou askest me and inquirest. This is Atreides, wide-ruling Agamemnon, one that is both a goodly king and mighty spearman. And he was husband's brother to me, ah shameless me! if ever such an one there was."

So said she, and the old man marveled at him, and said: "Ah, happy Atreides, child of fortune, blest of heaven; now know I that many sons of the Achaians are subject to thee. Erewhile fared I to Phrygia, the land of vines, and there saw I that the men of Phrygia, they of the nimble steeds, were very many, even the hosts of Otreus and god-like Mygdon, that they were then encamped along the banks of Sangarios. For I too being their ally was num-

bered among them on the day that the Amazons came, the peers of men. Yet were not even then so many as are the glancing-eyed Achaians."

And next the old man saw Odysseus, and asked: "Come now, tell me of this man too, dear child, who is he, shorter by a head than Agamemnon son of Atreus, but broader of shoulder and of chest to behold? His armor lieth upon the bounteous earth, and himself like a bellwether rangeth the ranks of warriors. Yea, I liken him to a thick-fleeced ram ordering a great flock of white ewes."

Then Helen, sprung of Zeus, made answer to him: "Now this is Laertes's son, crafty Odysseus, that was reared in the realm of Ithaka, rugged though it be, and is skilled in all the ways of wile and cunning device."

Then sage Antenor made answer to her: "Lady, verily the thing thou sayest is true indeed, for erst came goodly Odysseus hither also on an embassy for thee, in the company of Menelaos, dear to Ares; and I gave them entertainment and welcomed them in my halls, and learnt the aspect of both and their wise devices. Now when they mingled with the Trojans in the assembly, while all stood up, Menelaos overpassed them all by the measure of his broad shoulders; but when both sat down, Odysseus was the more stately. And when they began to weave the web of words and counsel in the face of all, then Menelaos harangued fluently, in few words, but very clearly, seeing he was not long of speech, neither random, though in years he was the younger. But whenever Odysseus, full of wiles, rose up, he stood and looked down, with eyes fixed upon the ground, and waved not his staff whether backwards or forwards, but held it stiff, like to a man of no understanding; one would deem him to be churlish, and naught but a fool. But when he uttered his great voice from his chest, and words like unto the snowflakes of winter, then could no mortal man contend

with Odysseus ; then marveled we not thus to behold Odysseus's aspect."

And thirdly the old man saw Aias, and asked : " Who then is this other Achaian warrior, goodly and great, pre-eminent among the Argives by the measure of his head and broad shoulders ? "

And long-robed Helen, fair among women, answered : " This is huge Aias, bulwark of the Achaians. And on the other side amid the Cretans standeth Idomeneus like a god, and about him are gathered the captains of the Cretans. Oft did Menelaos, dear to Ares, entertain him in our house whene'er he came from Crete. And now behold I all the other glancing-eyed Achaians, whom well I could discern and tell their names ; but two captains of the host can I not see, even Kastor tamer of horses and Polydeukes the skillful boxer, mine own brethren, whom the same mother bare. Either they came not in the company from lovely Lakedaimon ; or they came hither indeed in their seafaring ships, but now will not enter into the battle of the warriors, for fear of my many scornings and revilings."

Meanwhile were the heralds bearing through the city the holy oath-offerings, two lambs and strong-hearted wine, the fruit of the earth, in a goat-skin bottle. And the herald Idaios bare the shining bowl and golden cups ; and came to the old man and summoned him and said : " Rise, thou son of Laomedon. The chieftains of the horse-taming Trojans and mail-clad Achaians call on thee to go down into the plain, that ye may pledge a trusty oath. But Alexandros and Menelaos, dear to Ares, will fight with their long spears for the lady's sake ; and let lady and treasure go with him that shall conquer. And may we that are left, pledge friendship and trusty oaths, and dwell in deep-soiled Troy, and they shall depart to Argos, pasture-land of horses, and Achaia, home of fair women."

So said he, and the old man shuddered and bade his companions yoke the horses; and they with speed obeyed. Then Priam mounted and drew back the reins, and by his side Antenor mounted the splendid chariot. So the two drove the fleet horses through the Skaian gates to the plain. And when they had come even to the Trojans and Achaians, they went down from the chariots upon the bounteous earth, and marched into the midst of the Trojan and Achaian hosts.

Then forthwith rose up Agamemnon king of men, and up rose Odysseus the man of wiles; and the lordly heralds gathered together the holy oath-offerings of the gods, and mingled the wine in a bowl and poured water over the princes' hands. And Atreides put forth his hand and drew his knife that hung ever beside his sword's great sheath, and cut the hair from off the lambs' heads; and then the heralds portioned it among the chief of the Trojans and Achaians.

Then in their midst Atreus's son lifted up his hands and prayed aloud: "Father Zeus, that rulest from Ida, most glorious, most great, and thou Sun that seest all things and hearest all things, and ye Rivers and thou Earth, and ye that in the underworld punish men outworn, whosoever sweareth falsely; be ye witnesses; and watch over the faithful oath. If Alexandros slay Menelaos, then let him have Helen to himself and all her possessions; and we will depart on our seafaring ships. But if golden-haired Menelaos slay Alexandros, then let the Trojans give back Helen and all her possessions and pay the Argives recompense that is seemly, such as shall live among men that shall be hereafter. But if so be that Priam and Priam's sons will not pay the recompense unto me when Alexandros falleth, then will I fight on thereafter for the price of sin, and abide here till I compass the end of war."

So said he, and cut the lambs' throats with the pitiless knife. Then he laid gasping upon the ground, failing of breath, for the knife had taken their strength from them; and next they drew the wine from the bowl into the cups, and poured it forth and prayed to the gods that live forever. And thus would say many an one of Achaians and Trojans: "Zeus most glorious, most great, and all ye immortal gods, which folk soe'er be first to sin against the oaths, may their brains be so poured forth upon the earth even as this wine, theirs and their children's; and let their wives be made subject unto strangers."

So spake they, but the son of Kronos vouchsafed not yet fulfillment. And in their midst Priam, of the seed of Dardanos, uttered his saying: "Hearken to me, Trojans and well-greaved Achaians! I verily will return back to windy Ilios, seeing that I can in no wise bear to behold with mine eyes my dear son fighting with Menelaos, dear to Ares. But Zeus knoweth, and all the immortal gods, for whether of the twain the doom of death is appointed."

So spake the godlike man, and laid the lambs in his chariot, and entered in himself, and drew back the reins; and by his side Antenor mounted the splendid chariot. So they departed back again to Ilios; and Hector, son of Priam, and goodly Odysseus first meted out a space, and then they took the lots and shook them in a bronze-bound helmet, to know whether of the twain should first cast his spear of bronze. And the people prayed and lifted up their hands to the gods; and thus would say many an one of Achaians and Trojans: "Father Zeus, that rulest from Ida, most glorious, most great; whichsoe'er it be that brought this trouble upon both peoples, vouchsafe that he may die and enter the house of Hades; that so for us peace may be assured and trusty oaths."

So said they, and great Hector of the glancing plume

shook the helmet, looking behind him ; and quickly leapt forth the lot of Paris. Then the people sat them down by ranks where each man's high-stepping horses and inwrought armor lay. And upon his shoulders goodly Alexandros donned his beauteous armor, even he that was lord to Helen of the lovely hair. First upon his legs set he his greaves, beautiful, fastened with silver ankle-clasps ; next upon his breast he donned the corselet of his brother Lykaon, and fitted it upon himself. And over his shoulders cast he his silver-studded sword of bronze, and then a shield great and sturdy. And on his mighty head he set a wrought helmet of horse-hair crest, whereover the plume nodded terribly, and he took him a strong spear fitted to his grasp. And in like wise warlike Menelaos donned his armor.

So when they had armed themselves on either side in the throng, they strode between Trojans and Achaians, fierce of aspect, and wonder came on them that beheld, both on the Trojans, tamers of horses, and on the well-greaved Achaians. Then took they their stand near together in the measured space, brandishing their spears in wrath each against other. First Alexandros hurled his far-shadowing spear, and smote on Atreides's round shield ; but the bronze brake not through, for its point was turned in the stout shield. Next Menelaos, son of Atreus, lifted up his hand to cast, and made prayer to father Zeus : " King Zeus, grant me revenge on him that was first to do me wrong, even on goodly Alexandros, and subdue thou him at my hands ; so that many an one of men that shall be hereafter may shudder to wrong his host that hath shown him kindness."

So said he, and poised his far-shadowing spear, and hurled, and smote on the round shield of the son of Priam. Through the bright shield went the ponderous spear, and through the inwrought breastplate it pressed on ; and straight beside his flank the spear rent the tunic, but he swerved and escaped

black death. Then Atreides drew his silver-studded sword, and lifted up his hand and smote the helmet-ridge ; but the sword shattered upon it into three, yea, four, and fell from his hand. Thereat Atreides looked up to the wide heaven and cried : " Father Zeus, surely none of the gods is crueller than thou. Verily I thought to have gotten vengeance on Alexandros for his wickedness, but now my sword breaketh in my hand, and my spear sped from my grasp in vain, and I have not smitten him."

So saying, he leapt upon him and caught him by his horse-hair crest, and swinging him round dragged him towards the well-greaved Achaians ; and he was strangled by the embroidered strap beneath his soft throat, drawn tight below his chin to hold his helm. Now would Menelaos have dragged him away and won glory unspeakable, but that Zeus's daughter Aphrodite was swift to mark, and tore asunder for him the strap of slaughtered ox's hide ; so the helmet came away empty in his stalwart hand. Thereat Menelaos cast it with a swing toward the well-greaved Achaians, and his trusty comrades took it up ; and himself sprang back again eager to slay him with spear of bronze. But Aphrodite snatched up Paris, very easily as a goddess may, and hid him in thick darkness, and set him down in his fragrant, perfumed chamber.

Thus laid they them upon their fretted couch ; but Atreides the while strode through the host like to a wild beast, if anywhere he might set eyes on godlike Alexandros. But none of the Trojans or their famed allies could discover Alexandros to Menelaos, dear to Ares. Yet surely did they in no wise hide him for kindness, could any have seen him ; for he was hated of all even as black death. So Agamemnon king of men spake among them there : " Harken to me, Trojans and Dardanians and allies. Now is victory declared for Menelaos, dear to Ares ; give ye back

Helen of Argos and the possessions with her, and pay ye the recompense such as is seemly, that it may live even among men that shall be hereafter." So said Atreides, and all the Achaians gave assent.

From *The Iliad*, Book III.

XXV. THE BATTLE OF MENELAOS AND PARIS.

PART II.

In Part I. of this account of the Trojan War, the translation was literal from Homer's original. Part II. continues the story by summarizing the principal later events, without pretending to be even a free translation. In some cases the Latin, instead of the Greek, names of the gods are used.

NOTWITHSTANDING the truce agreed upon before the battle between Menelaos and Paris, the gods were not satisfied. You remember that Juno and Minerva were especially interested in this war on the Grecian side, and Venus on the Trojan side, because of the decision of Paris long ago as to which of them was the most beautiful. So they decided that the war must go on, and Minerva was sent down to break the truce. She persuaded a Trojan named Pandarus to shoot an arrow at the noble Menelaos, and wound him. This so angered Agamemnon and the other Greeks that they rushed furiously to the attack, and many were killed on both sides.

Then followed bitter war; many Grecian heroes and many Trojan heroes were slain. At one time it was agreed that Hector, the bravest prince of Troy, and the great Ajax, the largest and strongest of the Greeks, should fight in single combat. They fought furiously and bravely. Finally Ajax hurled a great rock at Hector, which struck his shield and felled him to the earth, but Apollo raised him up, and he did not lose his shield.

of armor for him, the most wonderful suit of armor ever made, a description of which occupies nearly one entire book of the poem. A reconciliation, too, was brought about with Agamemnon, who agreed to restore to him Briseis, his beloved slave. So the Greeks are once more united and hopeful.

Then came more furious battles. Wonderful deeds of valor were performed by the heroes of both armies, — Achilles in particular slaying warrior after warrior. The gods themselves came down to take part in the conflict; some on one side, and some on the other. Finally Achilles encountered Hector, who had slain his friend Patroclus. Hector realized that he had met a stronger than himself, and tried to flee; but finally they met in mortal combat, and Hector fell, pierced through with Achilles's spear, who, still mad with rage over the death of Patroclus, and exulting in his victory, fastened the body to his chariot, and dragged it thus three times about the walls of Troy.

Then the Greeks returned to camp to celebrate the funeral of Patroclus, — building a great funeral pile, on which his body was consumed while Trojan prisoners were sacrificed about it.

The poem of Homer extends through twenty-four books, and closes with the visit of the aged Priam, King of Troy, to the Grecian camp to buy the body of his bravest and best-beloved son from the conqueror Achilles. The gods sent Thetis his mother to persuade him to give up the body when asked by Priam, and Iris, the messenger of Juno, was sent to Priam to urge him to go and seek the body, satisfied that Achilles would not harm him.

Priam was directed to the Grecian camp, and finally was able to ransom the body of his beloved son from Achilles. This he took back with him to Troy, where it was treated with royal honors.

The final fall of Troy through the trick of the wooden horse is given in Homer's second poem, "The Odyssey." It tells how the heroes returned home after the war, and especially relates the adventures of Ulysses, the wisest of the Greeks, who was driven about for ten years from land to land over many seas before he reached his home.

The story of Æneas, a Trojan prince who would have been made king after the death of Priam and Hector if Troy had not fallen, is told by a Roman poet, Virgil, in the "Æneid." It was Æneas who, after many journeys, landed with his little company of survivors in Italy, and laid the foundation of a town and a nation which were afterward called Rome and became the mightiest in the world.

Until very lately it was thought that Homer's poem was altogether fiction, and that either Troy never existed or that it was never destroyed in the way described by Homer. But a few years ago a German explorer, Dr. Heinrich Schliemann (1822-1890), became convinced that Homer's story was in the main true; that Troy had been a powerful city, and that an army of Greeks, perhaps three thousand or more years ago, had crossed the seas, and, after laying siege to it, finally conquered and destroyed it.

So sure was he of this that, after the most strenuous efforts, he finally obtained permission of the Turkish government to search, and secured money enough from the people of Europe to meet his expenses. Where he supposed that the city of Troy had stood was nothing but mounds of earth of various sizes; but he went to work with a small army of laborers, digging into these mounds, and not only did he prove that there had been a great city on this site, but he found proofs of seven of them, one below another—seven great cities that had grown up and flourished, and been destroyed and buried, until each was so completely lost that others had been built on top of them.

THE WOODEN HORSE OF TROY.

HENRI PAUL MOTTE.



In each of these he found relics of buildings, utensils, ornaments in gold and other metals, that had been used by the people, and that showed how they had lived and how highly civilized they were; and in the last one of these cities were found many things, — bracelets, rings, cups, and dishes, made of various metals, just such as are described in Homer's poems. Dr. Schliemann even thought that he could trace the outlines of King Priam's palace, and the temples and other public buildings which Homer has described.

So now we may believe that Homer, the old blind poet, who wandered about the Grecian cities and recited his wonderful poem, did not invent his tale, but had received it from tradition, handed down from father to son, from these very warriors, perhaps, who had spent ten years away from their homes beyond a stormy sea, to regain Queen Helen for King Menelaos.

XXVI. ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

BY JOHN KEATS. (1795-1821.)

MUCH have I traveled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne;
Yet never did I breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific — and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise —
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

XXVII PICKWICK'S DRIVE TO MANOR FARM.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

(1812-1870.)



CHARLES DICKENS.

CHARLES DICKENS was one of the greatest of English novelists. The stories that he wrote were mostly of poor and humble people, such as are often overlooked by writers. But Dickens's sympathies were broad. No one was so poor or so much of an outcast that he did not recognize in him a human brother, and all who read this author's writings are sure to have more sympathy for the poor and oppressed after reading. The following selection is from one of Dickens's earliest and most famous books, called "Pickwick Papers." The

whole book is very amusing, and every boy and girl should read it.

BRIGHT and pleasant was the sky, balmy the air, and beautiful the appearance of every object around, as Mr. Pickwick leaned over the balustrades of Rochester Bridge, contemplating nature, and waiting for breakfast. The scene was indeed one which might well have charmed a far less reflective mind than that to which it was presented.

On the left of the spectator lay the ruined wall, broken in many places, and in some overhanging the narrow beach below in rude and heavy masses. Huge knots of seaweed hung upon the pointed and jagged stones, trembling in every breath of wind; and the green ivy clung mournfully round the dark and ruined battlements. Behind it rose the ancient castle, its tower roofless, and its massive walls crumbling away, but telling us proudly of its old might and strength, as when, seven hundred years ago, it rang with the clash of arms, or resounded with the noise of feasting and revelry. On either side, the banks of the Medway, covered with cornfields and pastures, with here and there a windmill or a distant church, stretched away as far as the eye could reach, presenting a rich and varied landscape, rendered more beautiful by the changing shadows which passed swiftly across it, as the thin and half-formed clouds skimmed away in the light of the morning sun. The river, reflecting the clear blue of the sky, glistened and sparkled as it flowed noiselessly on; and the oars of the fishermen dipped into the water with a clear and liquid sound, as the heavy but picturesque boats glided slowly down the stream.

Mr. Pickwick was roused from the agreeable reverie into which he had been led by the objects before him, by a deep sigh, and a touch on his shoulder. He turned round: and *the dismal man* was at his side.

"Contemplating the scene?" inquired the dismal man.

"I was," said Mr. Pickwick.

"And congratulating yourself on being up so soon?"

Mr. Pickwick nodded assent.

"Ah! people need to rise early, to see the sun in all his splendor, for his brightness seldom lasts the day through. The morning of day and the morning of life are but too much alike."

"You speak truly, sir," said Mr. Pickwick.

"How common the saying," continued the dismal man, "'The morning is too fine to last!' How well might it be applied to our every-day existence! God! what would I forfeit to have the days of my childhood restored, or to be able to forget them forever!"

"You have seen much trouble, sir," said Mr. Pickwick, compassionately.

"I have," said the dismal man hurriedly; "I have. More than those who see me now would believe possible." He paused for an instant, and then said, abruptly,

"Did it ever strike you, on such a morning as this, that drowning would be happiness and peace?"

"God bless me, no!" replied Mr. Pickwick, edging a little from the balustrade, as the possibility of the dismal man's tipping over, by way of experiment, occurred to him rather forcibly.

"I have thought so, often," said the dismal man without noticing the action. "The calm, cool water seems to me to murmur an invitation to repose and rest. A bound, a splash, a brief struggle; there is an eddy for an instant, it gradually subsides into a ripple; the waters have closed above your head, and the world has closed upon your miseries and misfortunes forever." The sunken eye of the dismal man flashed brightly as he spoke, but the momentary brightness quickly subsided; and he turned calmly away, as he said —

"There — enough of that. I wish to see you on another subject. You invited me to read that paper, the night before last, and listened attentively while I did so."

"I did," replied Mr. Pickwick; "and I certainly thought" —

"I asked for no opinion," said the dismal man, interrupting him, "and I want none. You are traveling for amuse-

ment and instruction. Suppose I forwarded you a curious manuscript — observe not curious because wild and improbable, but curious as a leaf from the romance of real life. Would you communicate it to the club, of which you have spoken so frequently?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Pickwick, "if you wished it; and it would be entered on their Transactions."

"You shall have it," replied the dismal man. "Your address;" and, Mr. Pickwick having communicated their probable route, the dismal man carefully noted it down in a greasy pocketbook, and, resisting Mr. Pickwick's pressing invitation to breakfast, left the gentleman at his inn, and walked slowly away.

Mr. Pickwick found that his three companions had risen, and were waiting his arrival to commence breakfast, which was ready laid in tempting display. They sat down to the meal; and devoured the broiled ham, eggs, tea, coffee, and sundries with a rapidity which at once bore testimony to the excellence of the fare and the appetites of the consumers.

"Now, about Manor Farm," said Mr. Pickwick. "How shall we go?"

"We had better consult the waiter, perhaps," said Mr. Tupman, and the waiter was summoned accordingly.

"Dingley Dell, gentlemen — fifteen miles, gentlemen, — cross road — post chaise, sir?"

"Post chaise won't hold more than two," said Mr. Pickwick.

"True, sir, — beg pardon, sir. — Very nice four-wheeled chaise, sir — seat for two behind — one in front for the gentleman that drives — oh! beg your pardon, sir — that'll only hold three."

"What's to be done?" said Mr. Snodgrass.

"Perhaps one of the gentlemen like to ride, sir," suggested the waiter, looking towards Mr. Winkle; "very good

saddle horses, sir — any of Mr. Wardle's men coming to Rochester, bring 'em back, sir."

"The very thing," said Mr. Pickwick. "Winkle, will you go on horseback?"

Now Mr. Winkle hid certain misgivings in the very lowest recesses of his heart, relative to his equestrian skill; but, as he would not have them even suspected on any account, he at once replied with great hardihood, "Certainly. I should enjoy it, of all things."

Mr. Winkle had rushed upon his fate; there was no resource. "Let them be at the door by eleven," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Very well, sir," replied the waiter.

The waiter retired, the breakfast concluded; and the travelers ascended to their respective bedrooms, to prepare a change of clothing, to take with them on their approaching expedition.

Mr. Pickwick had made his preliminary arrangements, and was looking over the coffee-room blinds at the passengers in the street, when the waiter entered, and announced that the chaise was ready — an announcement which the vehicle itself confirmed, by forthwith appearing before the coffee-room blinds aforesaid.

It was a curious little green box on four wheels, with a low place like a wine bin for two behind, and an elevated perch for one in front, drawn by an immense brown horse; apparently a near relative of the one in the chaise, was another ready saddled for Mr. Winkle.

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Pickwick, as they stood on the pavement while the coats were being put in. "Bless my soul! who's to drive? I never thought of that."

"Oh! you, of course," said Mr. Tupman.

"Of course," said Snodgrass.

"I!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick.

"Not the slightest fear, sir," interposed the hostler. "Warrant him quiet, sir; a infant in arms might drive him."

"He don't shy, does he?" inquired Mr. Pickwick.

"Shy, sir? — He would n't shy if he was to meet a vaggin-load of monkeys, with their tails burnt off."

The last recommendation was indisputable. Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass got into the bin; Mr. Pickwick ascended to his perch, and deposited his feet on a floor-clothed shelf, erected beneath it for that purpose.

"Now, shiny Villiam," said the hostler to the deputy hostler, "give the gen'lm'n the ribbons." "Shiny Villiam" — so called, probably, from his sleek hair and oily countenance — placed the reins in Mr. Pickwick's left hand, and the upper hostler thrust a whip into his right.

"Wo — o!" cried Mr. Pickwick, as the tall quadruped evinced a decided inclination to back into the coffee-room window.

"Wo — o!" echoed Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass, from the bin.

"Only his playfulness, gen'lm'n," said the head hostler encouragingly; "just kitch hold on him, Villiam." The deputy restrained the animal's impetuosity, and the principal ran to assist Mr. Winkle in mounting.

"T'other side, sir, if you please."

"Blowed if the gen'lm'n worn't gettin' up on the wrong side," whispered a grinning postboy, to the inexpressibly gratified waiter.

Mr. Winkle, thus instructed, climbed into the saddle, with about as much difficulty as he would have experienced in gettin up the side of a first-rate man-of-war.

"All right?" inquired Mr. Pickwick, with an inward presentiment that it was all wrong.

"All right," replied Mr. Winkle faintly.

"Let 'em go," cried the hostler. — "Hold him in, sir ;" and away went the chaise, and the saddle horse, with Mr. Pickwick on the box of the one, and Mr. Winkle on the back of the other, to the delight and gratification of the whole inn yard.

"What makes him go sideways?" said Mr. Snodgrass in the bin to Mr. Winkle in the saddle.

"I can't imagine," replied Mr. Winkle. His horse was drifting up the street in the most mysterious manner — side first with his head toward one side of the way, and his tail towards the other.

Mr. Pickwick had no leisure to observe either this or any other particular, the whole of his faculties being concentrated in the management of the animal attached to the chaise, who displayed various peculiarities, highly interesting to a bystander, but by no means equally amusing to any one seated behind him. Besides constantly jerking his head up, in a very unpleasant and uncomfortable manner, and tugging at the reins to an extent which rendered it a matter of great difficulty for Mr. Pickwick to hold them, he had a singular propensity for darting now and then to the side of the road, then stopping short, and then rushing forward for some minutes, at a speed which it was wholly impossible to control.

"What can he mean by this?" said Mr. Snodgrass, when the horse had executed this maneuver for the twentieth time.

"I don't know," replied Mr. Tupman; "it looks very like shying, do n't it?" Mr. Snodgrass was about to reply, when he was interrupted by a shout from Mr. Pickwick.

"Woo," said that gentleman, "I have dropped my whip."

"Winkle," cried Mr. Snodgrass, as the equestrian came trotting up on the tall horse, with his hat over his ears: and shaking all over, as if he would shake to pieces, with the

violence of the exercise. "Pick up the whip, there's a good fellow." Mr. Winkle pulled at the bridle of the tall horse till he was black in the face; and having at length succeeded in stopping him, dismounted, handed the whip to Mr. Pickwick, and, grasping the reins, prepared to remount.

Now, whether the tall horse, in the natural playfulness of his disposition, was desirous of having a little innocent recreation with Mr. Winkle, or whether it occurred to him that he could perform the journey as much to his own satisfaction without a rider as with one, are points upon which we can arrive at no definite and distinct conclusion. By whatever motives the animal was actuated, certain it is that no sooner had Mr. Winkle touched the reins, than he slipped them over his head, and darted backward at their full length.

"Poor fellow," said Mr. Winkle soothingly, — "poor fellow, good old horse!" The "poor fellow" was proof against flattery: the more Mr. Winkle tried to get nearer him, the more he sidled away; and, notwithstanding all kinds of coaxing and wheedling, there were Mr. Winkle and the good old horse going round and round each other for ten minutes; at the end of which time, each was precisely at the same distance from one another as when they first commenced — an unsatisfactory sort of thing under any circumstances, but particularly so in a lonely road, where no assistance can be procured.

"What am I to do?" shouted Mr. Winkle, after the dodging had been prolonged for a long time. "What am I to do? I can't get to him."

"You had better lead him till you come to a turnpike," replied Mr. Pickwick from the chaise.

"But he won't come," roared Mr. Winkle. "Do come, and hold him."

Mr. Pickwick was the impersonation of kindness and hu-

manity; he threw the reins on his horse's back, and having descended from his seat, carefully drew the chaise into the hedge, lest anything should come along the road, and stepped back to the assistance of his distressed companion, leaving Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass in the vehicle.

The horse no sooner saw Mr. Pickwick advancing towards him with the chaise whip in his hand, than he exchanged the rotatory movement in which he had previously indulged for a retrograde movement of so determined a character that it at once drew Mr. Winkle, who was still at the end of the bridle, at a rather quicker rate than fast walking, in the direction from which they had just come. Mr. Pickwick ran to his assistance, but the faster Mr. Pickwick ran forward, the faster the horse ran backward.

There was a great scraping of feet, and kicking up of the dust; and at last Mr. Winkle, his arms being nearly pulled out of their sockets, fairly let go his hold. The horse paused, stared, shook his head, turned round, and quietly trotted home to Rochester, leaving Mr. Winkle and Mr. Pickwick gazing on each other with countenances of blank dismay. A rattling noise at a little distance attracted their attention. They looked up.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the agonized Mr. Pickwick, "there's the other horse running away!"

It was but too true. The animal was startled by the noise, and the reins were on his back. The result may be guessed. He tore off with the four-wheeled chaise behind him, and Mr. Tupman and Mr. Snodgrass in the four-wheeled chaise. The heat was a short one. Mr. Tupman threw himself into the hedge, Mr. Snodgrass followed his example, the horse dashed the four-wheeled chaise against a wooden bridge, separated the wheels from the body, and the bin from the perch; and finally stood stock still to gaze upon the ruin he had made.

The first care of the two unspilt friends was to extricate their unfortunate companions from their bed of quickset — a process which gave them the unspeakable satisfaction of discovering that they had sustained no injury beyond sundry rents in their garments, and various lacerations from the brambles. The next thing to be done was, to unharness the horse. This complicated process having been accomplished, the party walked slowly forward, leading the horse among them, and abandoning the chaise to its fate.

An hour's walking brought the travelers to a road-side public house, with two elm trees, a horse trough, and a sign-post, in front; one or two deformed hayricks behind, a kitchen garden at the side, and rotten sheds and moldering outhouses jumbled in strange confusion, all about it. A red-headed man was working in the garden; and to him Mr. Pickwick called lustily — “Hallo there!”

The red-headed man raised his body, shaded his eyes with his hand, and stared long and coolly at Mr. Pickwick and his companions.

“Hallo there!” repeated Mr. Pickwick.

“Hallo!” was the red-headed man's reply.

“How far is it to Dingley Dell?”

“Better er seven miles.”

“Is it a good road?”

“No, t'aint.” Having uttered this brief reply, and apparently having satisfied himself with another scrutiny, the red-headed man resumed his work.

“We want to put this horse up here,” said Mr. Pickwick; “I suppose we can, can't we?”

“Want to put that ere horse up, do ee?” repeated the red-headed man, leaning on his spade.

“Of course,” replied Mr. Pickwick, who by this time had advanced, horse in hand, to the garden rails.

“Missus” — roared the man with the red head, emerging

from the garden, and looking very hard at the horse—"Missus."

A tall bony woman in a coarse blue pelisse, with the waist an inch or two below her armpits, responded to the call.

"Can we put this horse up here, my good woman?" said Mr. Tupman, advancing, and speaking in his most seductive tones. The woman looked very hard at the whole party; and the red-headed man whispered something in her ear.

"No," replied the woman, after a little consideration, "I'm afeered on it."

"Afraid!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, "what's the woman afraid of?"

"It got us into trouble last time," said the woman, turning into the house; "I woan't have nothin' to say to 'un."

"Most extraordinary thing I ever met with in my life," said the astonished Mr. Pickwick.

"I—I—really believe," whispered Mr. Winkle, as his friends gathered around him, "that they think we have come by this horse in some dishonest manner."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick, in a storm of indignation. Mr. Winkle modestly repeated his suggestion.

"Hallo, you fellow!" said the angry Mr. Pickwick. "Do you think we stole this horse?"

"I'm sure you did," replied the red-headed man, with a grin that agitated his countenance from one auricular organ to the other. Saying which, he turned into the house, and banged the door after him.

"It's like a dream,"—ejaculated Mr. Pickwick, "a hideous dream. The idea of a man's walking about, all day, with a dreadful horse that he can't get rid of!" The depressed Pickwickians turned moodily away, with the tall quadru-

ped, for which they felt the most unmitigated disgust, following slowly at their heels.

It was late in the afternoon when the four friends and their four-footed companion turned into the lane leading into Manor Farm: and even when they were so near their place of destination, the pleasure they would otherwise have experienced was materially damped as they reflected on the singularity of their appearance, and the absurdity of their situation. Torn clothes, lacerated faces, dusty shoes, exhausted looks, and, above all, the horse. Oh, how Mr. Pickwick cursed that horse! He had eyed the noble animal from time to time with looks expressive of hatred and revenge; more than once he had calculated the probable amount of the expense he would incur by cutting his throat; and now the temptation to destroy him, or to cast him loose upon the world, rushed upon his mind with twofold force. He was roused from a meditation on these dire imaginings by the sudden appearance of two figures at a turn of the lane. It was Mr. Wardle, and his faithful attendant, the fat boy.

"Why, where have you been?" said the hospitable old gentleman. "I've been waiting for you all day. Well, you do look tired. What! Scratches! Not hurt, I hope — eh? Well, I am glad to hear that — very. So you've been spilt, eh? Never mind. Common accident in these parts. Joe — he's asleep again! — Joe, take the horse from the gentleman, and lead it into the stable."

The fat boy sauntered heavily behind them with the animal; and the old gentleman, condoning with his guests in homely phrase, on so much of the day's adventures as they thought proper to communicate, led the way to the kitchen.

"We'll have you put to rights here," said the old gentleman, "and then I'll introduce you to the people in the parlor. Emma, bring out the cherry brandy; now, Jane, a

needle and thread here; towels and water, Mary. Come, girls, bustle about."

Three or four buxom girls speedily dispersed in search of the different articles in requisition, while a couple of large-headed, circular-visaged males rose from their seats in the chimney corner (for, although it was a May evening, their attachment for the wood fire appeared as cordial as if it were Christmas), and dived into obscure recesses, from which they speedily procured a bottle of blacking and some half dozen brushes.

"Bustle," said the old gentleman again, but the admonition was quite unnecessary, for one of the girls poured out the cherry brandy, and another brought in the towels, and one of the men, suddenly seizing Mr. Pickwick by the leg, at the imminent hazard of throwing him off his balance, brushed away at his boot till his corns were red-hot; while the other shampoo'd Mr. Winkle with a heavy clothes-brush, indulging, during the operation, in that hissing sound, which hostlers are wont to produce when engaged in rubbing down a horse.

Mr. Snodgrass, having concluded his ablutions, took a survey of the room while standing with his back to the fire, sipping his cherry brandy with heartfelt satisfaction. He describes it as a large apartment, with red brick floor, and a capacious chimney; the ceiling garnished with hams, sides of bacon, and ropes of onions. The walls were decorated with several hunting whips, two or three bridles, a saddle and an old rusty blunderbuss, with an inscription below it, intimating that it was "loaded" — as it *had* been, on the same authority, for half a century at least. An old eight-day clock, of solemn and sedate demeanor, ticked gravely in one corner; and a silver watch, of equal antiquity, dangled from one of the many hooks which ornamented the dresser.

"Ready?" said the old gentleman inquiringly, when his guests had been washed, mended, brushed, and brandied.

"Quite," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Come along then," and the party traversed several dark passages, and, being joined by Mr. Tupman, who had lingered behind to snatch a kiss from Emma, for which he had been rewarded with sundry pushings and scratchings, arrived at the parlor door.

"Welcome," said the hospitable host, throwing it open and stepping forward to announce them, "Welcome, gentlemen, to Manor Farm."

From Pickwick Papers.

XXVIII. WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?¹

BY JOSEPH E. CARPENTER.

(1813-)

PAUL. WHAT are the wild waves saying,
Sister, the whole day long,
That ever, amid our playing,
I hear but their low, lone song?
Not by the seaside only
There it sounds wild and free;
But at night, when 'tis dark and lonely,
In dreams it is still with me.

¹ These verses embody a dialogue between a young brother and sister, Paul and Florence Dombey, characters in Dickens's novel, "Dombey and Son." Paul is an invalid, a delicate, dreamy boy, older than his years, and ever indulging in serious reflections and speculations.

FLORENCE. Brother, I hear no singing,
'Tis but the rolling wave,
Ever its lone course winging
Over some ocean cave;
'Tis but the noise of water
Dashing against the shore,
And the wind from some bleaker quarter
Mingling with its roar.



WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?

PAUL. Yes, but the waves seem ever
Saying the same sad thing,
And vain is my weak endeavor
To guess what the surges sing.
What is that voice repeating,
Ever by night and day?
Is it a friendly greeting,
Or a warning that calls away?

FLORENCE. Brother, the inland mountain,
 Hath it not voice and sound?
 Speaks not the dripping fountain,
 As it bedews the ground?
 E'en by the household ingle,
 Curtained and closed and warm,
 Do not our voices mingle
 With those of the distant storm?

BOTH. Yes, but there's something greater
 That speaks to the heart alone;
 The voice of the great Creator
 Dwells in that mighty tone.

XXIX. GINEVRA.

BY SAMUEL ROGERS.

(1763-1855.)

IF thou shouldst ever come by choice or chance,
 To Modena, . . .
 Stop at a Palace near the Reggio gate,
 Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.
 Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
 And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
 Will long detain thee.

A summer sun
 Sets ere one half is seen; but, ere thou go,
 Enter the house — prithee, forget it not —
 And look a while upon a picture there.

'T is a lady in her earliest youth,
The very last of that illustrious race,
Done by Zampieri — but by whom I care not.
He who observes it — ere he passes on —
Gazes his fill, and comes, and comes again,
That he may call it up when far away.

She sits, inclining forward as to speak,
Her lips half-open, and her finger up,
As though she said, "Beware!" her vest of gold
'Broidered with flowers, and clasped from head to foot,
An emerald stone in every golden clasp;
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
A coronet of pearls. But then her face,
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart —
It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody.

Alone it hangs
Over a moldering heirloom, its companion,
An oaken chest, half-eaten by the worm,
But richly carved by Antony of Trent
With Scripture stories from the life of Christ:
A chest that came from Venice, and had held
The ducal robes of some old ancestor.
That by the way — it may be true or false —
But don't forget the picture; and thou wilt not,
When thou hast heard the tale they told me there.

She was an only child; from infancy
The joy, the pride of an indulgent sire.
Her mother dying of the gift she gave,
That precious gift, what else remained to him?

When he was gone, the house remained a while
Silent and tenantless ; then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were past, and all forgot,
When on an idle day — a day of search
'Mid the old lumber in the gallery —
That moldering chest was noticed ; and 't was said,
By one as young, as thoughtless, as Ginevra,
“ Why not remove it from its lurking-place ? ”
'T was done as soon as said ; but on the way
It burst, it fell ; and, lo, a skeleton,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald stone,
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold !

All else had perished save a nuptial ring,
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name, the name of both,
“ Ginevra.” There, then, had she found a grave !
Within that chest had she concealed herself,
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy ;
When a spring lock, that lay in ambush there,
Fastened her down forever !



XXX. THE TEMPEST.

BY CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.



CHARLES LAMB.

CHARLES LAMB (1775–1834), besides being a great author, was a very noble character. He had a sister Mary (1764–1847), who was subject to insanity. In one of her fits, when she did not know what she was doing, she killed her mother. Her brother Charles gave up at once his own plans for life, which were very bright and promising, and devoted himself to taking care of his unfortunate sister. Whenever it was safe for her to be out of the asylum she lived with him; and, as in her sane hours she was a fine author, the brother and sister often wrote books together.

They wrote the "Tales from Shakespeare," stories taken from the writings of the greatest English poet. "The Tempest," which follows, is one of these.

THERE was a certain island in the sea, the only inhabitants of which were an old man, whose name was Prospero, and his daughter Miranda, a very beautiful young lady. She came to this island so young that she had no memory of seeing any other human face but her father's.

They lived in a cave, or cell, made out of a rock ; it was divided into several apartments, one of which Prospero called his study ; there he kept his books, which chiefly treated of magic, a study at that time much affected by all learned men ; and the knowledge of this art he found very useful to him ; for being thrown by a strange chance upon this island, which had been enchanted by a witch called Sycorax, who died there a short time before his arrival, Prospero, by virtue of his art, released many good spirits that Sycorax had imprisoned in the bodies of large trees because they had refused to execute her wicked demands. These gentle spirits were ever after obedient to the will of Prospero. Of these, Ariel was the chief.

The lively little sprite Ariel had nothing mischievous in his nature, except that he took rather too much pleasure in tormenting an ugly monster called Caliban ; for he owed him a grudge, because he was the son of his old enemy Sycorax. This Caliban, Prospero found in the woods, a strange misshapen thing, far less human in form than an ape ; he took him home to his cell, and taught him to speak ; and Prospero would have been very kind to him, but the bad nature which Caliban inherited from his mother Sycorax would not let him learn anything good or useful : therefore he was employed like a slave, to fetch wood and do the most laborious offices ; and Ariel had the charge of compelling him to these services.

When Caliban was lazy and neglected his work, Ariel (who was invisible to all eyes but Prospero's) would come slyly and pinch him, and sometimes tumble him down in the mire ; and then Ariel, in the likeness of an ape, would make mouths at him. Then swiftly changing his shape, in the likeness of a hedgehog, he would lie tumbling in Caliban's way, who feared the hedgehog's sharp quills would prick his bare feet. With a variety of such like vexatious tricks

Ariel would often torment him, whenever Caliban neglected the work which Prospero commanded him to do.

Having these powerful spirits obedient to his will, Prospero could by their means command the winds and the waves of the sea. By his orders they raised a violent storm, in the midst of which, and struggling with the wild sea-waves that every moment threatened to swallow it up, he showed his daughter a fine large ship, which he told her was full of living human beings like themselves. "O my dear father," said she, "if by your art you have raised this dreadful storm, have pity on their sad distress! See! the vessel will be dashed to pieces. Poor souls! they will perish. If I had power, I would sink the sea beneath the earth rather than the good ship should be destroyed, with all the precious souls within her."

"Be not amazed, Daughter Miranda," said Prospero; "there is no harm done. I have so ordered it that no person in the ship shall receive any hurt. What I have done has been in care of thee, my dear child. You are ignorant who you are, or where you came from, and you know no more of me but that I am your father, and live in this poor cave. Can you remember a time before you came to this cell? I think you cannot, for you were not then three years of age."

"Certainly I can, sir," replied Miranda.

"By what?" asked Prospero; "by any other house or person? Tell me what you can remember, my child."

Miranda said, "It seems to me like the recollection of a dream. But had I not once four or five women who attended upon me?"

Prospero answered, "You had, and more. How is it that this still lives in your mind? Do you remember how you came here?"

"No, sir," said Miranda, "I remember nothing more."

"Twelve years ago, Miranda," continued Prospero, "I was a duke of Milan; you were a princess, and my only heir. I had a younger brother, whose name was Antonio, to whom I trusted everything; and as I was fond of retirement and deep study, I commonly left the management of my state affairs to your uncle, my false brother (for so indeed he proved to be). I, neglecting all worldly ends, buried among my books, did dedicate my whole time to the bettering of my mind. My brother Antonio, being thus in possession of my power, began to think himself the duke indeed. The opportunity I gave him of making himself popular among my subjects awakened in his bad nature a proud ambition to deprive me of my dukedom: this he soon effected by the aid of the king of Naples, a powerful prince, who was my enemy."

"Wherefore," said Miranda, "did they not that hour destroy us?"

"My child," answered her father, "they durst not, so great was the love my people bore me. Antonio carried us on board a ship, and when we were some leagues out at sea, he forced us into a small boat, without either tackle, sail, or mast; there he left us, as he thought, to perish. But a kind lord of my court, one Gonzalo, who loved me, had privately placed in the boat, water, provisions, apparel, and some books which I prize above my dukedom."

"O my father," said Miranda, "what a trouble must I have been to you then!"

"No, my love," said Prospero, "you were a little cherub that did preserve me. Your innocent smiles made me to bear up against my misfortunes. Our food lasted until we landed on this desert island, since which time my chief delight has been in teaching you, Miranda, and well have you profited by my instructions."

"Heaven thank you, my dear father," said Miranda.

"Now pray tell me, sir, your reason for raising this sea storm!"

"Know then," said her father, "that by means of this storm, my enemies, the king of Naples and my cruel brother, are cast ashore upon this island."

Having said so, Prospero gently touched his daughter with his magic wand, and she fell fast asleep; for the spirit Ariel just then presented himself before his master, to give an account of the tempest, and how he had disposed of the ship's company; and though the spirits were always invisible to Miranda, Prospero did not choose that she should hear him holding converse (as would seem to her) with the empty air.

"Well, my brave spirit," said Prospero to Ariel, "how have you performed your task?"

Ariel gave a lively description of the storm, and of the terrors of the mariners; and how the king's son, Ferdinand, was the first who leaped into the sea; and his father thought he saw his dear son swallowed up by the waves and lost. "But he is safe," said Ariel, "in a corner of the isle, sitting with his arms folded, sadly lamenting the loss of the king his father, whom he concludes drowned. Not a hair of his head is injured, and his princely garments though drenched in the sea waves, look fresher than before."

"That's my delicate Ariel," said Prospero. "Bring him hither: my daughter must see this young prince. Where is the king, and my brother?"

"I left them," said Ariel, "searching for Ferdinand, whom they have little hope of finding, thinking they saw him perish. Of the ship's crew not one is missing; though each one thinks himself the only one saved: and the ship, though invisible to them, is safe in the harbor."

"Ariel," said Prospero, "thy charge is faithfully performed; but there is more work yet."

"Is there more work?" said Ariel. "Let me remind you, master, you have promised me my liberty. I pray, remember, I have done you worthy service, told you no lies, made no mistakes, served you without grudge or grumbling."

"How now!" said Prospero. "You do not recollect what a torment I freed you from. Have you forgot the wicked witch Sycorax, who with age and envy was almost bent double? Where was she born? Speak; tell me."

"Sir, in Algiers," said Ariel.

"Oh, was she so?" said Prospero. "I must recount what you have been, which I find you do not remember. This bad witch, Sycorax, for her witchcrafts, too terrible to enter human hearing, was banished from Algiers, and here left by the sailors; and because you were a spirit too delicate to execute her wicked commands, she shut you up in a tree, where I found you howling. This torment, remember, I did free you from."

"Pardon me, dear master," said Ariel, ashamed to seem ungrateful; "I will obey your commands."

"Do so," said Prospero, "and I will set you free." He then gave orders what further he would have him do; and away went Ariel, first to where he had left Ferdinand, and found him still sitting on the grass in the same melancholy position.

"O my young gentleman!" said Ariel, when he saw him, "I will soon move you. You must be brought, I find, for the Lady Miranda to have a sight of your pretty person. Come, sir, follow me."

He then began singing, —

"Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade

But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Hark, now I hear them, — Ding-dong, bell.”

This strange news of his lost father soon roused the prince from the stupid fit into which he had fallen. He followed in amazement the sound of Ariel's voice, till it led him to Prospero and Miranda, who were sitting under the shade of a large tree. Now Miranda had never seen a man before except her own father.

“Miranda,” said Prospero, “tell me what you are looking at yonder.”

“O father!” said Miranda, in a strange surprise, “surely that is a spirit. How it looks about! Believe me, sir, it is a beautiful creature. Is it not a spirit?”

“No, girl,” answered the father; “it eats, and sleeps, and has senses such as we have. This young man you see was in the ship. He is somewhat altered by grief, or you might call him a handsome person. He has lost his companions, and is wandering about to find them.”

Miranda, who thought all men had grave faces and gray beards like her father, was delighted with the appearance of this beautiful young prince; and Ferdinand, seeing such a lovely maiden in this desert place, and, from the strange sounds he had heard, expecting nothing but wonders, thought he was upon an enchanted island, and that Miranda was the goddess of the place, and as such he began to address her.

She timidly answered, she was no goddess, but a simple maid, and was going to give him an account of herself, when Prospero interrupted her. He was well pleased to find that they admired each other, for he plainly perceived they had (as we say) fallen in love at first sight: but to try Ferdinand's constancy, he resolved to throw some difficulties

in their way; therefore advancing forward, he addressed the prince with a stern air, telling him, he came to the island as a spy, to take it from him who was the lord of it. "Follow me," said he, "I will tie you neck and feet together. You shall drink sea water; shellfish, withered roots, and husks of corn shall be your food."

"No," said Ferdinand, "I will resist such entertainment till I see a more powerful enemy," and he drew his sword; but Prospero, waving his magic wand, fixed him to the spot where he stood so that he had no power to move.

Miranda hung upon her father saying, "Why are you so ungentle? Have pity, sir; I will be his surety. This is the second man I ever saw, and to me he seems a true one."

"Silence," said the father, "one word more will make me chide you, girl! What! an advocate for an impostor! You think there are no more such fine men, having seen only him and Caliban." This he said to prove his daughter's constancy; and she replied, "My affections are most humble. I have no wish to see a goodlier man."

"Come on, young man," said Prospero to the prince, "you have no power to disobey me."

"I have not, indeed," said Ferdinand; and not knowing that it was by magic that he was deprived of all power of resistance he was astonished to find himself so strangely compelled to follow Prospero: looking back on Miranda as long as he could see her, he said, as he went after Prospero into the cave, "My spirits are all bound up, as if I were in a dream; but this man's threats, and the weakness which I feel, would seem light to me if from my prison I might once a day behold this fair maid."

Prospero kept Ferdinand not long confined within his cell: he soon brought out his prisoner, and set him a severe task to perform, taking care to let his daughter know the

hard labor he had imposed on him, and then pretending to go into his study, he secretly watched them both.

Prospero had commanded Ferdinand to pile up some heavy logs of wood. Kings' sons not being used to laborious work, Miranda soon after found her lover almost dying with fatigue. "Alas!" said she, "do not work so hard; my father is at his studies, he is safe for these three hours; pray rest yourself."

"O my dear lady!" said Ferdinand, "I dare not. I must finish my task before I take any rest."

"If you will sit down," said Miranda, "I will carry your logs the while." But this Ferdinand would by no means agree to. Instead of a help Miranda became a hindrance, for they began a long conversation, so that the business of log carrying went on very slowly.

Prospero, who had enjoined Ferdinand this task merely as a trial of his love, was not at his books, as his daughter supposed, but was standing by them invisible, to overhear what they said.

Ferdinand inquired her name, which she told, saying it was against her father's express command that she did so.

Prospero only smiled at this first instance of his daughter's disobedience, for, having by his magic art caused his daughter to fall in love so suddenly, he was not angry that she showed her love by forgetting to obey his commands. And he listened well pleased to a long speech of Ferdinand's, in which he professed to love her above all the ladies he ever saw.

In answer to his praise of her beauty, which he said exceeded all the women in the world, she replied, "I do not remember the face of any woman, nor have I seen any more men than you, my good friend, and my dear father. How features are abroad, I know not; but, believe me, sir, I would not wish any companion in the world but you, nor



MIRANDA AND FERDINAND.

can my imagination form any shape but yours that I would like. But, sir, I fear I talk to you too freely, and my father's precepts I forget."

At this Prospero smiled, and nodded his head, as much as to say, "This goes on exactly as I could wish; my girl will be queen of Naples."

And then Ferdinand, in another fine long speech (for young princes speak in courtly phrases), told the innocent Miranda that he was heir to the crown of Naples, and that she should be his queen.

"Ah! sir," said she, "I am a fool to weep at what I am glad of. I will answer you in plain and holy innocence. I am your wife if you will marry me."

Prospero prevented Ferdinand's thanks by appearing visible before them.

"Fear nothing, my child," said he, "I have overheard and approve of all you have said. And, Ferdinand, if I have too severely used you, I will make you rich amends by giving you my daughter. All your vexations were but trials of your love, and you have nobly stood the test. Then as my gift, which your true love has worthily purchased, take my daughter, and do not smile that I boast she is above all praise." He then, telling them that he had business that required his presence, desired that they would sit down and talk together until he returned; and this command Miranda seemed not at all disposed to disobey.

When Prospero left them, he called his spirit Ariel, who quickly appeared before him, eager to relate what he had done with Prospero's brother and the king of Naples. Ariel said he had left them almost out of their senses with fear, at the strange things he had caused them to see and hear. When fatigued with wandering about, and famished for want of food, he had suddenly set before them a delicious banquet, and then, just as they were going to eat, he

appeared visible before them in the shape of a harpy, a voracious monster with wings, and the feast vanished away. Then, to their utter amazement, this seeming harpy spoke to them, reminding them of their cruelty in driving Prospero from his dukedom, and leaving him and his infant daughter to perish in the sea ; saying, that for this cause these terrors were suffered to afflict them.

The king of Naples, and Antonio the false brother, repented the injustice they had done to Prospero ; and Ariel told his master that he was certain their repentance was sincere, and that he, though a spirit, could not but pity them.

“ Then bring them hither, Ariel,” said Prospero : “ if you, who are but a spirit, feel for their distress, shall not I, who am a human being like themselves, have compassion on them ? Bring them quickly, my dainty Ariel.”

Ariel soon returned with the king, Antonio and old Gonzalo in their train, who had followed them wondering at the wild music he played in the air to draw them on to his master’s presence. This Gonzalo was the same that had so kindly provided Prospero formerly with books and provisions, when his wicked brother left him, as he thought, to perish in an open boat in the sea.

Grief and terror had so stupefied their senses that they did not know Prospero. He first discovered himself to the good old Gonzalo, calling him the preserver of his life ; and then his brother and the king knew that he was the injured Prospero.

Antonio, with tears and sad words of sorrow and true repentance, implored his brother’s forgiveness, and the king expressed his sincere remorse for having assisted Antonio in deposing his brother : and Prospero forgave them ; and, upon their engaging to restore his dukedom, he said to the king of Naples, “ I have a gift in store for you too ; ” and

opening a door, showed him his son Ferdinand playing at chess with Miranda.

Nothing could exceed the joy of the father and the son at this unexpected meeting, for each thought the other drowned in the storm.

"O wonder!" said Miranda, "what noble creatures these are! It must surely be a brave world that has such people in it."

The king of Naples was almost as much astonished at the beauty and excellent graces of the young Miranda, as his son had been. "Who is this maid?" said he; "she seems the goddess that has parted us and brought us thus together." "No, sir," answered Ferdinand, smiling to find that his father had fallen into the same mistake that he had done when he first saw Miranda, "she is a mortal, but by immortal Providence she is mine; I chose her when I could not ask you, my father, for your consent, not thinking you were alive. She is the daughter to this Prospero, who is the famous duke of Milan, of whose renown I have heard so much, but never saw until now: of him I have received a new life: he has made himself to me a second father, giving me this dear lady."

"Then I must be her father," said the king; "but oh! how oddly will it sound, that I must ask my child's forgiveness."

"No more of that," said Prospero: "let us not remember our troubles past, since they have so happily ended." And then Prospero embraced his brother, and again assured him of his forgiveness; and said that a wise, overruling Providence had permitted that he should be driven from his dukedom of Milan, that his daughter might inherit the crown of Naples, for that by their meeting in this desert island, it had happened that the king's son had loved Miranda.

These kind words that Prospero spoke, meaning to com-

fort his brother, so filled Antonio with shame and remorse, that he wept and was unable to speak; and the kind old Gonzalo wept to see this joyful reconciliation, and prayed for blessings on the young couple.

Prospero now told them that their ship was safe in the harbor, and the sailors all on board her, and that he and his daughter would accompany them home the next morning. "In the meantime," says he, "partake of such refreshments as my poor cave affords; and for your evening's entertainment I will relate the history of my life from my first landing in this desert island." He then called for Caliban to prepare some food, and set the cave in order; and the company were astonished at the uncouth form and the savage appearance of this ugly monster, who (Prospero said) was the only attendant he had to wait upon him.

Before Prospero left the island, he dismissed Ariel from his service, to the great joy of that lively little spirit; who, though he had been a faithful servant to his master, was always longing to enjoy his free liberty, to wander uncontrolled in the air like a wild bird, under green trees, among pleasant woods, and sweet-smelling flowers. "My quaint Ariel," said Prospero to the little sprite when he made him free, "I shall miss you; yet you shall have your freedom." "Thank you, my dear master," said Ariel; "but give me leave to attend your ship home with prosperous gales, before you bid farewell to the assistance of your faithful spirit; and then, master, when I am free, how merrily shall I live!" Here Ariel sung this pretty song:—

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

XXXI. THE CLOUD.

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.



PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY (1792-1822) was one of the rare poets of nature who saw always beauty. Every flower, every tree, every cloud, had a meaning to him; and his power to express that hidden meaning in the choicest and most rhythmical language has been surpassed, or even equaled, by but few writers of English. Shelley was a friend of Byron and Leigh Hunt. He was drowned in the Mediterranean by the capsizing of a boat in which he was returning to his home at Spezia. Among Shelley's most beautiful poems are his "Ode to the Skylark," and the following.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shades for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.

I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
Lightning, my pilot, sits:
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls by fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the Genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with its meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead.
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle, alit, one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardors of rest and love,

And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden, with white fire laden,
That mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And whenever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with the burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march,
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
In the million-colored bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
Whilst the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the wind and sunbeams with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and upbuild it again.

XXXII. THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.¹

BY AN ENGLISH RESIDENT.

ON every side death stared us in the face; no human skill could avert it any longer. We saw the moment approach when we must bid farewell to earth, yet without feeling that unutterable horror which must have been experienced by the unhappy victims at Cawnpore. We were resolved to die rather than to yield, and were fully persuaded that in twenty-four hours all would be over. The engineer had said so, and all knew the worst. We women strove to encourage one another, and to perform the light duties that had been assigned to us, such as conveying orders to the batteries and supplying the men with provisions, especially cups of coffee, which we prepared day and night.

¹ Lucknow is a city in India. In 1857, when the people of India rose in rebellion against the English who ruled them, an army of Indian rebels surrounded the city of Lucknow, in which many English were gathered. The English held out bravely, but were nearly starved to death when they were relieved by an army of Scotch soldiers under Campbell.

I had gone out to try to make myself useful, in company with Jessie Brown, the wife of a corporal in my husband's regiment. Poor Jessie had been in a restless state of excitement all through the siege, and had fallen away visibly within the last few days. A constant fever consumed her, and her mind wandered occasionally, especially that day, when the recollections of home seemed powerfully present to her. At last, overcome with fatigue, she lay down on the ground, wrapped in her plaid. I sat beside her, promis-



THE RESIDENCY, LUCKNOW, INDIA.

ing to awaken her when, as she said, her "father should return from the plowing."

She fell at length into a profound slumber, motionless and apparently breathless, her head resting in my lap. I myself could no longer resist the inclination to sleep, in spite of the continual roar of the cannon. Suddenly I was aroused by a wild, unearthly scream close to my ear; my companion stood upright beside me, and her head bent forward in the attitude of listening.

A look of intense delight broke over her countenance; she grasped my hand, drew me towards her, and exclaimed, —

“Dinna ye hear it? Dinna ye hear it? Ay, I’m no dreaming: it’s the slogan o’ the Highlanders: we’re saved, we’re saved!” Then, flinging herself on her knees, she thanked God with passionate fervor. I felt utterly bewildered; my English ears heard only the roar of artillery, and I thought my poor Jessie was still raving; but she darted to the batteries, and I heard her cry incessantly to the men, “Courage, courage! Hark to the slogan—to the Macgregor, the grandest of them a’! Here’s help at last!”

To describe the effect of these words upon the soldiers would be impossible. For a moment they ceased firing, and every soul listened with intense anxiety. Gradually, however, there arose a murmur of bitter disappointment, and the wailing of the women who had flocked to the spot burst out anew as the colonel shook his head. Our dull Lowland ears heard only the rattle of the musketry. A few moments more of this deathlike suspense, of this agonizing hope, and Jessie, who had again sunk on the ground, sprang to her feet, and cried in a voice so clear and piercing that it was heard along the whole line, “Will ye no believe it noo? The slogan has ceased, indeed, but the Campbells are comin’. D’ye hear? d’ye hear?”

At that moment all indeed seemed to hear the voice of God in the distance, when the pibroch of the Highlanders brought us tidings of deliverance; for now there was no longer any doubt of the fact. That shrill, penetrating, ceaseless sound, which rose above all other sounds, could come neither from the advance of the enemy nor from the work of the sappers. No, it was indeed the blast of the Scottish bagpipes, now shrill and harsh, as threatening ven-

geance on the foe, then in softer tones, seeming to promise succor to their friends in need.

Never, surely, was there such a scene as that which followed. Not a heart in the residency of Lucknow but bowed itself before God. All, by one simultaneous impulse, fell upon their knees, and nothing was heard but bursting of sobs and the murmured voice of prayer. Then all arose, and there rang out from a thousand lips a great shout of joy, which resounded far and wide, and lent new vigor to that blessed pibroch.

To our cheer of "God save the Queen," they replied by the well-known strain that moves every Scot to tears, "Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot." After that, nothing else made any impression on me. I scarcely remembered what followed. Jessie was presented to the general on his entrance to the fort, and at the officers' banquet her health was drunk by all present, while the pipers marched around the table playing once more the familiar air of "Auld Lang Syne."

XXXIII. THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

(1774-1843.)

WAR is one of the most awful things that can happen to man, and, except in the defense of liberty or of right, one of the most wicked. Men have been called heroes who were mere bullies, simply because they fought well; some time the world will feel the truth of the words of Jesus, "Blessed are the peacemakers," and the men of peace who have helped others to live better will be more honored than those who have caused many deaths. Many wars, which have been thought glorious at the time, are seen to have been both foolish and wicked, and many men whose lives might have been useful have been killed in these wars because of some one's foolish fancy. The English poet Southey, in the following verses, beautifully expresses this idea in satire.

IT was a summer evening, —
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild, Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet,
In playing there had found:
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And, with a natural sigh, —
" 'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he
"Who fell in the great victory.

"I find them in the garden,
For there's many hereabout;
And often, when I go to plow,
The plowshare turns them out.
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in the great victory."

"Now, tell us what 't was all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries,
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for."

“It was the English,” Kaspar cried,
 “Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for
 I could not well make out.
But everybody said,” quoth he,
“That ’t was a famous victory.

“My father lived at Blenheim then,
 Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
 And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

“With fire and sword the country round
 Was wasted far and wide;
And many a nursing-mother then,
 And new-born baby died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

“They say it was a shocking sight
 After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
 Lay rotting in the sun.
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

“Great praise the Duke of Marlboro’ won,
 And our good prince Eugene.”
“Why, ’t was a very wicked thing!”
 Said little Wilhelmine.
“Nay, nay, my little girl!” quoth he;
“It was a famous victory.

“And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win.”
“But what good came of it at last?”
Quoth little Peterkin.
“Why, that I cannot tell,” said he;
“But ’t was a famous victory.”

XXXIV. SENNACHERIB'S DOWNFALL.

II. KINGS, CHAPTERS XVIII. AND XIX.

NOW, in the fourteenth year of king Hezekiah, did Sennacherib, king of Assyria, come up against all the fenced cities of Judah, and took them.

And Hezekiah, king of Judah, sent to the king of Assyria to Lachish, saying, I have offended; return from me; that which thou putteth on me will I bear. And the king of Assyria appointed unto Hezekiah, king of Judah, three hundred talents of silver and thirty talents of gold.

And Hezekiah gave him all the silver that was found in the house of the LORD, and in the treasures of the king's house.

At that time did Hezekiah cut off the gold from the doors of the temple of the LORD, and from the pillars which Hezekiah, king of Judah, had overlaid, and gave it to the king of Assyria.

And the king of Assyria sent Tartan and Rabsaris and Rab-shakeh from Lachish to king Hezekiah, with a great host against Jerusalem. And they went up, and came to Jerusalem. And when they were come up, they came and stood by the conduit of the upper pool, which is in the high-way of the fuller's field.

And when they had called to the king, there came out to them Eliakim the son of Hilkiah, which was over the

household, and Shebna the scribe, and Joah the son of Asaph the recorder.

And Rab-shakeh said unto them, "Speak ye now to Hezekiah, 'Thus saith the great king, the king of Assyria,' What confidence is this wherein thou trustest?"

"Thou sayest, (but they are but vain words,) 'I have counsel and strength for the war. Now on whom dost thou trust, that thou rebellest against me?'"

"Now, behold, thou trustest upon the staff of this bruised reed, even upon Egypt, on which, if a man lean, it will go into his hand, and pierce it: so is Pharaoh, king of Egypt, unto all that trust on him.

"But if ye say unto me, 'We trust in the LORD our God: is not that he whose high places and whose altars Hezekiah hath taken away; and hath said to Judah and Jerusalem, 'Ye shall worship before this altar in Jerusalem?'"

"Now therefore, I pray thee, give pledges to my lord, the king of Assyria, and I will deliver thee two thousand horses, if thou be able on thy part to set riders upon them.

"How then wilt thou turn away the face of one captain of the least of my master's servants, and put thy trust on Egypt for chariots and for horsemen?"

"Am I now come up without the LORD against this place to destroy it? The LORD said to me, 'Go up against this land, and destroy it.'"

And it came to pass, when king Hezekiah heard it, that he rent his clothes, and covered himself with sackcloth, and went into the house of the LORD.

And he sent Eliakim, which was over the household, and Shebna the scribe, and the elders of the priests, covered with sackcloth, to Isaiah the prophet, the son of Amoz.

And they said unto him, "Thus saith Hezekiah, 'This day is a day of trouble, and of rebuke, and blasphemy.

“It may be the LORD thy God will hear all the words of Rab-shakeh, whom the king of Assyria, his master, hath sent to reproach the living God; and will reprove the words which the LORD thy God hath heard: wherefore lift up thy prayer for the remnant that are left.’”

So the servants of king Hezekiah came to Isaiah.

And Isaiah said unto them, “Thus shall ye say to your master, ‘Thus saith the LORD, Be not afraid of the words which thou hast heard, with which the servants of the king of Assyria have blasphemed me.

“Behold, I will send a blast upon him, and he shall hear a rumor, and shall return to his own land, and I will cause him to fall by the sword in his own land.’”

And Hezekiah prayed before the Lord, “O Lord God of Israel, which dwellest between the cherubims, thou art the God, even thou alone, of all the kingdoms of the earth!

“Lord, bow down thine ear, and hear: open, Lord, thine eyes, and see: and hear the words of Sennacherib, which hath sent him to reproach the living God.

“Now therefore, O Lord our God, I beseech thee, save thou us out of his hand, that all the kingdoms of the earth may know that thou art the Lord God, even thou *only*.”

And it came to pass that night, that the angel of the LORD went out, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians an hundred fourscore and five thousand: and when they arose early in the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses.

So Sennacherib, king of Assyria, departed, and went and returned, and dwelt at Nineveh.

And it came to pass, as he was worshiping in the house of Nisroch, his god, that Adrammelech and Sharezer, his sons, smote him with the sword: and they escaped into the land of Armenia.

From *The Bible*.

XXXV. THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

BY LORD BYRON.



LORD BYRON.

LORD GEORGE NOEL GORDON BYRON (1788–1824) was a great English poet who lived in the early part of this century. Byron was deformed in body, erratic in mind, ardent and impetuous in spirit, without fixed principles or the habit of self-restraint; yet he had noble impulses, and was unquestionably a man of brilliant genius. “Childe Harold” is perhaps his finest poem, although he wrote many others of marked merit and beauty. Byron fought at Missolonghi, with the Greeks, to throw off the Turkish yoke. He contracted a fever there, from which he died.

THE Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host, with their banners, at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath flown,
That host, on the morrow, lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed ;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride ;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail ;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

XXXVI. THE OCEAN.

BY LORD BYRON.

ROLL on, thou deep and dark blue ocean — roll !
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.
Man marks the earth with ruin — his control
Stops with the shore ; — upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
Where, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan —
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

From Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.

XXXVII. HERVÉ RIEL.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.



ROBERT BROWNING.

ROBERT BROWNING (1812-1889) was a noted English poet, the husband of the celebrated poetess Elizabeth Barrett Browning. While very scholarly and classic in his writings, there is an obscurity about most of his long poems which prevents their ever attaining a high degree of popularity. It is in his shorter epics, such as "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," and the following stirring stanzas about "Herve Riel," that Browning touches a popular chord. This poem recounts a hero's brave deed in one of the famous battles described in English history.

ON the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
 Did the English fight the French, — woe to France!
 And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,
 Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks
 pursue,
 Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,
 With the English fleet in view.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full
chase,

First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Dam-
freville ;

Close on him fled, great and small,

Twenty-two good ships in all ;

And they signaled to the place,

“ Help the winners of a race !

Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick, — or,
quicker still,

Here's the English can and will ! ”

[board ;

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk, and leaped on

“ Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to
pass ? ” laughed they ;

“ Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passages scarred
and scored,

Shall the Formidable here, with her twelve-and-eighty guns,

Think to make the river mouth by the single narrow way,

Trust to enter where 't is ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,

And with flow of full beside ?

Now 'tis slackest of ebb tide,

Reach the mooring ? Rather say,

While rock stands, or water runs,

Not a ship will leave the bay ! ”

Then was called a council straight :

Brief and bitter the debate.

“ Here's the English at our heels ; would you have them
take in tow

All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,

For a prize to Plymouth Sound ?

Better run the ships aground ! ’

(Ended Damfreville his speech.)

“Not a minute more to wait!

Let the captains all and each

Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the
beach!

France must undergo her fate.”

“Give the word!” But no such word

Was ever spoke or heard;

For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck, amid all
these —

A captain? a lieutenant? a mate? — first, second, third?

No such man of mark, and meet

With his betters to compete!

But a simple Breton sailor, pressed by Tourville for the
fleet,

A poor coasting pilot, he, — Hervé Riel, the Croisickese.

And, “What mockery or malice have we here?” cried Hervé
Riel.

“Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools,
or rogues?

Talk to me of rocks and shoals? — me, who took the sound-
ings, tell

On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell,

’Twixt the offing here and Grève, where the river disem-
bogues? [for?

Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying’s

“Morn and eve, night and day,

Have I piloted your bay,

Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.

Burn the fleet, and ruin France? That were worse than
fifty Hogues!

Sirs, then know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me, there’s
a way!

"Only let me lead the line,
 Have the biggest ship to steer,
 Get this Formidable clear,
 Make the others follow mine.
 And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,



HERVÉ RIEL AND THE ADMIRAL.

Right to Solidor, past Grève,
 And there lay them safe and sound;
 And if one ship misbehave, —
 Keel so much as grate the ground, —
 Why, I've nothing but my life; here's my head!" cries
 Hervé Riel.

Not a minute more to wait.
 "Steer us in, then, small and great!
 Take the helm; lead the line; save the squadron!" cried
 its chief.

"Captains, give the sailor place!"
 He is Admiral, in brief.
 Still the north wind, by God's grace.
 See the noble fellow's face
 As the big ship, with a bound,
 Clears the entry like a hound,
 Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's
 profound!
 See! safe through shoal and rock,
 How they follow in a flock.
 Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the
 ground,
 Not a spar that comes to grief
 The peril, see, is past,
 All are harbored to the last;
 And just as Hervé Riel halloos, "Anchor!" — sure as fate,
 Up the English come, — too late.

So the storm subsides to calm;
 They see the green trees wave
 On the heights o'erlooking Grève:
 Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm.
 "Just our rapture to enhance,
 Let the English rake the bay,
 Gnash their teeth and glare askance
 As they cannonade away!
 'Neath the rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"
 How hope succeeds despair on each captain's countenance!
 Out burst all with one accord,
 "This is Paradise for Hell!
 Let France, let France's King
 Thank the man that did the thing."
 What a shout, and all one word,
 "Hervé Riel!"

As he stepped in front once more,
 Not a symptom of surprise
 In the frank blue Breton eyes —
 Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville, " My friend,
 I must speak out at the end,
 Though I find that speaking hard :
 Praise is deeper than the lips ;
 You have saved the King his ships ;
 You must name your own reward.
 Faith, our sun was near eclipse !
 Demand whate'er you will,
 France remains your debtor still. [freville !"
 Ask to heart's content, and have ! or my name's not Dam-

Then a beam of fun outbroke
 On the bearded mouth that spoke,
 As the honest heart laughed through
 Those frank eyes of Breton blue :
 " Since I needs must say my say,
 Since on board the duty's done, [run ?
 And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a
 Since 't is ask and have I may ;
 Since the others go ashore, —
 Come ! A good whole holiday ! [rore !"
 Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Au-
 That he asked, and that he got, — nothing more.

Name and deed alike are lost ;
 Not a pillar nor a post
 In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell ;
 Not a head in white and black
 On a single fishing smack

In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
All that France saved from the fight whence England bore
the bell.

Go to Paris ; rank on rank
Search the heroes flung pell-mell
On the Louvre, face and flank ;
You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.
So, for better and for worse,
Hervé Riel, accept my verse !
In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more [Aurore.
Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife, the Belle

XXXVIII. THE CLOUDS.

BY JOHN RUSKIN.



JOHN RUSKIN.

JOHN RUSKIN (1819—
) stands preëminent
as an English writer and
art critic. His works on
painting and architecture
are numerous and authori-
tative. Among his best-
known books are "Modern
Painters" and "Stones of
Venice," each series em-
bracing several volumes :
they are recognized as
classics in their special
province of art. Ruskin's
literary style is brilliant
and picturesque, and his
views upon art are always
interesting. For several
years Mr. Ruskin was pro-
fessor in the school of art
at Cambridge. He writes
with enthusiasm upon all
the varied aspects of na-
ture.

IT is a strange thing how little, in general, people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works, and it is just the part in which we least attend to her.

There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered by every part of their organization ; but every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered if, once in three days or thereabouts, a great, ugly, black rain cloud were brought up over the blue, and everything well watered, and so all left blue again till next time, perhaps, a film of morning and evening mist for dew.

And, instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives when nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain that it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure. And every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or beauty, has this doing for him constantly.

The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by few ; it is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them ; he injures them by his presence ; he ceases to feel them if he be always with them. But the sky is for all ; bright as it is, it is not "too bright nor too good for human nature's daily food ;" it is fitted, in all its functions, for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart ; for soothing it, and purifying it from its dross and dust.

Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful ; never the same for two moments together ; almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost

divine in its infinity; its appeal to what is immortal in us is as distinct as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal or essential.

And yet we never attend it; we never make it a subject of thought, but as it has to do with our animal sensations; we look upon all by which it speaks to us more clearly than to brutes, upon all which bears witness to the intention of the supreme that we are to receive more from the covering vault than the light and the dew, which we share with the weed and the worm, only as a succession of meaningless and monotonous accidents, too common and too vain to be worthy of a moment of watchfulness or a glance of admiration.

If in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity, we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of? One says it has been wet; and another, it has been windy; and another, it has been warm. Who, among the whole chattering crowd, can tell me of the forms and precipices of the chain of tall white mountains that gilded the horizon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south, and smote upon their summits until they melted and moldered away in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds when the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it like withered leaves?

All has passed unregretted or unseen; or, if the apathy be ever shaken off, even for an instant, it is only by what is gross or what is extraordinary. And yet it is not in the broad and fierce manifestations of the elemental energies, not in the clash of the hail, nor in the drift of the whirlwind, that the highest characters of the sublime are developed. God is not in the earthquake nor in the fire, but in the still, small voice. They are but the blunt and the low faculties of our nature, which can only be addressed through lampblack and lightning.

It is in quiet and subdued passages of unobtrusive majesty: the deep, and the calm, and the perpetual; that which must be sought ere it is seen, and loved ere it is understood; things which the angels work out for us daily, and yet vary eternally; which are never wanting and never repeated; which are to be found always, yet each found but once—it is through these that the lesson of devotion is chiefly taught and the blessing of beauty given.

XXXIX. THE SKY.

BY JOHN RUSKIN.

NOT long ago I was descending the carriage road after you leave Albano. It had been wild weather when I left Rome, and all across the Campagna the clouds were sweeping in sulphurous blue with a clap of thunder or two, and breaking gleams of sunlight along the Claudian Aqueduct, lighting up its arches like the bridge of chaos.

As I climbed the long slope of the Alban mount, the storm swept finally to the north, and the noble outlines of the domes of Albano and the graceful darkness of the ilex grove rose against pure streaks of alternate blue and amber, the upper sky gradually flushing through the last fragments of rain clouds in deep palpitating azure, half ether and half dew.

The noonday sun came slanting down the rocky slopes of La Riccia, and its masses of entangled and tall foliage, whose autumnal tints were mixed with the wet verdure of a thousand evergreens and were penetrated with it as with rain.

I cannot call it color, it was conflagration; purple, and crimson, and scarlet, with the curtains of God's tabernacle, the rejoicing trees sunk into the valley in showers of light.

every separate leaf quivering with buoyant and burning life, each, as it turned to reflect or to transmit the sunbeam, first a torch and then an emerald.

Far up into the recesses of the valley, the green vistas arched like the hollows of mighty waves of some crystalline sea, with the arbutus flowers dashed along their flank like foam, and silver flashes of orange spray tossed into the air around them, breaking over the great walls of rock into a thousand separate stars, fading and kindling alternately, as the weak wind lifted and let fall.

Every blade of grass burned like the golden floor of heaven, opening in sudden gleams as the foliage broke and closed above it, as sheet lightning opens in a cloud at sunset the motionless masses of dark rocks—dark, though flushed with scarlet lichen casting their quiet shadows across its restless radiance, the fountain underneath them filling its marble hollow with blue mist and fitful sound, and, over all, the multitudinous bars of amber and rose, the sacred clouds that have no darkness, and only exist to illuminate, were seen in intervals between the solemn and orbéd repose of the stone pines, passing to lose themselves in the last, white, blinding luster of the measureless line where the Campagna melted into the blaze of the sea.

Are not all natural things, it may be asked, as lovely near as far away? By no means. Look at the clouds and watch the delicate sculpture of their alabaster sides, and the rounded luster of their magnificent rolling! They are meant to be beheld far away: they were shaped for the place high above your head: approach them and they fuse into vague mist, or whirl away into fierce fragments of thunderous vapor.

Look at the crest of the Alps from the far-away point, over which its light is cast, whence human souls have communed with it by their myriads. It was built for its place

in the far-off sky; approach it, and as the sound of the voice of man dies away about its foundation, and the tide of human life is met at last by the eternal "Here shall thy waves be stayed;" the glory of its aspect fades into blanched fearfulness: its purple walls are rent into grizzly rocks, its silver fretwork saddened into wasting snow; the storm brands of ages are on its breast; the ashes of its own ruin lie solemnly on its white raiment.

If you desire to perceive the great harmonies of the form of a rocky mountain, you must not ascend upon its sides. All there is disorder and accident, or seems so. Retire from it, and, as your eye commands it more and more, you see the ruined mountain world with a wider glance; behold! dim sympathies begin to busy themselves in the disjointed mass: line binds itself into stealthy fellowship with line; group by group the helpless fragments gather themselves into ordered companies: new captains of hosts and masses of battalions become visible one by one; and far-away answers of foot to foot, and bone to bone, until the powerless is seen risen up with girded loins, and not one piece of all the unregarded heap can now be spared from the mystic whole.

XL. THE BIRD.

BY JOHN RUSKIN.

THE bird is little more than a drift of the air brought into form by plumes; the air is in all its quills; it breathes through its whole frame and flesh, and glows with air in its flying, like a blown flame: it rests upon the air, subdues it, surpasses it, outraces it; — is the air, conscious of itself, conquering itself, ruling itself.

Also, into the throat of the bird is given the voice of the air. All that in the wind itself is weak, wild, unless in sweetness, is knit together in its song. As we may imagine the wild form of the cloud closed into the perfect form of the bird's wings, so the wild voice of the cloud into its ordered and commanded voice ; unwearied, rippling through the clear heaven in its gladness, interpreting all intense passion through the soft spring nights, bursting into acclaim and rapture of choir at daybreak, or lisping and twittering among the boughs and hedges through heat of day, like little winds that only make the cowslip bells shake, and ruffle the petals of the wild rose.

Also, upon the plumes of the bird are put the colors of the air : on these the gold of the cloud, that cannot be gathered by any covetousness ; the rubies of the clouds, the vermilion of the cloud bar, and the flame of the cloud crest, and the snow of the cloud, and its shadow, and the melted blue of the deep wells of the sky — all these, seized by the creating spirit, and woven into films and threads of plume ; with wave on wave following and fading along breast, and throat, and opened wings, infinite as the dividing of the foam and the sifting of the sea sand ; — even the white down of the cloud seeming to flutter up between the stronger plumes, seen, but too soft for touch.

XLI THE HOUSE FLY.

BY JOHN RUSKIN.

I BELIEVE we can nowhere find a better type of a perfectly free creature than in the common house fly. Nor free only, but brave ; and irreverent to a degree which

I think no human republican could by any philosophy exalt himself to. There is no courtesy in him; he does not care whether it is king or clown whom he teases; and in every step of his swift mechanical march, and in every pause of his resolute observation, there is one and the same expression of perfect egotism, perfect independence and self-confidence, and conviction of the world's having been made for flies. Strike at him with your hand; and to him, the mechanical fact and external aspect of the matter is, what to you it would be, if an acre of red clay, ten feet thick, tore itself up from the ground in one massive field, hovered over you in the air for a second, and came crashing down with an aim. That is the external aspect of it; the inner aspect, to his fly's mind, is of a quite natural and unimportant occurrence — one of the momentary conditions of his active life. He steps out of the way of your hand, and alights on the back of it. You cannot terrify him, nor govern him, nor persuade him, nor convince him. He has his own positive opinion on all matters; not an unwise one, usually, for his own ends; and will ask no advice of yours. He has no work to do — no tyrannical instinct to obey. The earthworm has his digging; the bee her gathering and building; the spider her cunning network; the ant her treasury and accounts. All these are comparatively slaves, or people of vulgar business. But your fly, free in the air, free in the chamber — a black incarnation of caprice — wandering, investigating, flitting, flirting, feasting at his will, with rich variety of choice in feast, from the heaped sweets in the grocer's window to those of the butcher's back yard, and from the galled place on your cab horse's back to the brown spot in the road, from which, as the hoof disturbs him, he rises with angry republican buzz — what freedom is like his?

XLII. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY TOM TAYLOR.

(1817-1880.)

THE English people have not always loved our American republic, and when the terrible Civil War occurred, and times were dark, many of them hoped that the end of this nation had come ; especially did they hate and ridicule President Lincoln. His homeliness and awkwardness were the butt of comic writers and artists.

Punch, a paper published in London, was especially insulting to the President; and one writer and artist in particular used all his power of satire and ridicule upon him, and drew the most outrageous pictures, both with pencil and pen.

But when Mr. Lincoln was so cruelly murdered and became the martyr of liberty, then all those people who had abused him while he lived began to see his true nobleness, and became ashamed of themselves for having made more bitter the sad life of this great and good man. Then the English artist and author, who had made such fun of President Lincoln, published in *Punch* the following poem, as an expression of his sorrow for all the unkind things he had said.

“YOU lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln’s bier,
 You, who with mocking pencil went to trace,
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
 His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,

“His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
 His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
 Of power or will to shine, of art to please ;

“*You*, whose smart pen backed up the pencil’s laugh,
 Judging each step, as though the way were plain,
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph
 Of chief’s perplexity or people’s pain :

“ Beside his corpse, that bears for winding sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurrile jester, is there room for *you* ? ”

Yes : he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil, and confute my pen ;
To make me own this hind of princes peer,
This rail splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learned to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose,
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true,
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows.

How humble, yet how hopeful, he could be ;
How in good fortune, and in ill the same :
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
Thirsting for gold, nor feverish for fame.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting mights ;

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,
The iron bark that turns the lumberer's ax,
The rapid, that o'erbears the boatman's toil,
The prairie, hiding the mazed wanderer's tracks,

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear, —
Such were the needs that helped his youth to train :
Rough culture, but such trees large fruit may bear,
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,
And lived to do it: four long suffering years'
Ill fate, ill feeling, ill report, lived through,
And then he heard the hisses changed to cheers,
The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering mood;
Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,
A felon hand, between the goal and him,
Reached from behind his back, a trigger pressed,
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest!
The words of mercy were upon his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When his vile murderer brought a swift eclipse
To thoughts of peace on earth, good will to men.
The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame!
Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high;
Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came!

XLIII. GREAT IS TRUTH, AND MIGHTY ABOVE ALL THINGS.

FROM THE BOOKS OF ESDRAS.¹

NOW when Darius reigned, he made a great feast unto
all his subjects, and unto all his household, and unto
all the princes of Media and Persia, and to all the gov-

¹ The Books of Esdras are among the writings known as apocryphal. At one time these books were thought to be a part of the Bible, but it was afterward decided that they were not. They are, however, well worth reading, and contain many noble and beautiful lessons.

ernors, and captains, and lieutenants that were under him, from India unto Ethiopia, of a hundred twenty and seven provinces. And when they had eaten and drunken, and being satisfied were gone home, then Darius the king went into the bedchamber, and slept, and soon after awaked.

Then three young men that were of the guard, that kept the king's body, spake one to another; "Let every one of us speak a sentence: he that shall overcome, and whose sentence shall seem wiser than the others, unto him shall the King Darius give great gifts, and great things in token of victory: as, to be clothed in purple, to drink in gold, and to sleep upon gold, and a chariot with bridles of gold, and a head-tire of fine linen, and a chain about his neck: and he shall sit next to Darius, because of his wisdom, and shall be called Darius his cousin."

And every one wrote his sentence, sealed it, and laid it under King Darius his pillow, and said that, when the king is risen, some will give him the writings; and of whose side the king and the three princes of Persia shall judge that his sentence is the wisest, to him shall the victory be given, as was appointed. The first wrote, "Wine is the strongest." The second wrote, "The King is the strongest." The third wrote, "Women are the strongest: but above all things Truth beareth away the victory."

Now when the king was risen up, they took their writings, and delivered them unto him, and so he read them: and sending forth he called all the princes of Media and Persia, and the governors, and the captains, and the lieutenants, and the chief officers; and sat down in the royal seat of judgment; and the writings were read before them. And he said, "Call the young men, and they shall declare their own sentences." So they were called and came in. And he said unto them, "Declare unto us your mind concerning the writings."

Then began the first, who had spoken of the strength of wine; and he said thus, "O ye men, how exceeding strong is wine! it causeth all men to err that drink it: it maketh the mind of the king and of the fatherless child to be all one: of the bondman and of the freeman, of the poor man and of the rich: it turneth also every thought into jollity and mirth, so that a man remembereth neither sorrow nor debt: and it maketh every heart rich, so that a man remembereth neither king nor governor; and it maketh to speak all things by talents: and when they are in their cups, they forget their love both to friends and brethren, and a little after draw out swords: but, when they are from the wine, they remember not what they have done. O ye men! is not wine the strongest, that enforceth to do this?" And when he had spoken, he held his peace.

Then the second, that had spoken of the strength of the king, began to say, "O ye men! do not men excel in strength, that bear rule over sea and land, and all things in them? But yet the king is more mighty: for he is lord of all these things, and hath dominion over them; and whatsoever he commandeth them, they do. If he bid them make war the one against the other, they do it: if he send them out against the enemies, they go, and break down mountains, walls, and towers. They slay and are slain, and transgress not the king's commandment: if they get the victory, they bring all to the king, as well the spoil as all things else.

"Likewise for those that are no soldiers, and have not to do with wars, but use husbandry, when they have reaped again that which they have sown, they bring it to the king, and compel one another to pay tribute to the king. And yet he is but one man: if he command to kill, they kill; if he command to spare, they spare; if he command to smite, they smite; if he command to make desolation, they make

desolate; if he command to build, they build; if he command to cut down, they cut down; if he command to plant, they plant. So all his people and his armies obey him: furthermore he lieth down, he eateth and drinketh, and taketh his rest: and these keep watch round about him, neither may any one depart, and do his own business, neither disobey they him in any thing. O ye men! how should not the king be mightiest, when in such sort he is obeyed?" And he held his tongue.

Then the third, who had spoken of women, and of truth (this was Zorobabel), began to speak, "O ye men! it is not the great king, nor the multitude of men, neither is it wine that excelleth: who is there that ruleth them, or hath the lordship over them? Women have borne the king and all the people that bear rule by sea and land. Even of them they came: and they nourished them up that planted the vineyards from whence the vine cometh. These also make garments for men; these bring glory unto men; and without women cannot men be. Yea, and if men have gathered together gold and silver, or any goodly thing, do they not love a woman which is comely in favor and beauty? And letting all those things go, do they not gape, and even with open mouths fix their eyes fast on her; and have not all men more desire unto her than unto silver or gold, or any goodly thing whatsoever?

"A man leaveth his own father that brought him up, and his own country, and cleaveth unto his wife. He sticketh not to spend his life with his wife, and remembereth neither father, nor mother, nor country. By this also ye must know that women have dominion over you: do ye not labor and toil, and give and bring all to the women? Yea, a man taketh his sword, and goeth his way to rob and steal, to sail upon the sea and upon the rivers; and looketh upon a lion, and goeth into the darkness; and when he hath stolen,

spoiled, and robbed, he bringeth it to his love. Wherefore a man loveth his wife better than father or mother. Yea, many there are that have run out of their wits for women, and become servants for their sakes."

Then the king and princes looked one upon another: so he began to speak of the truth. "O ye men! are not women strong? great is the earth, high is the heaven, swift is the sun in his course, for he compasseth the heavens round about, and fetcheth his course round again to his own place in one day. Is he not great that maketh these things? therefore great is the Truth, and stronger than all things. Wine is wicked, the king is wicked, women are wicked, all the children of men are wicked, and such are all their wicked works; and there is no Truth in them; in their unrighteousness also shall they perish. As for the Truth, it endureth, and is always strong; it liveth and conquereth for evermore. With her there is no accepting of persons or rewards; but she doeth the things that are just, and refraineth from all unjust and wicked things: and all men do well like her works. Neither in her judgment is any unrighteousness; and she is the strength, kingdom, power, and majesty of all ages. Blessed be the God of truth!"

And with that he held his peace. And all the people then shouted, and said, "Great is Truth, and mighty above all things!"

Then said the king unto him, "Ask what thou wilt more than is appointed in the writing, and we will give it thee, because thou art found wisest; and thou shalt sit next me, and shalt be called my cousin."

**XLIV. KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF
CANTERBURY.**

BY THOMAS PERCY.

THOMAS PERCY (1729–1811) was a bishop in the English Church, and a poet, who gathered together many of the very old tales which had been handed down from early times. These he published in a book with the title “Percy’s Reliques,” from which the poem is taken.

AN ancient story I’ll tell you anon
Of a notable prince, that was called King John ;
And he ruled England with main and with might,
For he did great wrong, and maintain’d little right.

And I’ll tell you a story, a story so merry,
Concerning the Abbot of Canterbury ,
How for his housekeeping, and high renown,
They rode post for him to fair London town.

An hundred men, the king did hear say,
The abbot kept in his house every day ;
And fifty gold chains, without any doubt,
In velvet coats waited the abbot about.

“How now, Father Abbot, I hear it of thee,
Thou keepest a far better house than me,
And for thy housekeeping and high renown,
I fear thou work’st treason against my crown.”

“My liege,” quo’ the abbot, “I would it were known,
I never spend nothing but what is my own ;
And I trust your grace will do me no deere,
For spending of my own true-gotten geere.”

“Yes, yes, Father Abbot, thy fault it is high,
And now for the same thou needst must die ;
For except thou canst answer me questions three,
Thy head shall be smitten from thy body.

“And first,” quo’ the king, “when I’m in this stead,
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,
Among all my liegemen so noble of birth,
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worth.


“Secondly, tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride the whole world about.
And at the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think.”

“Oh, these are hard questions for my shallow wit,
Nor I cannot answer your grace as yet :
But if you will give me but three weeks space,
I’ll do my endeavor to answer your grace.”

“Now three weeks space to thee will I give,
And that is the longest time thou hast to live ;
For if thou dost not answer my questions three,
Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to me.”

Away rode the abbot all sad at that word,
And he rode to Cambridge, and Oxenford ;
But never a doctor there was so wise,
That could with his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the abbot of comfort so cold,
And he met his shepherd a-going to fold ;
“Now, now, my Lord Abbot, you are welcome home ;
What news do you bring from good King John ? ”



“Sad news, sad news, shepherd, I must give ;
That I have but three days more to live :
For if I do not answer him questions three,
My head will be smitten from my body.

“The first is to tell him there in that stead,
With his crown of gold so fair on his head,



KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

Among all his liegemen so noble of birth,
To within one penny of what he is worth.

“The second, to tell him, without any doubt,
How soon he may ride this whole world about.
And at the third question I must not shrink,
But tell him there truly what he does think.”

“ Now cheer up, Sire Abbot, did you never hear yet,
That a fool he may learn a wise man wit?
Lend me horse, and serving men, and your apparel,
And I'll ride to London to answer your quarrel.

“ Nay, frown not, if it hath bin told unto me,
I am like your lordship as ever may be ;
And if you will but lend me your gown,
There is none shall know us at fair London town.”

“ Now horses and serving men thou shalt have,
With sumptuous array most gallant and brave ;
With crozier, and miter, and rochet, and cope,
Fit to appear 'fore our father the Pope.”

“ Now welcome, Sire Abbot,” the king he did say,
“ 'Tis well thou'rt come back to keep thy day ;
For, and if thou canst answer my questions three,
Thy life and thy living both saved shall be.

“ And first, when thou seest me here in this stead,
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,
Among all my liegemen so noble of birth,
Tell me to one penny what I am worth.”

“ For thirty pence our Savior was sold
Among the false Jews, as I have been told :
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,
For, I think, thou art one penny worser than he.”

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel,
“ I did not think I had been worth so little ! —
Now secondly tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride this whole world about.”

“ You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same,
Until the next morning he riseth again ;
And then your grace need not make any doubt,
But in twenty-four hours, you’ll ride it about.”

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Jone,
“ I did not think it could be gone so soon !
Now for the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think.”

“ Yea, that shall I do, and make your grace merry ;
You think I’m the Abbot of Canterbury ;
But I’m his poor shepherd, as plain you may see,
That am come to beg pardon for him and for me.”

The king he laughed, and swore by the mass, —
“ I’ll make thee Lord Abbot this day in his place ! ”
“ Now may my liege be not in such speed,
For alack, I can neither write nor read.”

“ Four nobles a week, then I will give thee,
For this merry jest thou hast shown unto me ;
And tell the old abbot when thou comest home,
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good King John.”

XLV. CARTHON.

BY OSSIAN.

OSSIAN was a semi-historical hero of the people who lived towards the close of the third century in what is now France and Great Britain.

Many years ago a Scotchman named James Macpherson published a book called the “ Poems of Ossian,” which he claimed was a translation of poems written by the hero Oisín, a Gaelic bard and warrior. Carthon is one of these poems.

ARGUMENT. — This poem is complete, and the subject of it, as of most of Ossian's compositions, is tragical. In the time of Comhal, the son of Trathal, and father of the celebrated Fingal, Clessámmor, the son of Thaddu, and brother of Morna, Fingal's mother, was driven by a storm into the river Clyde, on the banks of which stood Balclutha. He was hospitably received by Reuthámir, the principal man of the place, who gave him Moina, his only daughter, in marriage. Reuda, the son of Cormo, who was in love with Moina, came to Reuthámir's house, and behaved haughtily toward Clessámmor. A quarrel ensued, in which Reuda was killed; the Britons, who attended him, pressed so hard on Clessámmor that he was obliged to throw himself into the Clyde and swim to his ship. He hoisted sail and put out to sea. He often endeavored to return and carry off his beloved Moina by night; but the wind continuing contrary, he was forced to desist. Moina gave birth to a son, and died soon after. Reuthámir named the child Carthon, i.e., *the murmur of the waves*, from the storm which carried off Clessámmor, his father. When Carthon was three years old, Comhal, the father of Fingal, took and burned Balclutha. Reuthámir was killed, and Carthon was saved by his nurse, who fled with him into the country of the Britons. Carthon, coming to man's estate, was resolved to avenge the fall of Balclutha on Comhal's posterity. Falling upon the coast of Morven, he defeated two of Fingal's heroes, and was at last, unwittingly, killed by his father, Clessámmor, in a single combat. This story is the foundation of the poem, which is addressed to Malvina, daughter of Tosca.

A TALE of the times of old! The deeds of days of other years!

The murmur of thy streams, O Lora! brings back the memory of the past. The sound of thy woods, Garmallar, is lovely in mine ear. Dost thou not behold, Malvina, a rock with its head of heath? Three aged pines bend from its face; green is the narrow plain at its feet; there the flower of the mountain grows, and shakes its white head in the breeze. The thistle is there alone, shedding its aged beard. Two stones, half sunk in the ground, show their heads of moss. The deer of the mountain avoids the place, for he beholds a dim ghost standing there.

A tale of the times of old! The deeds of days of other years!

Who comes from the land of strangers, with his thou-

sands around him? The sunbeam pours its bright stream before him; his hair meets the wind of his hills. His face is settled from war. He is calm as the evening beam that looks from the cloud of the west on Cona's silent vale. Who is it but Comhal's son, the king of mighty deeds? He beholds the hills with joy, he bids a thousand voices rise. "Ye have fled over your fields, ye sons of the distant land! The king of the world sits in his hall, and hears of his people's flight. He lifts his red eye of pride; he takes his father's sword. Ye have fled over your fields, sons of the distant land!"

Such were the words of the bards, when they came to Selma's halls. A thousand lights from the stranger's land rose in the midst of the people. The feast is spread around; the night passed away in joy. "Where is the noble Clessámmor?" said the fair-haired Fingal. "Where is the brother of Morna in the hour of my joy? Sullen and dark he passes his days in the vale of echoing Lora: but, behold, he comes from the hill, like a steed in his strength, who finds his companions in the breeze, and tosses his bright mane in the wind. Blest be the soul of Clessámmor, why so long from Selma?"

"Returns the chief," said Clessámmor, "in the midst of his fame? Such was the renown of Comhal in the battles of his youth. Often did we pass over Carun to the land of the strangers: our swords returned, not unstained with blood: nor did the kings of the world rejoice. Why do I remember the times of our war? My hair is mixed with gray. My hand forgets to bend the bow: I lift a lighter spear. Oh that my joy would return, as when I first beheld the maid; the daughter of strangers, Moina, with the dark blue eyes!"

"Tell," said the mighty Fingal, "the tale of thy youthful days. Sorrow, like a cloud on the sun, shades the soul

of Clessámmor. Mournful are thy thoughts, alone on the banks of the roaring Lora. Let us hear the sorrow of thy youth, and the darkness of thy days! ”

“It was in the days of peace,” replied the great Clessámmor, “I came in my bounding ship to Balclutha’s walls of towers. The winds had roared behind my sails, and Clutha’s streams received my dark-bosomed ship. Three days I remained in Reuthámir’s halls, and saw his daughter, that beam of light. The joy of the shell went round, and the aged hero gave the fair. Her eyes were like stars of light; her hair was dark as the raven’s wing: her soul was generous and mild. My love for Moina was great; my heart poured forth in joy.

“The son of a stranger came; a chief who loved the fair Moina. His words were mighty in the hall; he often half-unsheathed his sword. ‘Where,’ said he, ‘is the mighty Comhal, the restless wanderer of the heath? Comes he, with his host to Balclutha, since Clessámmor is so bold?’ ‘My soul,’ I replied, ‘O warrior! burns in a light of its own. I stand without fear in the midst of thousands, though the valiant are distant far. Stranger! thy words are mighty, for Clessámmor is alone. But my sword trembles by my side, and longs to glitter in my hand. Speak no more of Comhal, son of the winding Clutha!’

“The strength of his pride arose. We fought: he fell beneath my sword. The banks of Clutha heard his fall: a thousand spears glittered around. I fought; the strangers prevailed: I plunged into the stream of Clutha. My white sails rose over the waves, and I bounded on the dark blue sea. Moina came to the shore, and rolled the red eye of her tears; her loose hair flew on the wind; and I heard her mournful, distant cries. Often did I turn my ship; but the winds of the east prevailed. Nor Clutha ever since have I seen, nor Moina of the dark-brown hair. She fell

in Balclutha, for I have seen her ghost. I knew her as she came through the dusky night, along the murmur of Lora; she was like the new moon, seen through the gathered mist; when the sky pours down its flaky snow, and the world is silent and dark."

"Raise, ye bards," said the mighty Fingal, "the praise of unhappy Moina. Call her ghost, with your songs, to our hills, that she may rest with the fair of Morven, the sunbeams of other days, the delight of heroes of old. I have seen the walls of Balclutha, but they were desolate. The fire had resounded in the halls: and the voice of the people is heard no more. The stream of Clutha was removed from its place by the fall of the walls. The thistle shook there its lonely head; the moss whistled to the wind. The fox looked out from the windows, the rank grass of the wall waved round its head. Desolate is the dwelling of Moina, silence is in the house of her fathers. Raise the song of mourning, O bards! over the land of strangers. They have but fallen before us: for one day we must fall. Why dost thou build the hall, son of the winged days? Thou lookest from thy towers to-day; yet a few years and the blast of the desert comes; it howls in thy empty court, and whistles round thy half-worn shield. And let the blast of the desert come! we shall be renowned in our day! The mark of my arm shall be in battle; my name in the song of bards. Raise the song, send round the shell: let joy be heard in my hall. When thou, son of heaven, shalt fail! if thou shalt fail, thou mighty light! if thy brightness is for a season, like Fingal, our fame shall survive thy beams!"

Such was the song of Fingal in the day of his joy. His thousand bards leaned forward from their seats, to hear the voice of the king. It was like the music of harps on the gale of the spring. Lovely were thy thoughts, O Fingal! why had not Ossian the strength of thy soul? But thou

standest alone, my father! who can equal the king of Selma?

The night passed away in song; morning returned in joy. The mountains showed their gray heads! the blue face of ocean smiled. The white wave is seen tumbling round the distant rocks; a mist rose slowly from the lake. It came, in the figure of an aged man, along the silent plain. Its large limbs did not move in steps; for a ghost supported it in mid-air. It came towards Selma's hall, and dissolved in a shower of blood.

The king alone beheld the sight! he foresaw the death of the people. He came in silence to his hall, and took his father's spear. The mail rattled on his breast. The heroes rose around. They looked in silence on each other, marking the eyes of Fingal. They saw battle in his face; the death of armies on his spear. A thousand shields at once were placed on their arms; they drew a thousand swords. The hall of Selma brightened around. The clang of arms ascends. The gray dogs howl in their place. No word is among the mighty chiefs. Each marked the eyes of the king and half assumed his spear.

"Sons of Morven," began the king, "this is no time to fill the shell! the battle darkens near us, death hovers over the land. Some ghost, the friend of Fingal, has forewarned us of the foe. The sons of the stranger come from the darkly rolling sea! for from the water came the sign of Morven's gloomy danger. Let each assume his heavy spear, each gird on his father's sword. Let the dark helmet rise on every head; the mail pour its lightning from every side. The battle gathers like a storm; soon shall ye hear the roar of death."

The hero moved on before his host, like a cloud before a ridge of green fire, when it pours on the sky of night, and mariners foresee a storm. On Cona's rising heath they

stood: the maids beheld them above like a grove; they foresaw the death of the youth, and looked towards the sea with fear. The white wave deceived them for distant sails; the tear is on their cheek! The sun rose on the sea, and we beheld a distant fleet. Like the mist of ocean, they came and poured their youth upon the coast. The chief was among them, like the stag in the midst of the herd. His shield is studded with gold; stately strode the king of spears. He moved towards Selma; his thousands moved behind.

"Go, with a song of peace," said Fingal; "go, Ullin, to the king of swords. Tell him that we are mighty in war; that the ghosts of our foes are many. But renowned are they who have feasted in my halls; they show the arms of my fathers in a foreign land; the sons of the strangers wonder, and bless the friends of Morven's race; for our names have been heard afar; the kings of the world shook in the midst of their host."

Ullin went with his song. Fingal rested on his spear; he saw the mighty foe in his armor; he blest the stranger's son. "How stately art thou, son of the sea!" said the king of woody Morven. "Thy sword is a beam of fire by thy side; thy spear is a pine that defies the storm. The varied face of the moon is not broader than thy shield. Ruddy is thy face of youth! soft the ringlets of thy hair! But this tree may fall, and his memory be forgot! The daughter of the stranger will be sad, looking to the rolling sea! the children will say, 'We see a ship; perhaps it is the king of Balclutha.' The tear starts from their mother's eye; her thoughts are of him who sleeps in Morven."

Such were the words of the king when Ullin came to the mighty Carthon. He threw down the spear before him, he raised the song of peace. "Come to the feast of Fingal, Carthon- from the rolling sea: partake of the feast of the king, or lift the spear of war! The ghosts of our foes are

many; but renowned are the friends of Morven. Behold that field, O Carthon! many a green hill raises there, with mossy stones and rustling grass; these are the tombs of Fingal's foes, the sons of the rolling sea."

"Dost thou speak to the weak in arms," said Carthon, "bard of the woody Morven? Is my face pale for fear, son of the peaceful song? Why then dost thou think to darken my soul with the tales of those who fell? My arm has fought in battle, my renown is known afar. Go to the feeble in arms, bid them yield to Fingal. Have not I seen the fallen Balclutha? And shall I feast with Comhal's son? Comhal! who threw his fire in the midst of my father's hall? I was young, and knew not the cause why the virgins wept. The columns of smoke pleased mine eye, when they rose above my walls: I often looked back with gladness when my friends flew along the hill. But when the years of my youth came on, I beheld the moss of my fallen walls: my sigh arose with the morning, and my tears descended with night. Shall I not fight, I said to my soul, against the children of my foes? and I will fight, O bard! I feel the strength of my soul."

His people gathered around the hero, and drew at once their shining swords. He stands in the midst, like a pillar of fire; the tear half starting from his eye, for he thought of the fallen Balclutha; the crowded pride of his soul arose. Sidelong he looked up to the hill, where our heroes shone in arms; the spear trembled in his hand. Bending forward, he seemed to threaten the king.

"Shall I," said Fingal to his soul, "meet at once the youth? Shall I stop him in the midst of his course before his fame shall arise? But the bard hereafter may say, when he sees the tomb of Carthon, Fingal took his thousands to battle before the noble Carthon fell. No, bard of the times to come! thou shalt not lessen Fingal's fame!

My heroes will fight the youth, and Fingal behold the war. If he overcomes, I rush, in my strength, like the roaring stream of Cona. Who of my chiefs will meet the son of the rolling sea? Many are his warriors on the coast, and strong is his ashen spear!"

Cathul rose in his strength, the son of the mighty Lormar. Three hundred youths attend the chief, the race of his native streams. Feeble was his arm against Carthon: he fell, and his heroes fled. Comhal resumed the battle, but he broke his heavy spear: he lay bound on the field: Carthon pursued his people.

"Clessámmor," said the king of Morven, "where is the spear of thy strength? Wilt thou behold Comhal bound, thy friend at the stream of Lora? Rise, in the light of thy steel, companion of valiant Comhal! Let the youth of Balclutha feel the strength of Morven's race." He rose in the strength of his steel, shaking his grisly locks. He fitted the steel to his side; he rushed in the pride of valor.

Carthon stood on a rock; he saw the hero rushing on. He loved the dreadful joy of his face; his strength in the locks of age. "Shall I lift that spear," he said, "that never strikes but once a foe? Or shall I, with the words of peace, preserve the warrior's life? Stately are his steps of age! lovely the remnant of his years. Perhaps it is the husband of Moina, the father of car-borne Carthon. Often have I heard that he dwelt at the echoing stream of Lora."

Such were his words when Clessámmor came, and lifted high his spear. The youth received it on his shield, and spoke the words of peace. "Warrior of the aged locks! is there no youth to lift the spear? Hast thou no son to raise the shield before his father to meet the arm of youth? Is the spouse of thy love no more? or weeps she over the tombs of thy sons? Art thou of the kings of men? What will be the fame of my sword shouldst thou fall?"

"It will be great, thou son of pride," began the tall Clessámmor. "I have been renowned in battle, but I never told my name to a foe. Yield to me, son of the wave, then shalt thou know that the mark of my sword is in many a field." "I never yielded, king of spears," replied the noble pride of Carthon. "I have also fought in war, I behold my future fame. Despise me not, thou chief of men! my arm, my spear is strong. Retire among thy friends; let younger heroes fight." "Why dost thou wound my soul?" replied Clessámmor with a tear. "Age does not tremble on my hand. I still can lift the sword. Shall I fly in Fingal's sight, in the sight of him I love? Son of the sea! I never fled: exalt thy pointed spear."

They fought like two contending winds, that strive to roll the wave. Carthon bade his spear to err: he still thought that the foe was the spouse of Moina. He broke Clessámmor's beamy spear in twain: he seized his shining sword. But as Carthon was binding the chief, the chief drew the dagger of his fathers. He saw the foe's uncovered side, and opened there a wound.

Fingal saw Clessámmor low; he moved in the sound of his steel. The host stood silent in his presence; they turned their eyes to the king. He came like the sullen noise of a storm before the winds arise; the hunter hears it in the vale, and retires to the cave of the rock. Carthon stood in his place, the blood is rushing down his side; he saw the coming down of the king, his hopes of fame arose, but pale was his cheek: his hair flew loose, his helmet shook on high: the force of Carthon failed, but his sword was strong.

Fingal beheld the hero's blood; he stopt the uplifted spear. "Yield, king of swords!" said Comhal's son, "I behold thy blood; thou hast been mighty in battle, and thy fame shall never fade."

“Art thou the king so far renowned?” replied the carborne Carthon. “Art thou that light of death, that frightens the kings of the world? But why should Carthon ask? for he is like the stream of his hills; strong as a river in his course, swift as the eagle of heaven. Oh, that I had fought with the king, that my fame might be great in song! that the hunter, beholding my tomb, might say, he fought with the mighty Fingal! But Carthon dies unknown: he has poured out his force on the weak.”

“But thou shall not die unknown,” replied the king of woody Morven; “my bards are many, O Carthon! their songs descend to future times. The children of years to come shall hear the fame of Carthon, when they sit round the burning oak, and the night is spent in songs of old. The hunter, sitting in the heath, shall hear the rustling blast; and, raising his eyes, behold the rocks where Carthon fell. He shall turn to his son, and show the place where the mighty fought: ‘There the king of Balclutha fought like the strength of a thousand streams.’”

Joy rose in Carthon’s face; he lifted his heavy eyes. He gave his sword to Fingal, to lie within his hall, that the memory of Balclutha’s kin might remain in Morven. The battle ceased along the field, the bard had sung the song of peace. The chiefs gathered round the falling Carthon; they heard his words with sighs. Silent they leaned on their spears while Balclutha’s hero spoke. His hair sighed in the wind, and his voice was sad and low.

“King of Morven,” Carthon said, “I fall in the midst of my course. A foreign tomb receives, in youth, the last of Reuthámir’s race. Darkness dwells in Balclutha; the shadows of grief in Crathmo. But raise my remembrance on the banks of Lora, where my fathers dwelt. Perhaps the husband of Moina will mourn over his fallen Carthon.” His words reached the heart of Clessámmor: he fell in

silence on his son. The host stood darkened around: no voice is on the plain. Night came: the moon, from the east, looked on the mournful field; but still they stood, like a silent grove that lifts its head on Gormal when the loud winds are laid, and dark autumn is on the plain.

Three days they mourned above Carthon; on the fourth his father died. In the narrow plain of the rock they lie; a dim ghost defends their tomb. There lovely Moina is often seen when the sunbeam darts on the rock, and all around is dark. There she is seen, Malvina! but not like the daughters of the hill. Her robes are from the stranger's land, and she is still alone!

Fingal was sad for Carthon; he commanded his bards to mark the day when shadowy autumn returned; and often did they mark the day, and sing the hero's praise. "Who comes so dark from ocean's roar, like autumn's shadowy cloud? Death is trembling in his hand! his eyes are flames of fire! Who roars along dark Lora's heath? Who but Carthon, king of swords! The people fall! See how he strides like the sullen ghost of Morven! But there he lies, a goodly oak which sudden blasts overturned! When shalt thou arise, Balclutha's joy? When, Carthon, shalt thou arise? Who comes so dark from ocean's roar, like autumn's shadowy cloud?" Such were the words of the bards in the day of mourning; Ossian often joined their voice, and added to their song. My soul has been mournful for Carthon; he fell in the days of his youth; and thou, O Clesámmor! where is thy dwelling in the wind? Has the youth forgot his wound? Flies he on clouds with thee? I feel the sun, O Malvina! leave me to my rest. Perhaps they may come to my dreams: I think I hear a feeble voice! The beam of heaven delights to shine on the grave of Carthon: I feel it warm around.

O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my

fathers! Whence are thy beams, O sun! thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty: the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou thyself movest alone. Who can be a companion of thy course? The oaks of the mountains fall; the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean shrinks and grows again; the moon herself is lost in heaven; but thou art forever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests, when thunder rolls and lightning flies, thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian thou lookest in vain, for he beholds thy beams no more; whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art, perhaps, like me, for a season; thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in the clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult then, O sun, in the strength of thy youth! Age is dark and unlovely; it is like the glimmering light of the moon, when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills: the blast of the north is on the plain, the traveler shrinks in the midst of his journey.

XLVI. BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE E. S. NORTON.

(1808-1877.)

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth
of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed
away,

And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might
say :

The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said, "I never more shall see my own, my native
land ;

Take a message, and a token, to some distant friends of
mine,

For I was born at Bingen — at Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and
crowd around

To hear my mournful story in the pleasant vineyard
ground,

That we fought the battle bravely, and, when the day was
done,

Full many a corpse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting
sun.

And 'mid the dead and dying were some grown old in wars,
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many
scars ;

But some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn
decline, —

And one had come from Bingen, — fair Bingen on the
Rhine.

"Tell my mother, that her other sons shall comfort her old
age ;

And I was still a truant bird, that thought his home a cage ;
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child

My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce
and wild ;

And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would, — but kept my father's
sword ;

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

from a recent photograph.



And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used
to shine,
On the cottage wall at Bingen, — calm Bingen on the
Rhine.

“Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping
head,
When the troops come marching home again, with glad
and gallant tread!
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast
eye,
For her brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid to die.
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame;
And to hang the old sword in its place (my father’s sword
and mine),
For the honor of old Bingen, — dear Bingen on the Rhine.

“There’s another, not a sister — in the happy days gone by,
You’d have known her by the merriment that sparkled in
her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry, — too fond for idle scorning —
Oh, friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heav-
iest mourning!
Tell her, the last night of my life — for, ere the moon be
risen,
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison —
I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight
shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine.

“I saw the blue Rhine sweep along, I heard, or seemed to
hear,
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and
clear;

And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
That echoing chorus sounded through the evening calm
and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed with
friendly talk
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered
walk;
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine —
But we'll meet no more at Bingen — loved Bingen on the
Rhine."

His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse, his grasp was
childish weak,
His eyes put on a dying look, he sighed and ceased to
speak:
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had
fled —
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead!
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked
down
On the red sand of the battlefield, with bloody corpses
strewn;
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene, her pale light seemed
to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine!

XLVII. LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS.

BY PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, Fourth Earl of Chesterfield.

LORD CHESTERFIELD (1694-1773) was an English gentleman, very famous in his day, chiefly because he was known as the most perfect gentleman in England. He lived during the reigns of Queen Anne and George the First, when many people, even about the court, were boorish and violent; but Lord Chesterfield never forgot courtesy. Indeed, so mindful was he of it, that, although he was distinguished in many ways,

he is best remembered as a perfect gentleman. Surely many men have been noted for worse characteristics than this. He had a son of whom he was very fond, to whom he wrote many letters full of fatherly advice. Some of these, written when the son was a mere boy, are given here.

LETTER IV.

WEDNESDAY.

DEAR BOY,

You behaved yourself so well at Mr. Boden's last Sunday, that you justly deserve commendation: besides, you encourage me to give you some rules of politeness and good breeding, being persuaded that you will observe them. Know then, that as learning, honor, and virtue are absolutely necessary to gain you the esteem and admiration of mankind, politeness and good breeding are equally necessary to make you welcome and agreeable in conversation and common life.

Great talents, such as honor, virtue, learning, and parts, are above the generality of the world; who neither possess them themselves, nor judge of them rightly in others: but all people are judges of the lesser talents, such as civility, affability, and an obliging, agreeable address and manner, because they feel the good effects of them, as making society easy and pleasing.

Good sense must, in many cases, determine good breeding; because the same thing that would be civil at one time, and to one person, may be quite otherwise at another time, and to another person; but there are some general rules of good breeding, that hold always true and in all cases. As, for example, it is always extremely rude to answer only Yes, or No, to anybody, without adding, Sir, my Lord, or Madam, according to the quality of the person you speak to; as, in French, you must always say, Monsieur, Milord, Madame, and Mademoiselle. I suppose you know that every married woman is, in French, Madame, and every unmarried one is Mademoiselle.

It is likewise extremely rude not to give the proper attention and a civil answer to people who speak to you ; or to go away, or be doing something else while they are speaking to you ; for that convinces them that you despise them, and do not think it worth your while to hear or answer what they say. I dare say I need not tell you how rude it is to take the best place in a room, or to seize immediately upon what you like at table, without offering first to help others, as if you considered nobody but yourself.

On the contrary, you should always endeavor to procure all the conveniences you can to the people you are with. Besides being civil, which is absolutely necessary, the perfection of good breeding is, to be civil with ease and in a gentlemanlike manner.

For this, you should observe the French people, who excel in it, and whose politeness seems as easy and natural as any other part of their conversation. Whereas the English are often awkward in their civilities, and, when they mean to be civil, are too much ashamed to get it out.

- Pray, do you remember never to be ashamed of doing what is right: you would have a great deal of reason to be ashamed if you were not civil ; but what reason can you have to be ashamed of being civil ? And why not say a civil and an obliging thing as easily and as naturally as you would ask what o'clock it is ?

This kind of bashfulness, justly called false modesty, is the distinguishing character of an English booby ; who is frightened out of his wits when people of fashion speak to him, and, when he is to answer them, blushes, stammers, can hardly get out what he would say, and becomes really ridiculous, from a groundless fear of being laughed at : whereas a really well-bred man would speak to all the kings in the world with as little concern, and as much ease, as he would speak to you: Adieu.

LETTER V.

SPA, the 25th July, 1741.

DEAR BOY,

I have often told you in my former letters (and it is most certainly true) that the strictest and most scrupulous honor and virtue can alone make you esteemed and valued by mankind; that parts and learning can alone make you admired and celebrated by them; but that the possession of lesser talents was most absolutely necessary towards making you liked, beloved, and sought after in private life.

Of these lesser talents, good breeding is the principal and most necessary one, not only as it is very important in itself, but as it adds great luster to the more solid advantages both of the heart and the mind. I have often touched upon good breeding to you before, so that this letter shall be upon the next necessary qualification to it, which is a genteel, easy manner and carriage, wholly free from those odd tricks, ill habits, and awkwardness which even many very worthy and sensible people have in their behavior.

However trifling a genteel manner may sound, it is of very great consequence towards pleasing in private life, especially the women, which, one time or other, you will think worth pleasing; and I have known many a man, from his awkwardness, give people such a dislike of him at first that all his merit could not get the better of it afterwards. Whereas a genteel manner prepossesses people in your favor, bends them towards you, and makes them wish to like you.

Awkwardness can proceed but from two causes — either from not having kept good company, or from not having attended to it. As for your keeping good company, I will take care of that: do you take care to observe their ways and manners, and to form your own upon them. Attention is absolutely necessary for this, as indeed it is for every-

thing else ; and a man without attention is not fit to live in the world.

When an awkward fellow first comes into a room, it is highly probable that his sword gets between his legs, and throws him down, or makes him stumble, at least. When he has recovered this accident, he goes and places himself in the very place of the whole room where he should not ; there he soon lets his hat fall down, and in taking it up again, throws down his cane ; in recovering his cane, his hat falls a second time ; so that he is a quarter of an hour before he is in order again.

If he drinks tea or coffee, he certainly scalds his mouth, and lets either the cup or the saucer fall, and spills the tea or coffee on his breeches. At dinner his awkwardness distinguishes itself particularly, as he has more to do ; there he holds his knife, fork, and spoon differently from other people ; eats with his knife to the great danger of his mouth ; picks his teeth with his fork, and puts his spoon, which has been in his throat twenty times, into the dishes again.

If he is to carve, he can never hit the joint ; but, in his vain efforts to cut through the bone, scatters the sauce in everybody's face. He generally daubs himself with soup and grease, though his napkin is commonly stuck through a buttonhole, and tickles his chin.

There is, likewise, an awkwardness of expression and words, most carefully to be avoided — such as false English, bad pronunciation, old sayings, and common proverbs — which are so many proofs of having kept bad and low company. For example : if, instead of saying that tastes are different, and that every man has his own peculiar one, you should let off a proverb, and say, “That what is one man's meat is another man's poison ;” or else, “Every one as they like, as the good man said when he kissed his cow ;” every-

body would be persuaded that you had never kept company with anybody above footmen and housemaids.

Attention will do all this; and without attention nothing is to be done; want of attention, which is really want of thought, is either folly or madness. You should not only have attention to everything, but a quickness of attention, so as to observe at once all the people in the room, their motions, their looks, and their words, and yet without staring at them, and seeming to be an observer.

This quick and unobserved observation is of infinite advantage in life, and is to be acquired with care; and, on the contrary, what is called absence, which is a thoughtlessness and want of attention about what is doing, makes a man so like either a fool or a madman, that for my part I see no real difference. A fool never has thought; a madman has lost it; and an absent man is, for the time, without it. Adieu.

LETTER IX.

BATH, *October the 4th, 1746.*

DEAR BOY,

Though I employ so much of my time in writing to you, I confess I have often my doubts whether it is to any purpose. I know how unwelcome advice generally is; I know that those who want it most like it and follow it least; and I know, too, that the advice of parents, more particularly, is ascribed to the moroseness, the imperiousness, or the garrulity of old age. I flatter myself that your own reason, young as it is, must tell you that I can have no interest but yours in the advice I give you; and that, consequently, you will at least weigh and consider it well: in which case, some of it will, I hope, have its effect.

Do not think that I mean to dictate as a parent; I only mean to advise as a friend, and an indulgent one too: and

do not apprehend that I mean to check your pleasures ; of which on the contrary, I only desire to be the guide, not the censor. Let my experience supply your want of it, and clear your way in the progress of your youth of those thorns and briars which scratched and disfigured me in the course of mine.

I have so often recommended to you attention and application to whatever you learn, that I do not mention them now as duties, but I point them out to you as conducive, nay, absolutely necessary, to your pleasures ; for can there be a greater pleasure than to be universally allowed to excel those of one's own age and manner of life ? And, consequently, can there be anything more mortifying than to be excelled by them ? I do not confine the application which I recommend, singly to the view and emulation of excelling others (though that is a very sensible pleasure and a very warrantable pride) ; but I mean likewise to excel in the thing itself ; for, in my mind, one may as well not know a thing at all, as know it but imperfectly. To know a little of anything gives neither satisfaction nor credit, but often brings disgrace or ridicule.

Mr. Pope says, very truly,

“A little knowledge is a dangerous thing ;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.”

And what is called a smattering of everything infallibly constitutes a coxcomb. I have often, of late, reflected what an unhappy man I must now have been if I had not acquired in my youth some fund and taste of learning. What could I have done with myself, at this age, without them ? My books, and only my books, are now left me ; and I daily find what Cicero says of learning to be true : “These studies,” says he, “nourish our youth, delight our age, adorn our

good fortune, offer refuge and solace in adversity ; delight us at home, are not a hindrance abroad ; pass the night with us, travel with us, go into the country with us."

I do not mean, by this, to exclude conversation out of the pleasure of an advanced age ; on the contrary, it is a very great and a very rational pleasure, at all ages ; but the conversation of the ignorant is no conversation, and gives even them no pleasure : they tire of their own sterility, and have not matter enough to furnish them with words to keep up a conversation.

Let me, therefore, most earnestly recommend to you to hoard up, while you can, a great stock of knowledge ; for though, during the dissipation of your youth, you may not have occasion to spend much of it, yet you may depend upon it that a time will come when you will want it to maintain you. Public granaries are filled in plentiful years ; not that it is known that the next, or the second, or third year will prove a scarce one, but because it is known that sooner or later such a year will come, in which the grain will be wanted.

Do not imagine that the knowledge, which I so much recommend to you, is confined to books, pleasing, useful, and necessary as that knowledge is : but I comprehend in it the great knowledge of the world, still more necessary than that of books. In truth, they assist one another ; and no man will have either perfectly, who has not both. The knowledge of the world is only to be acquired in the world, and not in a closet. Books alone will never teach it you ; but they will suggest many things to your observation, which might otherwise escape you ; and your own observations upon mankind, when compared with those which you will find in books, will help you to fix the true point.

To know mankind well requires full as much attention and application as to know books, and, it may be, more

sagacity and discernment. I am, at this time, acquainted with many elderly people, who have all passed their whole lives in the great world, but with such levity and inattention, that they know no more of it now than they did at fifteen.

Do not flatter yourself, therefore, with the thoughts that you can acquire this knowledge in the frivolous chit-chat of idle companies: no, you must go much deeper than that. You must look into people, as well as at them. Almost all people are born with all the passions, to a certain degree; but almost every man has a prevailing one to which the others are subordinates. Search every one for that ruling passion; pry into the recesses of his heart, and observe the different workings of the same passion in different people. And, when you have found out the prevailing passion of any man, remember never to trust him, where that passion is concerned. Be upon your guard yourself against it, whatever professions he may make you.

I would desire you to read this letter twice over. Adieu.

CHESTERFIELD.



SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE.

XLVIII. KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE is regarded by many as the foremost writer in English literature; he is certainly the greatest dramatist. His genius is wonderful, in that it touched upon so many subjects, and with such magical skill that it illumined them all. There is scarcely an experience common to human nature which does not find fitting expression in his works. He is the world's poet, rather than that of one race or country.

While this master-mind has swayed men for three centuries, very little is known of the man personally, his habits, his character, or his life. We have not, as in the case of many writers, interesting

incidents recorded by contemporaries; we have only a few bare facts, which throw little light upon his remarkable work.

William Shakespeare was born at Stratford-on-Avon, England, April 23, 1564, and was the eldest son of John and Mary Arden Shakespeare. His father was well-to-do, and his early years were doubtless spent in happy enjoyment of country life. The forest of Arden, the scene of "As You Like It," was familiar to him in boyhood, being a part of his grandfather's possessions. He received his early education at the free grammar school of Stratford. He married young, went to London directly after his marriage, and there became an actor, a dramatic writer, and a shareholder in one of the London theaters. The plays which have made him world-famous were quickly recognized as works of genius. Spenser and other authors delighted to do him honor. He was a favorite with the nobility, and Queen Elizabeth and James I. distinguished him by their favor. His writings brought him not only fame, but fortune. He pur-

chased a pleasant dwelling in his native place, brought his parents home to live with him, and passed twelve years of well-earned repose with his family and friends. He died on his birthday, April 23, 1616, leaving the world richer for all time through the fruits of his genius.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.	Secretaries to Wolsey.
CARDINAL WOLSEY.	CROMWELL, Servant to Wolsey.
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.	GRIFFITH, Gentleman Usher to Queen Katherine.
CAPUCIUS, Ambassador from Charles V.	Three other Gentlemen. Garter King at Arms.
CRANMER, Archbishop of Canterbury.	Doctor BUTTS, Physician to the King.
DUKE OF NORFOLK.	Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.	BRANDON, and a Sergeant at Arms.
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.	Door-keeper of the Council Chamber.
EARL OF SURREY.	Porter and his Man.
Lord Chamberlain.	Page to Gardiner. A Crier.
Lord Chancellor.	
GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester.	
Bishop of Lincoln.	QUEEN KATHERINE, Wife to King Henry.
LORD ABERGAVENNY.	ANNE BULLEN, her Maid of Honor, afterward Queen.
LORD SANDS.	An Old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.
Sir HENRY GUILDFORD.	PATIENCE, Woman to Queen Katherine.
Sir THOMAS LOVELL.	
Sir ANTHONY DENNY.	
Sir NICHOLAS VAUX.	

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits, which appear to her; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *Chiefly in London and Westminster; once at Kimbolton.*

NOTE.—The portions of this play omitted are as follows:—

The Prologue; Act I., Scenes III. and IV.; Act II., Scene III.; Act IV., Scene I.; Act V., Scenes I., II., and III.; and a few brief passages.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *London. An Ante-chamber in the Palace.*

Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK at one door; at the other, the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM and the LORD ABERGAVENNY.

Buckingham. Good morrow, and well met. How have ye done

Since last we saw in France? ¹ *

Norfolk. I thank your grace,
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buckingham. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Andren.

Norfolk. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde.
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback,
Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have weigh'd
Such a compounded one?

Buckingham. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.

Norfolk. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory; men might say
Till this time pomp was single, but now married
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders its: ² to-day the French
All clinquant,³ all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and to-morrow they
Made Britain India: every man that stood
Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubins, all gilt; the madams too,
Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labor
Was to them as a painting; now this mask
Was cried incomparable, and the ensuing night
Made it a fool and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in luster, were now best, now worst,

* For notes see pages at the end of the play.

As presence did present them : him in eye,
Still him in praise ; and, being present both,
'T was said they saw but one, and no discerner
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns —
For so they phrase 'em — by their heralds challeng'd
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass ; that former fabulous story,
Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
That Bevis ⁴ was believ'd.

Buckingham. O, you go far!

Norfolk. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honor honesty, the tract of every thing
Would by a good discourser lose some life
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal :
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd ; ⁵
Order gave each thing view ; the office did
Distinctly his full function.

Buckingham Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess ?

Norfolk. One, certes, that promises no element
In such a business.

Buckingham. I pray, you, who, my lord ?

Norfolk. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right reverend Cardinal of York.

Buckingham. No man's pie is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities ? I wonder
That such a keech ⁶ can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.

Norfolk. Surely, sir,
There 's in him stuff that puts him to these ends ;
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose grace

Chalks successors their way, nor call'd upon
 For high feats done to the crown, neither allied
 To eminent assistants, but, spider-like,
 Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note
 The force of his own merit makes his way;
 A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
 A place next to the king.

Abergavenny. I cannot tell
 What heaven hath given him, — let some graver eye
 Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
 Peep through each part of him.

Buckingham. He makes up the file
 Of all the gentry, for the most part such
 To whom as great a charge as little honor
 He meant to lay upon; and his own letter,
 The honorable board of council out,
 Must fetch him in he papers.⁷

Abergavenny. I do know
 Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
 By this so sicken'd their estates that never
 They shall abound as formerly.

Buckingham. O, many
 Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em⁸
 For this great journey. What did this vanity
 But minister communication of
 A most poor issue?

Norfolk. Grievingly I think,
 The peace between the French and us not values
 The cost that did conclude it.

Buckingham. Every man,
 After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
 A thing inspir'd, and, not consulting, broke
 Into a general prophecy, — that this tempest,
 Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded

The sudden breach on 't.

Norfolk. Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Abergavenny. Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenc'd?

Norfolk. Marry, is 't.

Abergavenny. A proper title of a peace, and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate!

Buckingham. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carried.

Norfolk. Like it your grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you —
And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honor and plenteous safety — that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together; to consider further that
What his high hatred would effect wants not
A minister in his power. You know his nature,
That he 's revengeful; and I know his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it 's long, and 't may be said
It reaches far; and where 't will not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up⁹ my counsel;
You 'll find it wholesome. — Lo, where comes that rock
That I advise your shunning!

Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, the purse borne before him; certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with papers. *The Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full of disdain.*

Wolsey. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha!
Where 's his examination?

1 *Secretary.* . Here, so please you.

Wolsey. Is he in person ready?

1 *Secretary.*

Ay, please your grace.

Wolsey. Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham
Shall lessen this big look. [*Exeunt Wolsey and train.*]

Buckingham. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore, best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book ¹⁰
Out-worths a noble's blood.

Norfolk. What, are you chaf'd?
Ask God for temperance; that 's the appliance only
Which your disease requires.

Buckingham. I read in 's looks
Matter against me, and his eye revil'd
Me as his abject object; at this instant
He bores me with some trick. He 's gone to the king;
I 'll follow and out-stare him.

Norfolk. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 't is you go about. To climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first; anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you; be to yourself
As you would to your friend.

Buckingham. I 'll to the king;
And from a mouth of honor quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence, or proclaim
There 's difference in no persons.

Norfolk. Be advis'd;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself; we may outrun
By violent swiftness that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not
The fire that mounts the liquor till 't run o'er,

In seeming to augment it wastes it? Be advis'd;
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself,
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buckingham.

Sir,

I am thankful to you, and I'll go along
By your prescription; but this top-proud fellow —
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions — by intelligence
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Norfolk.

Say not treasonous.

Buckingham. To the king I'll say 't, and make my vouch
as strong

As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both, — for he is equal ravenous
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief
As able to perform 't, his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally, —
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests the king our master
To this last costly treaty, the interview
That swallowed so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i' the rinsing.

Norfolk.

Faith, and so it did.

Buckingham. Pray give me favor, sir. This cunning cardinal

The articles o' the combination drew
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratified,
As he cried "Thus let be," to as much end
As give a crutch to the dead. But our count-cardinal
Has done this, and 't is well; for worthy Wolsey,

Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows, —
 Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
 To the old dam, treason, — Charles the emperor,
 Under pretence to see the queen, his aunt, —
 For 't was indeed his color,¹¹ but he came
 To whisper Wolsey, — here makes visitation.
 His fears were that the interview betwixt
 England and France might, through their amity,
 Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
 Peep'd harms that menac'd him. He privily
 Deals with our cardinal, and, as I trow, —
 Which I do well, for, I am sure, the emperor
 Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his suit was granted
 Ere it was ask'd; — but when the way was made,
 And pav'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd, —
 That he would please to alter the king's course,
 And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know —
 As soon he shall by me — that thus the cardinal
 Does buy and sell his honor as he pleases,
 And for his own advantage.

Norfolk. I am sorry
 To hear this of him, and could wish he were
 Something mistaken¹² in 't.

Buckingham. No, not a syllable;
 I do pronounce him in that very shape
 He shall appear in proof.

Enter BRANDON, with Sergeant at Arms and Guards.

Brandon. Your office, sergeant; execute it.

Sergeant.

Sir,

My lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl
 Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
 Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
 Of our most sovereign king.

Buckingham. Lo, you, my lord,
The net has fallen upon me! I shall perish
Under device and practice.

Brandon. I am sorry,
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present. 'T is his highness' pleasure
You shall to the Tower.

Buckingham. It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence, for that dye is on me
Which makes my whitest part black. The will of heaven
Be done in this and all things! — I obey. —
O my Lord Aberga'ny, fare you well!

Brandon. Nay, he must bear you company. — The king
[*To Abergavenny.*]

Is pleas'd you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines further.

Abergavenny. As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure
By me obey'd!

Brandon. Here is a warrant from
The king to attach Lord Montacute; and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor, —

Buckingham. So, so;
These are the limbs o' the plot. No more, I hope.

Brandon. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buckingham. O, Nicholas Hopkins?

Brandon. He.

Buckingham. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal
Hath show'd him gold. My life is spann'd already;
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By darkening my clear sun. — My lord, farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Council-chamber.*

Cornets. Enter KING HENRY, CARDINAL WOLSEY, the Lords of the Council, SIR THOMAS LOVELL, Officers, and Attendants. The King enters leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder.

King Henry. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care. I stood i' the level
Of a full charg'd confederacy, and give thanks
To you that chok'd it. — Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's; in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify,
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

[The King takes his seat. The Lords of the Council occupy their several places. The Cardinal places himself under the King's feet, on his right side.]

A noise within, crying, "Room for the Queen." Enter the Queen, ushered by NORFOLK and SUFFOLK: she kneels. The King riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses her and placeth her by him.

Queen Katherine. Nay, we must longer kneel; I am a suitor.

King Henry. Arise, and take place by us. — Half your suit

Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.

Queen Katherine. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself, and in that love
Not unconsider'd leave your honor, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

King Henry. Lady mine, proceed.

Queen Katherine. I am solicited not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance. There have been commissions¹³
Sent down among 'em, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties; wherein, although,
My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master —
Whose honor heaven shield from soil! — even he escapes not
Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Norfolk. Not almost appears, —
It doth appear; for upon these taxations
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them 'longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.

King Henry. Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation? — My lord cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wolsey. Please you, sir,
I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to the state, and front but in that file
Where others tell¹⁴ steps with me.

Queen Katherine. No, my lord,
You know no more than others; but you frame
Things that are known alike, which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them and yet must

Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear 'em,
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say
They are devis'd by you, or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

King Henry. Still exaction!
The nature of it? In what kind, let 's know,
Is this exaction?

Queen Katherine. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience, but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects' grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd your wars in France. This makes bold mouths:
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; their curses now
Live where their prayers did, and it 's come to pass
This tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. I would your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.¹⁵

King Henry. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wolsey. And for me,
I have no further gone in this than by
A single voice, and that not pass'd me but
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing, let me say
'T is but the fate of place and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint

Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers ; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd, but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters — once weak ones — is
Not ours, or not allow'd ; what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State-statues only.

King Henry. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear,
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission ? I believe not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each ?
A trembling contribution ! Why, we take
From every tree lop, bark, and part o' the timber ;
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To every county
Where this is question'd, send our letters with
Free pardon to each man that has denied
The force of this commission. Pray look to 't ;
I put it to your care.

Wolsey. [*Aside to the Secretary*] A word with you.
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons
Hardly conceive of me ; let it be nois'd
That through our intercession this revokement
And pardon comes. I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding.

[*Exit Secretary.*]

Enter Surveyor.

Queen Katherine. I am sorry that the Duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

King Henry.

It grieves many.

The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker ;
To nature none more bound ; his training such
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself : yet see,
When these 30 noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravish'd listening, could not find
His hour of speech a minute, — he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us ; you shall hear —
This was his gentleman in trust — of him
Things to strike honor sad. — Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices, whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wolsey. Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

King Henry.

Speak freely.

Surveyor. First, it was usual with him — every day
It would infect his speech, — that if the king
Should without issue die, he'll carry it so
To make the scepter his. These very words
I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Abergany, to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wolsey. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish,¹⁶ to your high person
His will is most malignant, and it stretches
Beyond you to your friends.

Queen Katherine. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

King Henry. Speak on.
How grounded he his title to the crown
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?

Surveyor. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Henton.

King Henry. What was that Henton?

Surveyor. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor; who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

King Henry. How know'st thou this?

Surveyor. Not long before your highness sped to France,
The duke, being at the Rose within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey? I replied,
Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Said 't was the fear indeed, and that he doubted
'T would prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk; 'that oft,' says he,
'Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after, under the confession's seal,
He solemnly had sworn that what he spoke
My chaplain to no creature living but

To me should utter, with demure confidence
 This pausingly ensued : Neither the king nor 's heirs,
 Tell you the duke, shall prosper ; bid him strive
 To gain the love o' the commonalty : the duke
 Shall govern England.'

Queen Katherine. If I know you well,
 You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
 On the complaint o' the tenants ; take good heed
 You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
 And spoil your nobler soul. I say, take heed ;
 Yes, heartily beseech you.

King Henry. Let him on. —
 Go forward.

Surveyor. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
 I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions
 The monk might be deceiv'd ; and that 't was dangerous
 for him

To ruminate on this so far, until
 It forg'd him some design,¹⁷ which, being believ'd,
 It was much like to do. He answer'd, 'Tush !
 It can do me no damage ; ' adding further,
 That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
 The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads
 Should have gone off.

King Henry. Ha ! what, so rank ? Ah, ha !
 There's mischief in this man. — Canst thou say further ?

Surveyor. I can, my liege.

King Henry. Proceed.

Surveyor. Being at Greenwich,
 After your highness had reprov'd the duke
 About Sir William Blomer, —

King Henry. I remember
 Of such a time ; being my sworn servant,
 The duke retain'd him his. — But on ; what hence ?

Surveyor. 'If,' quoth he, 'I for this had been committed, —
As to the Tower I thought, — I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in 's presence; which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.'

King Henry. A giant traitor!

Wolsey. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison?

Queen Katherine. God mend all!

King Henry. There 's something more would out of thee;
what say'st?

Surveyor. After "the duke his father," with "the knife,"
He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on 's breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenor
Was, were he evil us'd, he would outgo
His father by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

King Henry. There 's his period,¹⁸
To sheathe his knife in us. He is attach'd;
Call him to present trial: if he may
Find mercy in the law, 't is his; if none,
Let him not seek 't of us. By day and night,
He 's traitor to the height.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. A Street.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

1 *Gentleman.* Whither away so fast?

2 *Gentleman.* O! — God save ye!

Even to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

1 *Gentleman.* I 'll save you
That labor, sir. All 's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.

2 *Gentleman.* Were you there?

1 *Gentleman.* Yes, indeed, was I.

2 *Gentleman.* Pray, speak what has happen'd.

1 *Gentleman.* You may guess quickly what.

2 *Gentleman.* Is he found guilty?

1 *Gentleman.* Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon 't.

2 *Gentleman.* I am sorry for 't.

1 *Gentleman.* So are a number more.

2 *Gentleman.* But, pray, how pass'd it?

1 *Gentleman.* I 'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar, where to his accusations
He pleaded still not guilty, and alleg'd
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The king's attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses, which the duke desir'd
To have brought, *viva voce*, to his face :
At which appear'd against him his surveyor ;
Sir Gilbert Peck, his chancellor ; and John Car,
Confessor to him ; with that devil-monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2 *Gentleman.* That was he
That fed him with his prophecies ?

1 *Gentleman.* The same.
All these accus'd him strongly ; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but indeed he could not :
And so his peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life ; but all

Was either pitied in him or forgotten.

2 *Gentleman.* After all this, how did he bear himself?

1 *Gentleman.* When he was brought again to the bar,
to hear

His knell rung out, his judgment, he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,
And something spoke in choler, ill and hasty;
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.

2 *Gentleman.* I do not think he fears death.

1 *Gentleman.* Sure, he does not;

He was never so womanish: the cause
He may a little grieve at.

2 *Gentleman.* Certainly,
The cardinal is the end of this.

1 *Gentleman.* 'T is likely,
By all conjectures: first, Kildare's attainder,¹⁹
Then deputy of Ireland; who remov'd,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.

2 *Gentleman.* That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.

1 *Gentleman.* At his return,
No doubt he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally, whoever the king favors,
The cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.

2 *Gentleman.* All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep; this duke as much
They love and dote on; call him bounteous Buckingham,
The mirror of all courtesies, —

1 *Gentleman.* Stay there, sir;
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

Enter BUCKINGHAM from his arraignment ; Tipstaves before him ; the ax, with the edge towards him ; Halberds on each side ; accompanied with SIR THOMAS LOVELL, SIR NICHOLAS VAUX, SIR WILLIAM SANDS, and Common People.

2 *Gentleman.* Let 's stand close, and behold him.

Buckingham.

All good people,

You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die ; yet, heaven bear witness,
And if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
Even as the ax falls, if I be not faithful !
The law I bear no malice for my death,
'T has done upon the premises but justice ;
But those that sought it I could wish more Christians :
Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em.
Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men ;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like good angels, to my end ;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven. — Lead on, o' God's name.

Lovell. I do beseech your grace for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart

Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buckingham. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you

As I would be forgiven ; I forgive all.
There cannot be those numberless offenses
'Gainst me that I cannot take peace with ; no black envy
Shall mark my grave. Commend me to his grace ;
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray tell him,
You met him half in heaven. My vows and prayers
Yet are the king's, and, till my soul forsake,
Shall cry for blessings on him ; may he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years !
Ever belov'd and loving may his rule be !
And when old Time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument !

Lovell. To the water side I must conduct your grace ;
Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there !
The duke is coming ; see the barge be ready,
And fit it with such furniture as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buckingham. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone ; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was Lord High Constable
And Duke of Buckingham, now poor Edward Bohun ;
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant. I now seal it,
And with that blood will make 'em one day groan for 't.
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succor to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell. God's peace be with him !
Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restor'd me to my honors, and out of ruins

Made my name once more noble. Now, his son,
 Henry the Eighth, life, honor, name, and all
 That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
 Forever from the world. I had my trial,
 And must needs say a noble one ; which makes me
 A little happier than my wretched father :
 Yet thus far we are one in fortunes, — both
 Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most ;
 A most unnatural and faithless service !
 Heaven has an end in all ; yet, you that hear me,
 This from a dying man receive as certain :
 Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,
 Be sure you be not loose ; for those you make friends,
 And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
 The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
 Like water from ye, never found again
 But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
 Pray for me ! I must now forsake ye ; the last hour
 Of my long weary life is come upon me.
 Farewell ; and when you would say something that is sad,
 Speak how I fell. — I have done, and God forgive me.

[*Exeunt Buckingham, etc.*]

1 *Gentleman.* O, this is full of pity ! — Sir, it calls,
 I fear, too many curses on their heads
 That were the authors.

2 *Gentleman.* If the duke be guiltless,
 'T is full of woe ; yet I can give you inkling
 Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
 Greater than this.

1 *Gentleman.* Good angels keep it from us !
 What may it be ? You do not doubt my faith, sir ?

2 *Gentleman.* This secret is so weighty, 't will require
 A strong faith to conceal it.

1 *Gentleman.* Let me have it:
I do not talk much.

2 *Gentleman.* I am confident;
You shall, sir. Did you not of late days hear
A buzzing of a separation
Between the king and Katherine?

1 *Gentleman.* Yes, but it held not,
For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord mayor straight
To stop the rumor, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

2 *Gentleman.* But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now; for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was, and held for certain
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her: to confirm this, too,
Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately;
As all think, for this business.

1 *Gentleman.* 'T is the cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purpos'd.

2 *Gentleman.* I think you have hit the mark; but is 't
not cruel
That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 *Gentleman.* 'T is woeful.
We are too open here to argue this;
Let 's think in private more.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *An Ante-chamber in the Palace.**Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.*

Chamberlain. *'My Lord,— The horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young and handsome, and of the best breed in the North. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by commission and main power, took 'em from me ; with this reason,— his master would be served before a subject, if not before the king ; which stopp'd our mouths, sir.'*

I fear he will indeed. Well, let him have them ;
He will have all, I think.

Enter the DUKES OF NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.

Norfolk. Well met, my lord chamberlain.

Chamberlain. Good day to both your graces.

Suffolk. How is the king employ'd ?

Chamberlain. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Norfolk. What 's the cause ?

Chamberlain. It seems the marriage with his brother's
wife

Has crept too near his conscience.

Suffolk. No ; his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Norfolk. 'T is so.

This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal ;
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he list. The king will know him one day.

Suffolk. Pray God he do ! he 'll never know himself else.

Norfolk. How holily he works in all his business,
And with what zeal ! for, now he has crack'd the league
Between us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew,

He dives into the king's soul, and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears and despairs, — and all these for his marriage.
And out of all these to restore the king,
He counsels a divorce : a loss of her
That like a jewel has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her luster ;
Of her that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with ; even of her
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king. And is not this course pious ?

Chamberlain. Heaven keep me from such counsel ! 'T is
most true,

These news are everywhere ; every tongue speaks 'em,
And every true heart weeps for 't. All that dare
Look into these affairs see this main end, —
The French king's sister.²⁰ Heaven will one day open
The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.

Suffolk. And free us from his slavery.

Norfolk. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance,
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages. All men's honors
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.

Suffolk. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him ; there 's my creed.
As I am made without him, so I 'll stand,
If the king please : his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike ; they 're breath I not believe in.
I knew him and I know him ; so I leave him
To him that made him proud, the pope.

Norfolk.

Let's in,

And with some other business put the king
 From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him. —
 My lord, you 'll bear us company ?

Chamberlain.

Excuse me ;

The king hath sent me other where : besides,
 You 'll find a most unfit time to disturb him.
 Health to your lordships.

Norfolk.

Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]

*Norfolk draws a curtain. The King is discovered sitting, and
 reading pensively.*

Suffolk. How sad he looks ! sure, he is much afflicted.

King Henry. Who is there ? ha !

Norfolk.

Pray God he be not angry !

King Henry. Who 's there, I say ? How dare you thrust
 yourselves

Into my private meditations ?

Who am I ? ha !

Norfolk. A gracious king, that pardons all offenses
 Malice ne'er meant ; our breach of duty this way
 Is business of estate, in which we come
 To know your royal pleasure.

King Henry.

Ye are too bold.

Go to ; I 'll make ye know your times of business :

Is this an hour for temporal affairs ? ha ! —

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Who 's there ? my good lord cardinal ? — O, my Wolsey,
 The quiet of my wounded conscience ;
 Thou art a cure fit for a king. — You 're welcome,

[*To Campeius.*]

Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom :

Use us and it. — [*To Wolsey*] My good lord, have great care
 I be not found a taker.²¹

Wolsey. Sir, you cannot.
I would your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

King Henry. [*To Norfolk and Suffolk*] We are busy; go.

Norfolk. [*Aside, as they retire*] This priest has no pride in
him.

Suffolk. Not to speak of;
I would not be so sick ²² though for his place.
But this cannot continue.

Norfolk. If it do,
I'll venture one have-at-him.

Suffolk. I another.

[*Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk.*]

Wolsey. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom.
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favor to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms
Gave their free voices. Rome, the nurse of judgment,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius;
Whom once more I present unto your highness.

King Henry. And once more in mine arms I bid him wel-
come,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves;
They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

Campeius. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers'
loves,
You are so noble. To your highness' hand
I tender my commission, — by whose virtue —

The court of Rome commanding — you, my Lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant
In the impartial judging of this business.

King Henry. Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted

Forthwith for what you come. — Where 's Gardiner?

Wolsey. I know your majesty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law, —
Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.

King Henry. Ay, and the best she shall have; and my
favor

To him that does best: God forbid else! Cardinal,
Prithee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary;
I find him a fit fellow.

[*Exit Wolsey.*]

Enter WOLSEY, with GARDINER.

Wolsey. Give me your hand: much joy and favor to
you:

You are the king's now.

Gardiner. [*Aside to Wolsey*] But to be commanded
For ever by your grace, whose hand has rais'd me.

King Henry. Come hither, Gardiner.

[*They walk and whisper.*]

Campeius. My Lord of York, was not one Doctor Pace
In this man's place before him?

Wolsey. Yes, he was.

Campeius. Was he not held a learned man?

Wolsey. Yes, surely.

Campeius. Believe me, there 's an ill opinion spread, then,
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wolsey. How of me?

Campeius. They will not stick to say you envied him,
And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,

Kept him a foreign man still ; which so griev'd him
That he ran mad and died.

Wolsey. Heaven's peace be with him !
That 's Christian care enough ; for living murmurers
There 's places of rebuke. He was a fool,
For he would needs be virtuous : that good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment ;
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

King Henry. Deliver this with modesty to the queen. —
[*Exit Gardiner.*

The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is Black-friars ;
There ye shall meet about this weighty business. —
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Hall in Black-friars.*

Trumpets, sennet, and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands ; next them, two Scribes, in the habit of doctors ; after them, the Archbishop of Canterbury alone ; after him, the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and Saint Asaph ; next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat ; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross ; then a Gentleman-Usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Sergeant-at-Arms, bearing a silver mace ; then two Gentlemen, bearing two great silver pillars ; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals, WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS ; two Noblemen with the sword and mace. Then enter the King with his train, followed by the Queen with hers. The King takes place under the cloth of state ; the two Cardinals sit under him as judges. The Queen takes place at some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory ; below them, the Scribes. The

Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.

Wolsey. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

King Henry. What 's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd;
You may, then, spare that time.

Wolsey. Be 't so. — Proceed.

Scribe. Say, Henry, King of England, come into the court.

Crier. Henry, King of England, come into the court.

King Henry. Here.

Scribe. Say, Katherine, Queen of England, come into the court.

Crier. Katherine, Queen of England, come into the court.

[*The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*

Queen Katherine. Sir, I desire you do me right and justice,
And to bestow your pity on me; for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions, having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behavior given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:

Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance ; glad or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine,
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharg'd. Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you. If in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honor aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharp'st kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatch'd wit and judgment; Ferdinand,
My father, King of Spain, was reckon'd one
The wisest prince that there had reign'd by many
A year before: it is not to be question'd
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd, whose counsel
I will implore; if not, i' the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Wolsey.

You have here, lady, —

And of your choice, — these reverend fathers ; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect o' the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause. It shall be therefore bootless
That longer you desire the court, as well
For your own quiet as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.

Campeius. His grace
Hath spoken well and justly ; therefore, madam,
It 's fit this royal session do proceed,
And that without delay their arguments
Be now produc'd and heard.

Queen Katherine. Lord cardinal,
To you I speak.

Wolsey. Your pleasure, madam ?

Queen Katherine. Sir,
I am about to weep ; but, thinking that
We are a queen — or long have dream'd so, — certain
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I 'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wolsey. Be patient yet.

Queen Katherine. I will, when you are humble ; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy, and make my challenge
You shall not be my judge ; for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me, —
Which God's dew quench ! — Therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul,
Refuse you for my judge ; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wolsey. I do profess
You speak not like yourself ; who ever yet

Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong ;
I have no spleen against you, nor injustice
For you or any : how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory ²³ of Rome. You charge me
That I have blown this coal ; I do deny it.
The king is present ; if it be known to him
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood ! yea, as much
As you have done my truth. If he know
That I am free of your report, he knows
I am not of your wrong. Therefore, in him
It lies to cure me ; and the cure is to
Remove these thoughts from you : the which before
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.

Queen Katherine. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
T' oppose your cunning. You 're meek and humble-mouth'd :
You sign your place and calling in full seeming,
With meekness and humility, but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune and his highness' favors,
Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted
Where powers are your retainers ;²⁴ and your words,
Domestics to you, serve your will as 't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honor than
Your high profession spiritual ; that again
I do refuse you for my judge, and here,

Before you all, appeal unto the Pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his Holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.

[*She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.*

Campeius. The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be tried by 't; 't is not well.
She 's going away.

King Henry. Call her again.

Crier. Katherine, Queen of England, come into the court.

Griffith. Madam, you are call'd back. [your way;

Queen Katherine. What need you note it? pray you, keep
When you are call'd, return. — Now the Lord help!

They vex me past my patience. — Pray you, pass on;

I will not tarry, no, nor ever more

Upon this business my appearance make

In any of their courts. [*Exeunt Queen and her Attendants.*

King Henry. Go thy ways, Kate:

That man i' the world who shall report he has

A better wife, let him in naught be trusted,

For speaking false in that. Thou art alone —

If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,

Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,

Obeying in commanding, and thy parts

Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out —

The queen of earthly queens. — She 's noble born,

And like her true nobility she has

Carried herself towards me.

Wolsey.

Most gracious sir,

In humblest manner I require your highness

That it shall please you to declare, in hearing

Of all these ears — for where I am robb'd and bound,

There must I be unloos'd, although not there

At once and fully satisfied — whether ever I

Did broach this business to your highness, or
Laid any scruple in your way which might
Induce you to the question on 't, or ever
Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady, spake one the least word that might
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person.

King Henry.

My lord cardinal,

I do excuse you ; yea, upon mine honor,
I free you from 't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do ; by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You 're excus'd ;
But will you be more justified ! you ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business, never
Desir'd it to be stirr'd, but oft have hinder'd, oft,
The passages made toward it. — On my honor,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to 't,
I will be bold with time and your attention : —
Then mark the inducement. Thus it came ; give heed to 't.
My conscience first received a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches uttered
By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador,
Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary. I' the progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution, he —
I mean the bishop — did require a respite,
Wherein he might the king his lord advertise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook

The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
 Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
 The region of my breast; which forc'd such way,
 That many maz'd considerings did throng,
 And press'd in with this caution. First, methought
 This was a judgment on me; that my kingdom,
 Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not
 Be gladdened in 't by me. Then follows, that
 I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
 By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me
 Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in ²⁵
 The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
 Toward this remedy whereupon we are
 Now present here together; that's to say,
 I meant to rectify my conscience, — which
 I then did feel full sick, and yet not well, —
 By all the reverend fathers of the land
 And doctors learn'd. — First, I began in private
 With you, my Lord of Lincoln; you remember
 How under my oppression I did reek
 When I first mov'd you.

Lincoln.

Very well, my liege.

King Henry. I have spoke long; be pleas'd yourself to say
 How far you satisfied me.

Lincoln.

So please your highness,

The question did at first so stagger me, —
 Bearing a state of mighty moment in 't,
 And consequence of dread, — that I committed
 The daring'st counsel which I had to doubt,
 And did entreat your highness to this course
 Which you are running here.

King Henry.

I then mov'd you,

My Lord of Canterbury, and got your leave
 To make this present summons. — Unsolicited

I left no reverend person in this court,
 But by particular consent proceeded
 Under your hands and seals: therefore, go on;
 For no dislike i' the world against the person
 Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
 Of my alleged reasons drives this forward.
 Prove but our marriage lawful, — by my life
 And kingly dignity, we are contented
 To wear our mortal state to come with her,
 Katherine our queen, before the primest creature
 That's paragon'd o' the world.

Campeius. So please your highness,
 The queen being absent, 't is a needful fitness
 That we adjourn this court till further day:
 Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
 Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
 She intends unto his holiness.

King Henry. [*Aside*] I may perceive
 These cardinals trifle with me; I abhor
 This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome.
 My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer! ²⁸
 Prithee, return; with thy approach, I know,
 My comfort comes along. — Break up the court;
 I say, set on. [*Exeunt in manner as they entered.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The Palace at Bridewell. A Room in the Queen's Apartment.*

The Queen and her Women at work.

Queen Katherine. Take thy lute, wench; my soul grows
 sad with troubles;
 Sing, and disperse 'em, if thou canst. Leave working.

SONG.

*Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing:
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung, as sun and showers
There had made a lasting Spring.*

*Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing die.*

Enter a Gentleman.

Queen Katherine. How now!

Gentleman. An't please your grace, the two great cardinals
Wait in the presence.²⁷

Queen Katherine. Would they speak with me?

Gentleman. They will'd me say so, madam.

Queen Katherine. Pray their graces
To come near. [*Exit Gentleman.*] What can be their business
With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favor?
I do not like their coming, now I think on 't.
They should be good men, their affairs as righteous;
But all hoods make not monks.

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Wolsey. Peace to your highness.

Queen Katherine. Your graces find me here part of a house-
wife;

I would be all, against the worst may happen.

What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

Wolsey. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Queen Katherine. Speak it here.
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner; would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not — so much I am happy
Above a number — if my actions
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw 'em,
Envy and base opinion set against 'em,
I know my life so even. If your business
Seek me out,
Out with it boldly; truth loves open dealing.

Wolsey. [*Begins to speak in Latin.*]

Queen Katherine. O, good my lord, no Latin!
I am not such a truant since my coming
As not to know the language I have liv'd in:
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious;
Pray, speak in English. Here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake:
Believe me, she has had much wrong. Lord cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed
May be absolv'd in English.

Wolsey. Noble lady,
I am sorry my integrity should breed —
And service to his majesty and you —
So deep suspicion where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honor every good tongue blesses,
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow, —
You have too much, good lady; but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the king and you, and to deliver,

Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
And comforts to your cause.

Campeius. Most honor'd madam,
My Lord of York, out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace,
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him — which was too far, —
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.

Queen Katherine. [*Aside*] To betray me. —
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills;
Ye speak like honest men — pray God ye prove so! —
But how to make ye suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight so near mine honor —
More near my life, I fear — with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men or such business.
For her sake that I have been²⁸ — for I feel
The last fit of my greatness, — good your graces,
Let me have time and counsel for my cause.
Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless!

Wolsey. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these
fears:

Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Queen Katherine. In England,
But little for my profit; can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure, —
Though he be grown so desperate to be honest, —
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They that must weigh out²⁹ my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here;

They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
In mine own country, lords.

Campeius. I would your grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Queen Katherine. How, sir?

Campeius. Put your main cause into the king's protection;
He 's loving and most gracious: 't will be much
Both for your honor better and your cause;
For if the trial of the law o'ertake ye,
You 'll part away disgrac'd.

Wolsey. He tells you rightly.

Queen Katherine. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, —
my ruin! *

Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge
That no king can corrupt.

Campeius. Your rage mistakes us.

Queen Katherine. The more shame for ye! holy men I
thought ye,

Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal ^{so} sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye.
Mend 'em for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady, —
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries,
I have more charity; but say I warn'd ye:
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
The burthen of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wolsey. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.

Queen Katherine. Ye turn me into nothing. Woe upon ye,
And all such false professors! Would ye have me —
If ye have any justice, any pity,

* See Frontispiece.

If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits —
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?

I am old, my lords,

And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse like this.

Campeius.

Your fears are worse.

Queen Katherine. Have I liv'd thus long — let me speak
myself,

Since virtue finds no friends — a wife, a true one?
A woman — I dare say without vain-glory —
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'T is not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure,
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour, — a great patience.

Wolsey. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Queen Katherine. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to; nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wolsey.

Pray hear me.

Queen Katherine. Would I had never trod this English
earth,

Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts!
What will become of me now, wretched lady?
I am the most unhappy woman living. —

Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?

[*To her Women.*]

Shipwrack'd upon a kingdom where no pity,
No friends, no hope, no kindred weep for me,
Almost no grave allow'd me. — Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head and perish.

Wolsey. If your grace
Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
You'd feel more comfort. Why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas, our places,
The way of our profession is against it;
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm; pray think us
Those we profess — peace-makers, friends, and servants.

Campeius. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues
With these weak women's fears; a noble spirit
As yours was put into you ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you;
Beware you lose it not: for us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Queen Katherine. Do what ye will, my lords, and pray for
give me,
If I have us'd myself unmannerly;
You know I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.

- Surrey.* Now all my joy
Trace the conjunction !
- Suffolk.* My amen to 't !
- Norfolk.* All men's !
- Suffolk.* There 's order given for her coronation. —
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted. — But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature ; I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.³²
- Surrey.* But will the king
Digest this letter of the cardinal's ?
The Lord forbid !
- Norfolk.* Marry, amen !
- Suffolk.* No, no ;
There be more wasps that buzz about his nose
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stolen away to Rome ; hath ta'en no leave ;
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled, and
Is posted as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you,
The king cried " ha ! " at this.
- Chamberlain.* Now God incense him,
And let him cry " ha ! " louder.
- Norfolk.* But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer ?
- Suffolk.* He is return'd in his opinions, which
Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom. Shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katherine no more
Shall be call'd queen, but princess dowager,

And widow to Prince Arthur.

Norfolk. This same Cranmer 's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.

Suffolk. He has ; and we shall see him
For it an archbishop.

Norfolk. So I hear.

Suffolk. 'T is so. —
The cardinal !

Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.

Norfolk. Observe, observe ; he 's moody.

Wolsey. The packet, Cromwell,
Gave 't you the king ?

Cromwell. To his own hand, in 's bedchamber.

Wolsey. Look'd he o' the inside of the paper ?

Cromwell. Presently

He did unseal them, and the first he view'd,

He did it with a serious mind ; a heed

Was in his countenance ; you he bade

Attend him here this morning.

Wolsey. Is he ready
To come abroad ?

Cromwell. I think by this he is.

Wolsey. Leave me a while. — [*Exit Cromwell.*]

It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon,

The French king's sister : he shall marry her. —

Anne Bullen ? No ; I 'll no Anne Bullens for him :

There 's more in 't than fair visage. — Bullen !

No, we 'll no Bullens. — Speedily I wish

To hear from Rome. — The Marchioness of Pembroke !

Norfolk. He 's discontented.

Suffolk. May be he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.

Surrey. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice !
Wolsey. The late queen's gentlewoman, a knight's daughter,

To be her mistress' mistress ! the queen's queen ! —
This candle burns not clear : 't is I must snuff it ;
Then out it goes. — What though I know her virtuous
And well deserving, yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran ; and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of
Our hard-rul'd king. Again, there is sprung up
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer ; one
Hath crawl'd into the favor of the king,
And is his oracle.

Norfolk. He is vex'd at something.

Suffolk. I would 't were something that would fret the
string,
The master-cord on 's heart !

Enter the King, reading a schedule ; and LOVELL.

Suffolk. The king, the king.

King Henry. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion ! and what expense by the hour
Seems to flow from him ! How, i' the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together ? — Now, my lords, —
Saw you the cardinal ?

Norfolk. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him. Some strange commotion
Is in his brain : he bites his lip, and starts ;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then he lays his finger on his temple ; straight
Springs out into fast gait ; then stops again,
Strikes his breast hard ; and anon he casts
His eye against the moon. In most strange postures

We have seen him set himself.

King Henry. It may well be ;
There is a mutiny in 's mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd ; and wot you what I found
There, — on my conscience, put unwittingly ?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing, —
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household, which
I find at such proud rate that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.

Norfolk. It 's heaven's will :
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

King Henry. If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings ; but I am afraid
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

[*He takes his seat, and whispers Lovell, who goes to Wolsey.*

Wolsey. Heaven forgive me !
Ever God bless your highness !

King Henry. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind, the which
You were now running o'er ; you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,
To keep your earthly audit. Sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband,³³ and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wolsey. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time ; a time
To think upon the part of business which

Sharp enough,

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To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen! —
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I deem you an ill husband,³³ and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wolsey. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time ; a time
To think upon the part of business which

I bear i' the state ; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

King Henry.

You have said well.

Wolsey. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying !

King Henry.

'T is well said again ;

And 't is a kind of good deed to say well :
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you ;
He said he did, and with his deed did crown
His word upon you : since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart ; have not alone
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wolsey. [*Aside*]

What should this mean ?

Surrey. [*Aside*]

The Lord increase this business !

King Henry.

Have I not made you

The prime man of the state ? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce you have found true ;
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us or no. What say you ?

Wolsey. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could
My studied purposes requite ; which went
Beyond all man's endeavors : my endeavors
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet fil'd ³⁴ with my abilities. Mine own ends
Have been mine so that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I

Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,
My prayers to heaven for you, my loyalty,
Which ever has and ever shall be growing
Till death, that winter, kill it.

King Henry.

Fairly answer'd ;

A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated. The honor of it
Does pay the act of it ; as, i' the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume,
That as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honor, more
On you than any, so your hand and heart,
Your brain and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 't were in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wolsey.

I do profess

That for your highness' good I ever labor'd
More than mine own ; that am true, and will be,
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul. Though perils did
Abound as thick as thought could make them, and
Appear in forms more horrid, yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

King Henry.

'T is nobly spoken.

Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open 't. — Read o'er this ;

[*Gives him papers.*]

And, after, this ; and then to breakfast with
What appetite you have.

[*Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal Wolsey ; the Nobles throng after him, smiling and whispering.*]

Wolsey. Stay ;
Where 's your commission, lords ? words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.

Suffolk. Who dare cross 'em,
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly ?

Wolsey. Till I find more than will, or words, to do it —
I mean your malice — know, officious lords,
I dare and must deny it. Now, I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are molded — envy.
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye ! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin !
Follow your envious courses, men of malice ;
You have Christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal
You ask with such a violence, the king —
Mine and your master — with his own hand gave me,
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honors,
During my life, and to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters patents. Now, who 'll take it ?

Surrey. The king that gave it.

Wolsey. It must be himself, then.

Surrey. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wolsey. Proud lord, thou liest ;
Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue than said so.

Surrey. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law ;
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
With thee and all thy best parts bound together,
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy !
You sent me deputy for Ireland,
Far from his succor, from the king, from all

Who, if we live, will scarce be gentlemen —
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life. — I'll startle you.

Wolsey. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I am bound in charity against it.

Norfolk. Those articles, my lord, are in the King's
hand ;
But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wolsey. So much fairer
And spotless shall my innocence arise
When the king knows my truth.

Surrey. This cannot save you.
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles ; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush and cry guilty, cardinal,
You 'll show a little honesty.

Wolsey. Speak on, sir ;
I dare your worst objections : if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

Surrey. I had rather want those than my head. Have at
you.
First, that without the king's assent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate ; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Norfolk. Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*³⁶
Was still inscrib'd ; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

Suffolk. Then, that without the knowledge
Either of king or council, when you went
Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Surrey. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,

Without the king's will or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suffolk. That out of mere ambition you have caus'd
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

Surrey. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance —

By what means got, I leave to your own conscience —
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Chamberlain. O, my lord,
Press not a falling man too far! 't is virtue.
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Surrey. I forgive him.

Suffolk. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is, —
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection. — This is my charge.

Norfolk. And so we 'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So, fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but Wolsey.*]

Wolsey. So, farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,

And — when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening — nips his root,
And then he falls as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth; my high-blown pride,
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again. —

Enter CROMWELL, amazedly.

Why, how now, Cromwell!

Cromwell. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wolsey.

What! amaz'd

At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fallen indeed.

Cromwell. How does your grace?

Wolsey.

Why, well:

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his grace, and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy — too much honor.

O, 't is a burthen, Cromwell, 't is a burthen
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven !

Cromwell. I am glad your grace has made that right use
of it.

Wolsey. I hope I have : I am able now, methinks —
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel —
To endure more miseries, and greater far
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad ?

Cromwell. The heaviest and the worst
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wolsey. God bless him !

Cromwell. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord chancellor in your place.

Wolsey. That 's somewhat sudden ;
But he 's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favor, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience ; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears ³⁷ wept on 'em !
What more ?

Cromwell. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wolsey. That 's news indeed !

Cromwell. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open as his queen,
Going to chapel ; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wolsey. There was the weight that pull'd me down.³⁸

O Cromwell !

The king has gone beyond me ; all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever.
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honors,

Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master. Seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
What and how true thou art; he will advance thee.
Some little memory of me will stir him —
I know his noble nature — not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Cromwell.

O my lord!

Must I then leave you? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord! —
The king shall have my service, but my prayers
For ever and for ever shall be yours.

Wolsey. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell:
And — when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull, cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of — say, I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,
Found thee a way, out of his wrack, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee:

Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues ; be just, and fear not.
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's ; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell !
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king ;
 And, — prithee, lead me in :
 There take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny ; 't is the king's : my robe,
 And my integrity to heaven, is all
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell !
 Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
 I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Cromwell. Good sir, have patience.

Wolsey.

So I have. Farewell

The hopes of court ! my hopes in heaven do dwell. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE II. *Kimbolton.*

*Enter KATHERINE, sick ; led between GRIFFITH and
 PATIENCE.*

Griffith. How does your grace ?

Katherine.

O, Griffith, sick to death ;

My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
 Willing to leave their burthen. Reach a chair : —
 So, — now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
 Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
 That the great child of honor, Cardinal Wolsey,
 Was dead ?

Griffith. Yes, madam ; but I think your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to 't.

Katherine. Prithee, good Griffith, tell me how he died ;
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,
For my example.

Griffith. Well, the voice goes, madam ;
For after the stout Earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward,
As a man sorely tainted, to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
He could not sit his mule.

Katherine. Alas, poor man !

Griffith. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,
Lodg'd in the abbey, where the reverend abbot
With all his convent, honorably receiv'd him ;
To whom he gave these words : " O father abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;
Give him a little earth for charity ! "
So went to bed, where eagerly his sickness
Pursued him still : and three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, which he himself
Foretold should be his last, full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honors to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Katherine. So may he rest ! his faults lie gently on him !
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity. He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach,³⁹ ever ranking
Himself with princes ; one that by suggestion
Tith'd all the kingdom : simony was fair play ;
His own opinion was his law : i' the presence
He would say untruths, and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning. He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful ;



R. WESTALL.

CARDINAL WOLSEY RECEIVED AT THE ABBEY. (Page 301.)

*"O father abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye."*

His promises were, as he then was, mighty,
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Griffith. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now ?

Katherine. Yes, good Griffith ;
I were malicious else.

Griffith. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honor from his cradle.
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading ;
Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not,
But to those men that sought him sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfied in getting —
Which was a sin — yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely ; ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich and Oxford ! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it ;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him,
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little ;
And, to add greater honors to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

Katherine. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honor from corruption,

But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
 Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
 With thy religious truth and modesty,
 Now in his ashes honor. Peace be with him! —
 Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:
 I have not long to trouble thee. — Good Griffith,
 Cause the musicians play me that sad note
 I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
 On that celestial harmony I go to. [*Sad and solemn music.*
Griffith. She is asleep. Good wench, let's sit down quiet,
 For fear we wake her. — Softly, gentle Patience.

ACT V.

SCENE IV. *The Palace Yard.*

Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter and his Man.

Porter. You 'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals! do you take the court for Parish-garden? ye rude slaves, leave your gaping!

[*One within.*] Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

Porter. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, you rogue! Is this a place to roar in? — Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones; these are but switches to 'em. — I'll scratch your heads! you must be seeing christenings! Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient: 't is as much impossible, Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannons, To scatter 'em, as 't is to make 'em sleep On May-day morning; which will never be. We may as well push against Paul's as stir 'em.

Porter. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in?

As much as one sound cudgel of four foot —
You see the poor remainder — could distribute,
I made no spare, sir.

Porter. You did nothing, sir.

Man. I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand,
To mow 'em down before me; but if I spar'd any
That had a head to hit, either young or old,
Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again;
And that I would not for a cow, — God save her!

[*One within.*] Do you hear, master porter?

Porter. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy. — Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Porter. What should you do but knock 'em down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in?

Man. There is a fellow somewhat near the door; he should be a brazier by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in 's nose: all that stand about him are under the line; they need no other penance. That fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me: he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pinked porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I missed the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out, "Clubs!" when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succor, which were the hope o' the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to the broom-staff with me: I defied 'em still; when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles that I was fain to draw mine honor in and let 'em win the work. The devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely.

Porter. These are the youths that thunder at a play-

house, and fight for bitten apples ; that no audience but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the Limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in Limbo Patrum, and there they are like to dance these three days, besides the running banquet of two beadles that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Chamberlain. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here ! They grow still, too ; from all parts they are coming, As if we kept a fair here ! Where are these porters, These lazy knaves ? — Ye 've made a fine hand, fellows ; There 's a trim rabble let in. Are all these Your faithful friends o' the suburbs ? We shall have Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies, When they pass back from the christening.

Porter. An 't please your honor,
We are but men ; and what so many may do,
Not being torn a-pieces, we have done :
An army cannot rule 'em.

Chamberlain. As I live,
If the king blame me for 't, I 'll lay ye all
By the heels, and suddenly ; and on your heads
Clap round fines for neglect. Ye 're lazy knaves,
And here ye lie baiting of bombards when
Ye should do service. Hark ! the trumpets sound ;
They 're come already from the christening.
Go, break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly, or I 'll find
A Marshalsea shall hold ye play these two months.

Porter. Make way there for the princess !

Man. You great fellow,
Stand close up, or I 'll make your head ache.

Porter. You i' the camblet, get up o' the rail ;
I 'll pick you o'er the pales else.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The palace at Greenwich.*

Enter Trumpets, sounding ; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, DUKE OF NORFOLK, with his marshal's staff, DUKE OF SUFFOLK, two Noblemen bearing great standing bowls for the christening gifts ; then, four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, etc., train borne by a lady ; then follows the MARCHIONESS OF DORSET, the other godmother, and ladies. The Troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.

Garter. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth !

Flourish. Enter King and Train.

Cranmer. And to your royal grace, and the good queen,
[*Kneeling.*

My noble partners and myself thus pray :
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye !

King Henry. Thank you, good lord archbishop ;
What is her name ?

Cranmer. Elizabeth.

King Henry. Stand up, lord. —
[*The King kisses the child.*

With this kiss take my blessing ; God protect thee !
Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cranmer. Amen.

King Henry. My noble gossips,⁴⁰ ye have been too prodigal.

I thank ye heartily ; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cranmer. Let me speak, sir,

For heaven now bids me ; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they 'll find 'em truth.
This royal infant — heaven still move about her ! —
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand, thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be —
But few now living can behold that goodness —
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed ; Saba⁴¹ was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue
Than this pure soul shall be : all princely graces,
That mold up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her ; truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her ;
She shall be lov'd and fear'd ; her own shall bless her ;
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow ; good grows with her.
In her days every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine what he plants, and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbors.
God shall be truly known ; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honor,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
Nor shall this peace sleep with her : but as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself ;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one —
When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness —
Who from the sacred ashes of her honor
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,

Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him.
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honor and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations; he shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him. Our children's children
Shall see this, and bless heaven.

King Henry. Thou speakest wonders.

Cranmer. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more! but she must die;
She must, the saints must have her: yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

King Henry. O, lord archbishop!
Thou hast made me now a man; never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing.
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
That when I am in heaven I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.
I thank ye all. — To you, my good lord mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholding;
I have receiv'd much honor by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. — Lead the way, lords:
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye;
She will be sick else. This day, no man think
Has business⁴² at his house, for all shall stay;
This little one shall make it holiday.

[*Exeunt.*]

NOTES TO KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

ACT I. — SCENE I.

1. **Since last we saw in France.** Saw each other. In France, referring to the meeting of King Henry VIII. of England and King Francis I. of France in 1520, in what is known as the Field of the Cloth of Gold; the name being taken from the tent or cloth of gold under which the meeting was held.

2. **Its.** Its own.

3. **Clinquant.** *From the French*; glittering.

4. **Bevis.** A Saxon, renowned in legend for his prowess.

5. **To the disposing of it nought rebell'd.** There was no lack of harmony in the arrangement.

6. **Keech.** A lump of fat; especially applicable to Wolsey, as being corpulent in person and also swelled with pride.

7. **Must fetch him in he papers.** Papers is here used as a verb; "his own letter," without the sanction of the council, must fetch in those whom he puts down on paper.

8. **Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em.** Have spent the value of a manor in costly apparel.

9. **Bosom up.** Hide in your bosom; keep quiet.

10. **A beggar's book.** A beggar's learning.

11. **For, 't was indeed his color.** The pretext which gave color to his going.

12. **Mistaken.** Misunderstood.

ACT I. — SCENE II.

13. **Commissions.** Warrants enforcing taxation.

14. **Tell steps with me.** Measure steps; keep in step.

15. **There is no primer business.** No business of greater importance.

16. **Not friended by his wish.** His wishes are unfriendly; he wishes evil to the king.

17. **It forg'd him some design.** Thinking on the prophecy would lead to the contriving of some plan by which it could be made true.

18. **There's his period.** The finishing-point.

ACT II. — SCENE I.

19. **Kildare's attainder.** See legal definition of a bill of attainder, in the dictionary. The Earl of Kildare had been discharged as deputy of Ireland, and Earl Surrey, son-in-law to Buckingham, had been appointed to the post, to get him out of the way.

ACT II. — SCENE II.

20. **The French King's sister.** The Duchess d'Alençon; Wolsey wished to bring about a marriage between her and Henry VIII.

21. **Have great care I be not found a talker.** See that my professions of welcome are carried out.

22. **Would not be so sick.** So fawning.

ACT II. — SCENE IV.

23. **Consistory.** College of cardinals.

24. **Where powers are your retainers.** Powers (persons in high authority) are your retainers (upper servants).

25. **Hulling in.** A nautical term, meaning to drift about dismasted, having only the hull left.

26. **Cranmer.** Archbishop of Canterbury, who was then absent on an embassy connected with the divorce.

ACT III. — SCENE I.

27. **Wait in the presence.** The presence chamber.

28. **For her sake that I have been.** For the sake of the loyal queen that I have been.

29. **Weigh out.** Do justice to.

30. **Cardinal.** The word seems to be used with a double meaning in this and the preceding line; referring to their office, and also to the préminence of their sins.

ACT III. — SCENE II.

31. **How he coasts and hedges.** Feels his way cautiously and protects himself.

32. **Memorized.** Made memorable.

33. **An ill husband.** A poor manager; not husbanding his resources.

34. **Fil'd with.** Kept up with in filing or marching.

35. **Jaded by a piece of scarlet.** Made contemptible by a priest — referring to the scarlet robe of the cardinal.

36. **Ego et Rex meus.** I and my king.

37. **A tomb of orphans' tears wept on them.** The lord chancellor is the general guardian of orphans, hence their grief.

38. **There was the weight that pull'd me down.** The cardinal's opposition to Anne Bullen's marriage with the king is supposed to have made an enemy of her.

ACT IV. — SCENE II.

39. **Unbounded stomach.** Unbounded pride.

ACT V. — SCENE V.

40. **My noble gossips.** A gossip originally meant a sponsor in baptism.

41. **Saba.** Supposed to mean the Queen of Sheba.

42. **Has business.** *He* is understood before *has*.

XLIX. RECESSIONAL.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING. (1865- .)

GOD of our fathers, known of old —
Lord of our far-flung battle line —
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies —
The Captains and the Kings depart —
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away —
On dune and headland sinks the fire —
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe —
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard —
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard —
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy People, Lord! *Amen.*

LEXICON.

Ab-lu'tion, washing.
Ad-he'sive, sticky.
Ad'vo-cate, one who pleads for another.
Af-fa-bil'i-ty, gracious manners.
Ag-gran-dize'ment, enlargement.
Ag'i-ta-ted, disturbed.
Al'a-bas-ter, a very hard white substance similar to marble.
Al-le'gi-ant, loyal.
Al-leg'ing, declaring.
Al-li'ance, friendly treaty.
Am'a-zons, female warriors of old.
Am-bro'sial, belonging to the gods.
Am'i-ty, friendship.
Am-phi-the'a-ter, a circular building or space for meetings.
An-tag'o-nist, foe.
Ap-pre'ci-a-ted, valued.
Ap-pro'pri-ate, suitable.
Ar-mo'ri-al bear'ings, figures and colors on shields, banners, etc., showing one's family.
Ar-ti-fi'cial, not natural.
Au-ric'u-lar, relating to the ear.
As-trol'o-gers, students of the stars who claim to foretell events by them.
A-thwart', across; sidewise.
At-tain'der, loss of civil rights through wrong-doing.
Au-gust', grand; imposing.
Au'dit, examination of accounts.
Bal'us-trades, small columns with top rail.
Bards, professional poets who in old times sang of heroic deeds.
Bar'ter-ing, trading.
Bayed, barked at.
Bea'gles, small hunting-dogs.
Be-hold'ing, indebtedness to.

Blun'der-buss, old-style gun; a stupid fellow.
Bombards, leather jugs for holding liquor; figuratively, men given to drink: toppers.
Bo'na fi'de, in good faith.
Boo-by, stupid fellow.
Boot/less, useless.
Bran'dished, flourished; waved.
Bra'zier, a worker in brass; a pan for holding burning coals.
Bur'thens, burdens.
Cam'blet, a fabric woven of silk and goat's hair.
Can'o-py, a covering over a bed, throne, etc.
Ca-pri'cious, fanciful; changeable.
Casque (kask), piece of armor for the head and neck.
Cas'tel-la-ted, having high, sharp peaks.
Cen'o-taph, a tomb.
Cen'sor, a critical judge.
Cer'tes, surely.
Cha'os, confused mass.
Chased, wrought with figures.
Chas-tise'ment, punishment.
Chi-mer'i-cal, imaginary; unfounded.
Chine, backbone.
Chol'er, anger.
Chron'i-cler, historian.
Ci-ca'da, insect similar to locust.
Cir'cu-lar vis'aged, round faced.
Clogs, sandals to protect the feet from wet.
Co'horts, companies of soldiers.
Com-men-da'tion, praise.
Com'mon-al-ty, the common people.
Com'pact, agreement.
Com-pas-sion-ate, pitiful; sympathetic.

Com'pli-ca-ted, involved; confused.
Com-mo'di-ous, easy; roomy.
Com-posed', quiet.
Con-du'cive, leading to.
Con-fed'er-a-cy, league; alliance.
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Dis-cov'ered themselves, made their appearance.
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Dis-tin'guish-es, shows.
Dis-trac'tion, great alarm.
Di-ver'sion, amusement.
Dow'a-ger, widow of a person of rank; title used in England.
Dul'ci-mer, musical instrument.

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E-ques'tri-an, of horses or horsemen.
E-qui-noc'tial, at the equator.

Erat, formerly.
Ex-ac'tions, contributions; taxes.
Ex-ha-la'tion, vapor.
Ex-pi-a'tion, atonement for wrongdoing.
Ex-ploits, brave deeds.
Ex-ult'ing, rejoicing with pride.

Fast'ness-es, places of safety; strongholds.
Fer'vors, heat.
File, roll or list.
Flawed, imperfect.
Fluc'tu-ate, to change; to waver.
For-as-much', seeing that; in consideration of.
Fore-re-ci'ted, before mentioned.
For'ti-tude, endurance.
Foun'der, fail; miscarry.
Func'tion, work; office.

Gar'ru-lous, very talkative.
Gear, garments; possessions.
Gen-er-al'i-ty, greater number of persons or things.
Glaive, a light lance; a sword.
Gos'sa-mer, spider's web; hence, anything very thin and filmy.
Gripes, pinching pain in the stomach.

Hab'it, dress.
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Helm, helmet.
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Her'e-tic, contrary to the established faith.

Hl'eth, cometh.

Hight, called.

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Ig-nore', not to recognize.

Il-lu'sion, false show.

Im'mi-nent, threatening.

Im-ped'i-ment, hindrance.

Im-pen'e-tra-ble, that which cannot be pierced or passed through.

Im-pe'ri-ous-ness, love of rule; arrogance.

Im-pet-u-os'i-ty, vehemence; moving with violence.

Im'ple-ments, tools.

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In-censed', angered.

In-ces'sant-ly, without pause.

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In-ter-me'di-ate, between.

In-ter'ment, burial.

In-ter'mi-na-ble, without end.

In-ter-pre-ta'tion, explanation; meaning.

In'ti-ma-cy, close friendship.

In-vest'ment, siege.

In-vade', to enter in; to attack.

In'ven-to-ry, list of property.

In-vet'er-ate, of long standing; confirmed.

Is'sue, result.

Jad'ed, wearied by overwork.

Ju-ris-dic'tion, legal control.

Keech, round lump of fat.

Ki-osk', Turkish open summer-house.

Lac-er-a'tions, wounds.

Lan'guish-es, becomes dull and weak.

Leg'ate, ambassador.

Lief, glad; willing.

Liege'men, willing subjects.

Lin'e-a-ment, feature.

Mag-na-nim'i-ty, nobleness of soul.

Man-u-mis'sion, setting one free from bondage.

Mare'schal, a marshal.

Mar'shal-ing, arranging in order.

Mar'shal-sea, a prison belonging to the marshal of the king's household.

Mast, acorns.

Ma-tu'ri-ty, state of being full-grown or ripe.

Ma'vis, European song-bird.

Me-lee' (mā-lā'), hand-to-hand fight.

Men'ace, threaten.

Mere, a pool or lake; sometimes a boundary.

Merle, European blackbird.

Min'a-ret, lofty tower of a mosque.

Mis-giv'ings, doubts.

Mis-trust'less, without suspicion.

Miter, a covering for the head worn by church dignitaries.

Moi'e-ty, a part.

Mo-not'o-nous, without variety; tiresome.

Moors, heaths; barren land.

Mo-rass'es, swamps; fens.

Mo-rose'ness, sourness of temper.

Mul-ti-tu'di-nous, manifold; of great number.

Nat'u-ral-ists, students of nature.

Nup'tial, relating to marriage.

O-bei'sance (ô-bē'sans), homage.

Of-f'i-cious-ly, in a meddling manner.

Off'ing, distance from the shore.

Op'u-lence, wealth.

Orbed, round.

O'ver-ween'ing, arrogant; conceited.

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Pan'o-ply, defensive armor.

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Superintendent of Schools, Boston, Mass. Superintendent of Schools, Newark, N. J.

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3. It furnishes more reading matter and of better literary quality than any other series.
4. It is more fully and more beautifully illustrated than any other series.

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The books commend themselves alike for the beauty of print and pictures and the excellence of the reading matter provided in them. I do not know of anything in the schoolbook line which quite equals them. — J. W. STEARNS, *Director School of Education, University of Wisconsin.*

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